SEPTEMBER
1943

THE LARGEST SELLING FIFTY CENT MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD

THIS PRINTING 680,000

Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

ARTICLES
PAUL GALLICO
SIGMUND SAMETH
ALAN HYND
JOHN A. WARD
SIDNEY CARROLL
ROBERT GOFFIN
RUDOLPH UMLAND
ED. S. WOODHEAD
HARRY SALPETER

FICTION
WALTER DURANTY
PETER B. KYNE
LOUIS PAUL
JOHN MOORE
C. S. FORESTER
ALLAN R. BOSWORTH
KIMBALL McILROY
D. L. CHAMPION

ART
JOHN FALTER
MARCEL VERTÈS
HENRY BOTKIN
ALEXANDER LEYDENFROST
LESLIE SAALBURG

PHOTOGRAPHY
ANTON BRUEHL
GEORGE HURRELL
ERWIN BLUMENFELD
HENRY WAXMAN
GEORGE SEREBRYKOFF

VERSE
PHIL STACK

SPORTS
HERB GRAFFIS
RALPH CANNON
CLARK SHAUGHNESSY
JOHN C. HOFFMAN
ARTHUR MANN

DEPARTMENTS
GEORGE JEAN NATHAN
GILBERT SELDES
WM. LYON PHELPS
LAWTON MACKALL
ILES BRODY
BRUCE PATTERSON
O. E. SCHOEFFLER

CARTOONS
E. SIMMS CAMPBELL
VARGA
HOWARD BAER
PAUL WEBB
D. McKAY
B. SHERMUND
IRVING ROIR
NED HILTON
FRANK BEAVEN
GARRET PRICE
A. CRAMER
CARL ROSE
L. S. SODERSTROM
(COVER)

INDEX ON PAGE 5
ADV. INDEX ON PAGE 168

FICTION • SPORTS • HUMOR
CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

PRICE FIFTY CENTS
CANADIAN PRICE FIFTY-FIVE CENTS

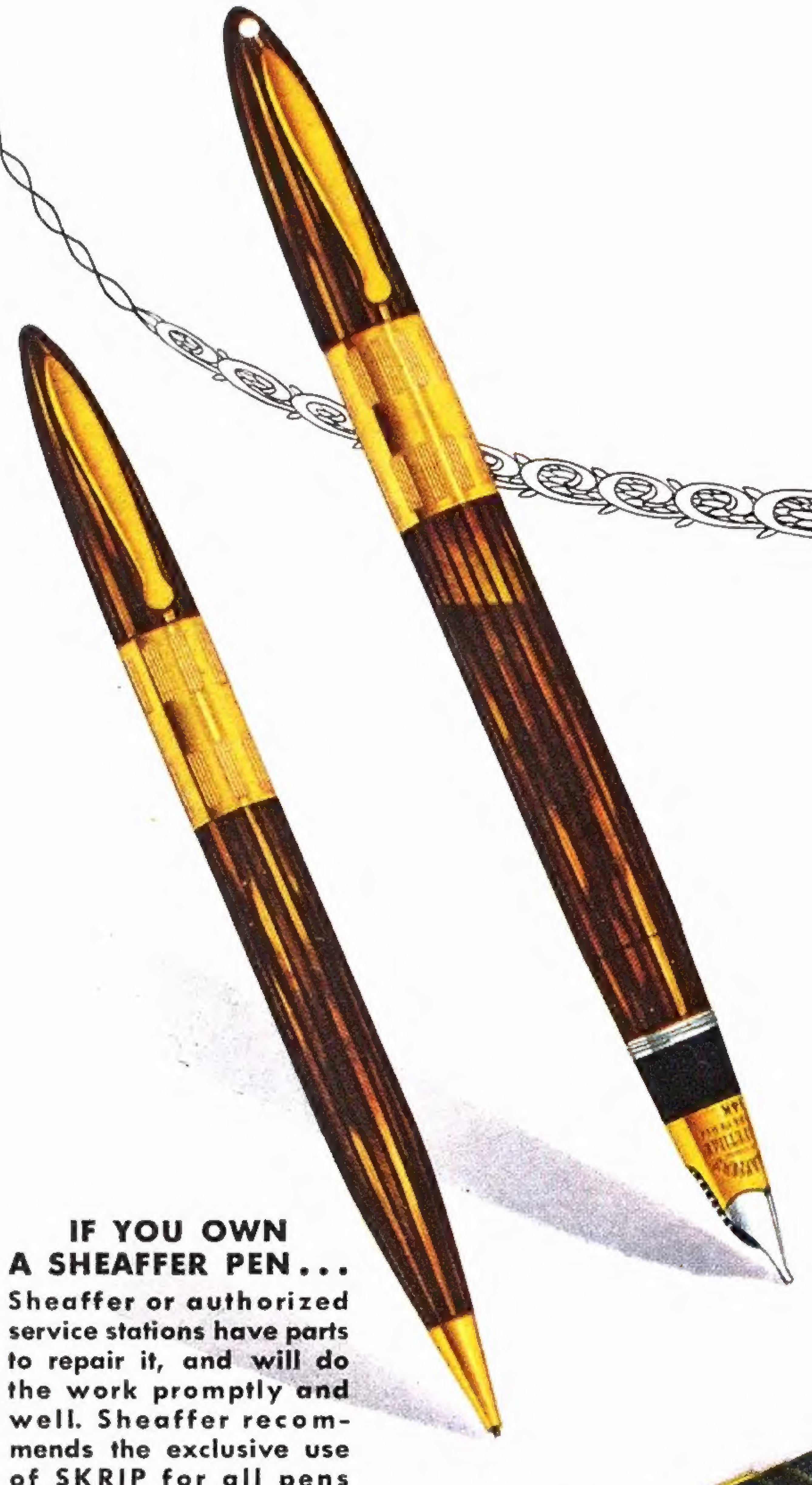
Their fireside moments... Letters from home

While he reads, and re-reads your letters—it is like a moment by the fireside . . . an evening at home. You are at his side—giving him courage—helping him to look forward to the wonderful days to come . . . two hearts in Wartime . . . a pause in the fulfillment of dreams and plans because of bigger things that must be done. But—planning, dreaming . . . and love go on . . . kept alive by letters. Your letters and his—become parts of your lives . . . something more on which to build a glorious future. Write him another letter today.

SHEAFFER'S peacetime products, along with all others of similar nature built by other companies, are now curtailed by WPB order. They are rationed to dealers—through them to the public. The men and women of SHEAFFER, who are released from pen and pencil craftsmanship, are hard at work in the manufacture of SHEAFFER war-time devices. W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co., Fort Madison, Iowa; Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

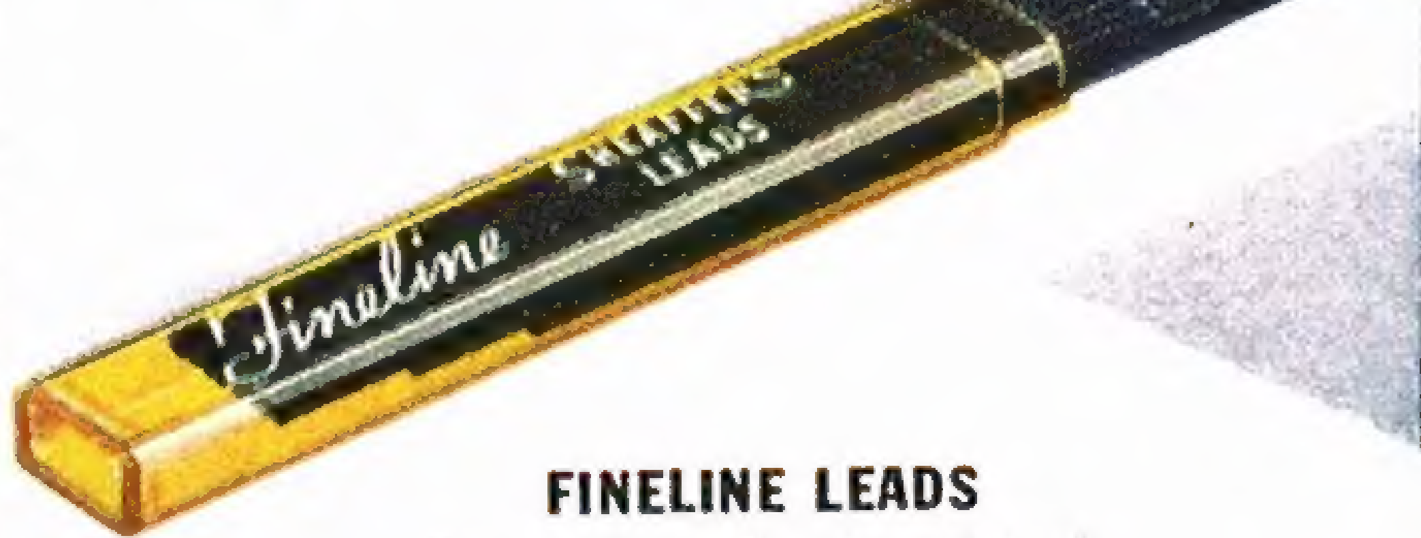
At left: "TRIUMPH" *Lifetime* pen, with clip, $12.50; pencil, $5—"TRIUMPH TUCKAWAY model, without clip, for men or women, carries safely *in all positions* in purse or pocket—pen, $12.50; pencil, $4.

*All *Lifetime* pens, identified by the White Dot, are unconditionally guaranteed for the life of the first user except against loss and willful damage—when serviced, if complete pen is returned, subject only to insurance, postage, handling charge—35c.



SHEAFFER'S

IF YOU OWN A SHEAFFER PEN . . . Sheaffer or authorized service stations have parts to repair it, and will do the work promptly and well. Sheaffer recommends the exclusive use of SKRIP for all pens because it is easier on critical metal and rubber parts. It will make your pen write better, last longer, require less servicing.



FINELINE LEADS

For your pencil—the original, strong, smooth-writing Fineline leads. Developed for Sheaffer by the Jos. Dixon Crucible Co. Economy package, 25c; regular package, 15c.

For V···-MAIL
Skrip
SHEAFFER'S
V-BLACK
PHOTOGRAPHS BEST
V4
For V···-MAIL
Skrip
SHEAFFER'S V-BLACK

SKRIP-WELL
Uses the Last Drop

V-BLACK SKRIP FOR V···-MAIL

When writing V···-Mail to our men overseas—use V-Black SKRIP! V···-Mail letters are photographed on 16 mm. film—flown overseas—reproduced and delivered. Black photographs best and V-Black SKRIP writes black—stays black! Ask for V-Black SKRIP in the 4-oz. DOUBLE SIZE—25c

Listen to **SHEAFFER'S WORLD NEWS PARADE with UPTON CLOSE**
NBC Complete Network—Sundays
3:15 P.M. E.W.T.; 2:15 P.M. C.W.T.;
1:15 P.M. M.W.T.; 12:15 P.M. P.W.T.

Copyright, 1943, W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co.
*Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

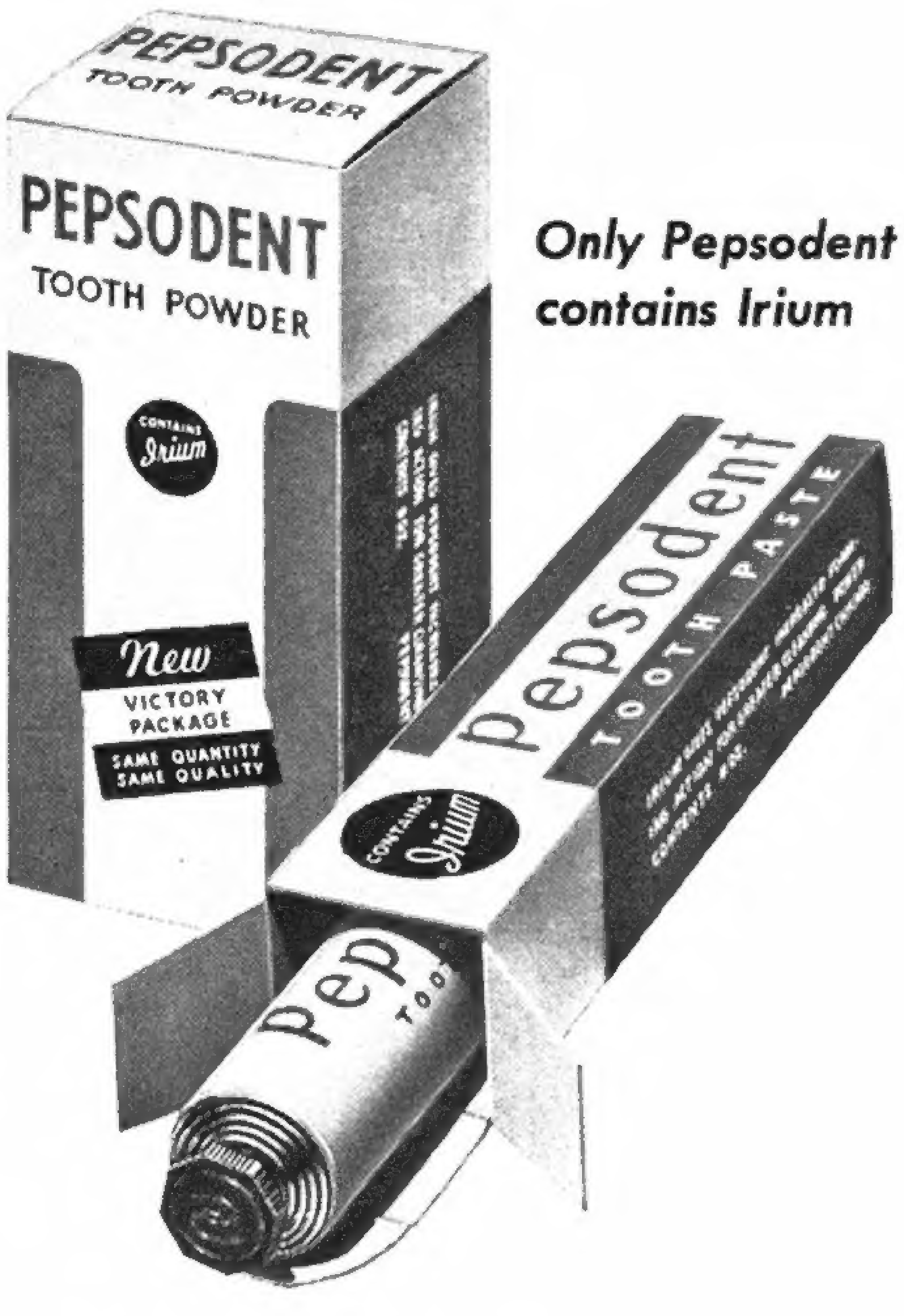
What to do with a Victory Garden

by BOB HOPE

1. Of course, you know what a Victory Garden is. That's a little garden where you go out and putter around for a while, and if you can straighten your back again it's a victory. It's lots of fun, though. I have a beautiful patch . . . on my right hand where the blister broke!

2. Mother Nature is really wonderful. For instance, suppose you want carrots. Well, you just drop a little seed in the ground and in no time at all up comes a rabbit. Of course, if you want a bright smile, some Pepsodent planted on your brush does wonders every time.

3. After your garden has started to grow, it's very important to use Pepsodent — the film-removing tooth paste. This puts a bright gleam on your teeth . . . so if the sun doesn't come out one day, you can always walk around with a big smile and shine on your vegetables.



Only Pepsodent contains Irium

4. Watch out for pests. I'm not bothered with birds any more . . . since I tossed a tube of Pepsodent into their nest. Now they haven't time to do any damage—they're too busy brushing each other's teeth and singing, "Oh, it floats away film with the greatest of ease!"

5. Well, that's all. Just don't forget the tomatoes. I find the best way to remember them is to keep their phone numbers in a little book. You know, the same book you write in when you want to remember to buy Pepsodent . . . the only tooth paste containing Irium.

How IRIUM in Pepsodent uncovers brighter teeth

Film on teeth collects stains, makes teeth look dull and dingy. Film is what hides the true brightness of your smile.

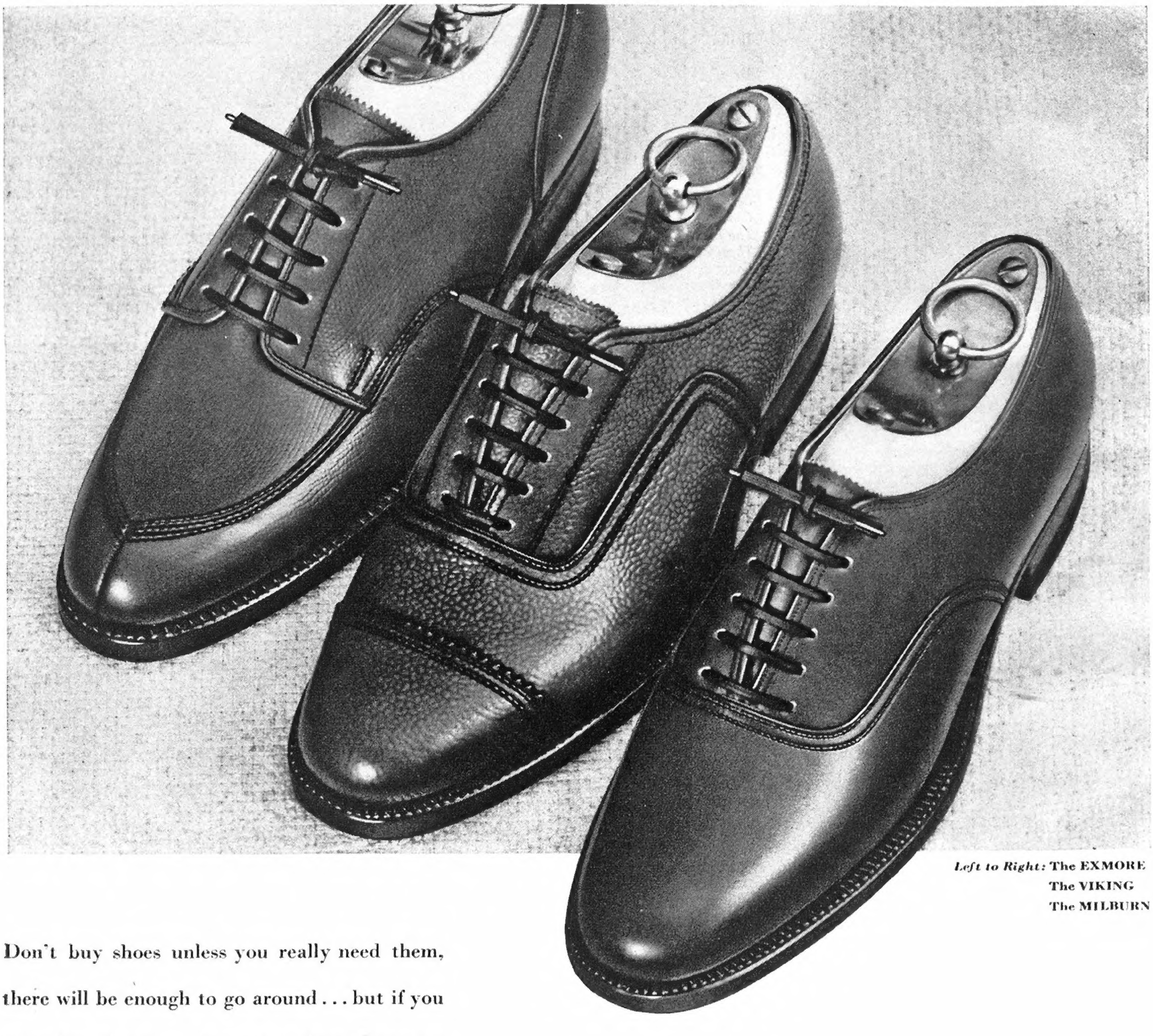
This film-coated mirror illustrates how smiles are clouded when commonplace methods fail to clean film away.

But look what Irium does to that film. It loosens and floats it away, leaves the surface bright, clean and sparkling.

That's how Pepsodent with Irium uncovers the natural, cheery brightness of your smile . . . safely and gently.

FLORSHEIM *Quality*

THE SOUNDEST SOLUTION TO RATIONED QUANTITY



Left to Right: The EXMORE
The VIKING
The MILBURN

Don't buy shoes unless you really need them, there will be enough to go around . . . but if you MUST buy shoes . . . buy GOOD shoes. Quantity only is rationed — Not Florsheim Quality.

Most Styles
$10^50 and $11

Florsheim *Shoes*

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

***Publisher:* David A. Smart**
***Edited by* Arnold Gingrich**

Asst. Editor:
Bernard Geis
Board of Editors:
Fiction
Max Wilkinson
Helen Mitchell
Non-Fiction
Harriet Paddock
Genevieve Pfleeger
Features
Georgette Carneal
Bruce Patterson
Sports
Ralph Cannon
Fashion
O. E. Schoeffler
Dora Deane
Research
Fritz Bamberger
Production
Gus Berkes
Format
Don May
Graphics
Tony Palazzo
Circulation
A. L. Blinder
Associate Editors:
A. D. Pitney
Earl Selby
Helene Richards
Velma Burke
Edith Roberts
Mary Vested
J. L. Cates

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Copyright under International Copyright Union. All Rights Reserved under Inter-American Copyright Union. Copyright 1943 by Esquire, Inc., Title Registered U.S. Pat. Off. Reproduction or use, without express permission, of editorial or pictorial content, in any manner, is prohibited. Printed in U. S. A. Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous features is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire*. It is never done knowingly.

CONTENTS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1943

Page

ARTICLES

The Demise of the Little Moron....*The plague of little moron stories played Hell with production till Smyrka made his investigation*.....Rudolph Umland 32
The How and When of a Hero..*Of the valor of Pvt. Al Schmid, U. S. Marine, subject of John Falter's painting,* The Jap Eradicator.......Paul Gallico 34
Hell in the South Atlantic..*An oiler in the British Merchant Marine tells how it feels to sail a commandeered ship for the Nazis*..A British Merchant Seaman 47
Twelve Records and Exile..*Seven jazz specialists, including your correspondent, name the platters they'd rather not live without*..........Robert Goffin 50
Robinson Crusoe: Army Style..*Army guidebook shows soldiers lost in desert or jungle which plants and animals are edible, which poison*.....Sigmund Sameth 56 ℞
Brief for Daylight Bombing..*The dubious RAF has been impressed by the accuracy and all-around brilliant success of our day bombers*......John A. Ward 61 ℞
Private Snailspace Wins the War..*Despite his rich store of misinformation a soldier finally realizes his important role in the Army*..........Ed S. Woodhead 64
They Film for Navy......*Training films produced by the U. S. Navy's Photographic Division are teaching the tars in double quick time*..........Alan Hynd 69

DEPARTMENTS

Correspondence: The Sound and the Fury..*Turnabout's fair play*.............................. 10
Contributors: Backstage with Esquire..*Reading behind the lines*................................. 28
The Lively Arts: Serenade to Fred Allen..*Let's petition radio's top clown*...........Gilbert Seldes 72
Theatre: First Nights & Passing Judgments..*Misquotations recalled in wrath*..George Jean Nathan 85
Camp Humor: Goldbricking With Esquire..*Topflight satire of service men*.........Bruce Patterson 86
Books: Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf. Combined Operations *is packed with thrills*. William Lyon Phelps 88
Potables: Schnozzles' Radar..*War's necessity mothers cocktail inventions*..........Lawton Mackall 93
Edibles: Man the Kitchenette..*A day with* WAVES, SPARS *and Lady Leathernecks*.......Iles Brody 95
Wearables: A Lid for Every Pan..*Hats for round, square or slender faces*.........O. E. Schoeffler 103

FICTION

The Sergeant's Reprimand..*He'd told that lug he'd never be a Marine, warned him what would happen if he disobeyed orders during battle*..D. L. Champion 31
Done to the Scent of Lilacs..*Being a practical man, Lt. Comdr. Profitt had no faith in his crew's superstition about the strange perfume*...Allan R. Bosworth 40
"You Are Welcome!".....*Captain Partridge was equally surprised and pleased when his late friend's wife asked him to come to tea*.......C. S. Forester 48 ℞
The Case of Dunlap vs. Penny..*Surely the quaintest character of that stage-coach hamlet in California was the unconventional Judge Pitlow*...Peter B. Kyne 54 ℞
Corporal Ortwingle's Secret..*In the words of the poet, Ortwingle could take care of his enemies but God protect him from his friends*............Louis Paul 62
The Voice on the R/T.....*The young pilot wanted to tell her of the wonder and terror of those nights her clear voice shared with him*.......John Moore 70
Joe, the Great McWhiff...*Shorty had it all figured out we'd stake Joe down on the mound and give Al Bates, our catcher, a banana*......Kimball McIlroy 77
The Taking of Sanski Most..*The Italian sergeant assured Estelle he came to the market daily and she would find him a good customer*....Walter Duranty 80

PERSONALITIES

Professor D., Alias Runyon..*Psyching the world's best paid story writer*...........Sidney Carroll 39 ℞
Adman Goes Straight.....*Following the art career of Henry A. Botkin*............Harry Salpeter 91

PICTORIAL FEATURES

Cover Design............*"If I had the wings"*......................*Modeled by* L. S. Soderstrom
The Jap Eradicator..................................*Painted especially for Esquire by* John Falter 35
The Varga Girl...........*Military Secrets*..............*Verse by* Phil Stack; *Painting by* Varga 37
The Esquire Canteen.....*Café Society's Kraft Sisters*..............*Photograph by* Anton Bruehl 51
American Beauties, Western Style..*Eve Whitney*......................*Photograph by* Hurrell 52
Warners Scoop Waxman...*Dorothy Patrick*......................*Photograph by* Henry Waxman 57
Stage Door Esquire......*At the Ziegfeld Follies*.............*Photograph by* George Serebrykoff 58
Thunderbolts Spell Hitler's Doom....*Omen of the P-47's*.....*Painting by* Alexander Leydenfrost 60
Afternoon of a Soldier.....*"Martial men are given to love"*.....*Photograph by* Erwin Blumenfeld 73
American Beauties, Eastern Style..*Jean Tait*.............................*Photograph by* Jorgé 74
William and Mary........*The Wren Building*....................*Painting by* Leslie Saalburg 76
Sweating It Out..........*Oh, how various is the scene*.................*Drawings by* Irving Roir 82
A Group of Paintings....*From the André Seligmann Gallery, New York City*....*by* Henry Botkin 90
Merchant Marine in Port..*Tribute to unsung heroes*.............. *Painting by* Slayton Underhill 119
The Belles of Vertès.......*Fashion Fantasies*............................*Drawings by* Marcel Vertès 120

SPORTS

Alien in the Big League..*Mexico to California orange picker to Philadelphia pitcher*..Arthur Mann 42
Squirrel Night at the Brewers..*Billy Veeck is baseball's best showman*.........John C. Hoffman 53
The Esquire Sports Poll...*Pass the loving cup to Red Grange*......Herb Graffis & Ralph Cannon 78 ℞
The Greatest Football Game I Ever Saw..*Why a player decided to be a coach*..Clark Shaughnessy 79

BRIEFS

Army Kits Keep them Fit..*Games and music for our fighting men*....................Mark Cox 66
The Fatal Spell of Upepo..*Tale of a love triangle in Zululand*............Comdr. Attilio Gatti 67
The Sporting Scene.......*Sports columnist mixes it up with Professor Nearing*........Herb Graffis 104
Stars in Service..........*War medals awarded to ex-college athletes*............Ralph Cannon 124

TRENDS IN DRESS

Clothes and Accessories, *sketched by* Underhill, Goodman and Fellows......... *beginning on* 100

ESQUIRE
September, 1943
Vol. XX, No. 3
Whole No. 118

T.M.REG.

Esquire is published monthly by Esquire, Inc. David A. Smart President; Arnold Gingrich, Vice-President; Alfred R. Pastel, Vice-President in charge of advertising; Alfred Smart, Secretary and Treasurer; A. L. Blinder, Circulation Director, Editorial, Circulation, Business and Production Depts., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Ill. Dec. 15th, 1933 under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by postage or provision for carrying charges if their return is desired, but no responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage to unsolicited materials. Advertising offices, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y. C. 17. Subscriptions for one year payable in advance, in the United States and possessions and Pan-American Union, $5.00; in Canada, $5.50; elsewhere, $7.50. Notices of changes of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.

EDITORIAL: Of a variety of things, from Billy Phelps to next Christmas

The oldest member of Esquire's staff of departmental editors, in age and experience, is the youngest in the length of his association with this magazine. That the oldest should also be the youngest would be a strangely paradoxical coupling of attributes, if applied to almost anybody but William Lyon Phelps. But there is more bounce in Billy Phelps, at seventy-eight, than there is in the rest of us at half his age.

"I enjoy my writing for Esquire so much," he wrote us a few months back, "that I would myself allow nothing to interfere with it." On that occasion he was simply wondering whether we would "let him" write a series of articles for another magazine. The articles, he took pains to explain, would not have anything to do with contemporary books or with literary criticism, or with any of the subjects he discusses in Esquire. Also they would be addressed to an audience presumably quite separate from that of this magazine. He didn't mention that the other magazine was several times the age and size of this one. He didn't, apparently, even think of the fact that both Billy Phelps and this other magazine were famous over half the world a good forty years before Esky was ever heard of.

We were so pleased and so touched by this courtly and uncalled-for consideration of our wishes and feelings that we hastened to assure him that we, too, would never let anything interfere with his writing for Esquire, least of all the pleasant and praiseworthy fact of his wanting to write something else for some other magazine. And he seemed as pleased with our "permission" as a boy with a new toy.

We've been dealing with authors and artists and critics now for a good ten years, and we've found that, as a general rule, the bigger they are, the nicer they are to deal with. And we felt like citing this instance, just as a case in point.

Since then, serious illness has laid Billy Phelps low, smashing up his schedules. So something beyond his control has interfered with his writing for Esquire, and his *Five-Minute Shelf* will be missing next month, and it's too soon to be certain about the month after that. But he'll be back, as soon as he can make it, and meanwhile we'd rather like to save his seat, in this monthly omnibus, until his return.

* * *

At this writing, the war's end looks as far away as it ever has, and prudence would dictate a discreet silence about the prediction which we have voiced in these columns, again and again, to the effect that Hitler's Reich would fly apart, with a crack-up comparable to that of the one-hoss shay, on a day falling within two weeks, either way, from November 15, 1943. At the moment of writing these lines, the Germans are again reported to be on the offensive in Russia, the invasion of Italy has not been attempted after being expected hourly for weeks on end, there is a protracted lull in the round-the-clock bombing of the Ruhr, the death of Sikorski of Poland has apparently widened the rift in the unity of two of the United Nations, and Giraud's presence on American soil has become the occasion for a more or less concerted press attempt at the character-assassination of de Gaulle. You would think that now, if ever, we would shut our big mouth about the likelihood of any early end to the war. There is every reason to shut up, and none to sound off again, with a mere four months to go before reaching that date on the calendar which we so long ago circled as Hitler's doomsday. But there are two things in this issue which we'd like you to read, if only because they make us feel more stubbornly insistent than ever on our old hunch that "attack can win in '43." They are the piece by John A. Ward on page 61, *Brief for Daylight Bombing*, together with the inset on that same page entitled, in a rash burst of over-simplification, *Thunderbolts Spell Hitler's Doom.*

> *"I am amused when I see myself described as one who likes everything. Here is a partial list of things I hate: Musical comedies, overlong novels in the shape of trilogies, free verse when it is not poetry, all forms of simplified spelling, especially, thru, female legs in the daily news, personal items from Hollywood, hypocritical enthusiasm from radio announcers, books written by 'tough guys,' biographies where the author feels more important than his subject, night clubs, postum, buttermilk, cauliflower, parsnips, vegetable marrow, panatella cigars, good meat plastered with thick gravy, paint on young faces, pageants, the pronunciation of Joan with two syllables, the spelling Vergil, the substitution of hand-me-down words for thinking, such as complexes, mother-fixation, defense-mechanism, escapist, wish-belief, accenting of positively and evidently on the third syllable, and the following words: Angle (used inaccurately), message, gubernatorial, pools for eyes, wailed for replied, contact as a verb, wistful (for Charlie Chaplin). I particularly hate the word gotten. I was pleased when a man telegraphed his wife 'Have gotten tickets for the theatre' and the telegram was received 'Have got ten tickets for the theatre' and she showed up in the lobby with eight eager friends. And I hate the whole group of novelists whom I call the Medlar Novelists—the Medlar is a fruit that becomes rotten before it is ripe."*
>
> * * *
>
> *"It does not disturb me that the body grows old. But when does one himself grow old? I think I can state accurately the exact moment when a person passes into old age. It is the moment when in solitude one's thoughts regularly turn more to the past than to the present or future. In the matchless Shakespearean phrase, the stealing steps of age overtake our slowing bodies; but they can never catch up with an alert mind."*
>
> —William Lyon Phelps
> in *Autobiography with Letters*

* * *

Speaking of predictions, there's an old one we remember hearing about in France some six or seven years ago, and where or when it was first expressed we've long since forgotten if we ever knew, to the effect that the then-impending war would at long last be won "in Africa by a young French general." It sounded foolish, at the time, if only because at that moment the very phrase "young French general" seemed such a prime contradiction in terms. And it probably sounds even sillier now, with the Axis out of Africa and the war not yet won, and the star of de Gaulle, the only young French general, now appraised by the concensus of experts as being in decline rather than ascendancy. But the streak of ignorant stubbornness that always inclines us to bet against the experts, just on principle, now lends us willingness to place a small bet, right now, that de Gaulle will within the measurable future bulk bigger, not smaller, than he ever has before in world affairs. And as for that immeasurably long memory of man known as history, we feel no doubt whatsoever that de Gaulle will live in it far longer than, say, anybody at all in our State Department.

* * *

It may not be evident for a long time, and even after the war is over, just who or what won it, or when or where. It was not apparent, surely, in July 1940, that Hitler had lost it, as he paused for breath, as if to say eeny-meeny-miney-mo before picking out another country to conquer. Yet every month since then it has seemed more and more clear that the war was lost, for the Axis, at that point, through failure to follow through after the knockdown of France and capture that other little island and neutralize its navy. But it is one thing to see or sense how a war is lost for one side, and quite a different thing to see how and where it is won for the other side. There are those, presumably our own Hauptmann Hermann among them, who might argue that the war was both lost for Hitler and won for us in the month of September, 1940, by the decisive Battle of Britain between the RAF and the Luftwaffe. (Incidentally, Hauptmann Hermann's *Rise and Fall of the Luftwaffe* makes even better reading now in book form, against the background of recent aerial activities over Europe, than it did last winter as a series of three articles in these pages.) But it is the extremists among air power advocates who hold that view. As against them, you have such statements as that of Samuel Grafton, certainly no muddlehead on many another moot point, who argued that "the siege of Stalingrad is the liquidation of Seversky and Ziff." So, late in the game as some of us now think it is, it is still probably too early to tell, with any certainty, just which hit may have been, or may yet be, the one that won the ball game.

The war has produced some inspiring sounds, but none that will live longer in the memory of those who heard it than the voice that came out over BBC, at the blackest moment in the history of France and perhaps of the world, saying (as best we can recollect something heard in a foreign language over three years ago) "This is the General Charles de Gaulle; France has lost a battle, she has not lost the war," and calling all Frenchmen to join him in continuing the fight.

Late or early as the present hour may yet prove to be, it is still too early to shout down those who insist that de Gaulle is the man playing what may yet turn out to have been the decisive role in the winning of this war.

* * *

As this is written, the WPB has just indicated the necessity for another cut in magazine paper tonnage. Thanks to our use of the ABCD stock, on which we have had many complimentary letters, we should be able to continue getting out a better magazine while still complying with the tonnage restrictions. And if our present plans are not kicked over by some additional and unforeseen contingency, we should even be able to eke out enough tonnage to provide a bumper Christmas issue, to carry on our now accustomed practice of affording over three hundred pages of varied pleasure in that one number.

We'd like to do it, not in any spirit of "business as usual," but in token that, whatever the height or depth of the tide of world affairs on the November day which sees that issue's appearance, there'll always be a Christmas. #

ALL BOOK·OF·THE·MONTH CLUB SELECTIONS

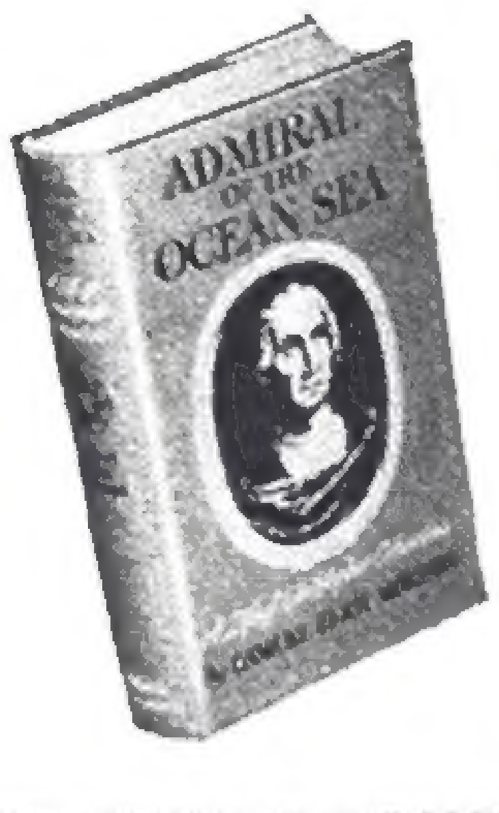
Why keep on missing important books like these?

Western Star
Stephen Vincent Benét
U.S. Foreign Policy
Walter Lippmann

WESTERN STAR
BY STEPHEN VINCENT BENET
and
U. S. FOREIGN POLICY
BY WALTER LIPPMANN
(double selection)
COMBINED PRICE TO MEMBERS
$3.00

Winter's Tales
Combined Operations
The Official Story of the Commandos

WINTER'S TALES
BY ISAK DINESEN
and
COMBINED OPERATIONS
BY HILARY A. ST. GEORGE SAUNDERS
(double selection)
COMBINED PRICE TO MEMBERS
$3.00


Admiral of the Ocean Sea

ADMIRAL OF THE OCEAN SEA
BY SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON
(Awarded the Pulitzer Prize for Biography)
$2.75

The Human Comedy
Berry Fleming
Colonel Effingham's Raid

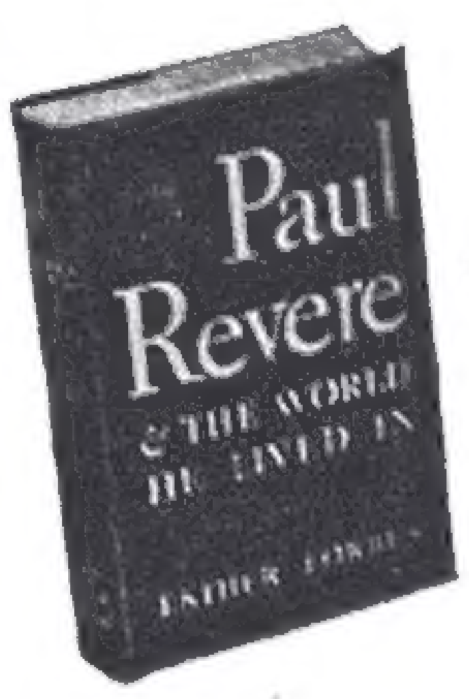
THE HUMAN COMEDY
BY WILLIAM SAROYAN
and
COLONEL EFFINGHAM'S RAID
BY BERRY FLEMING
(double selection)
COMBINED PRICE TO MEMBERS
$3.00

The Song of Bernadette
Victory Through Air Power
Major Alexander P. de Seversky

THE SONG OF BERNADETTE
BY FRANZ WERFEL
and
VICTORY THROUGH AIR POWER
BY MAJOR ALEXANDER P. DE SEVERSKY
(double selection)
COMBINED PRICE TO MEMBERS
$3.00

The Year of Decision 1846
Bernard DeVoto

THE YEAR OF DECISION: 1846
BY BERNARD DE VOTO
PRICE TO MEMBERS
$2.75


Paul Revere
& the World He Lived In
Esther Forbes

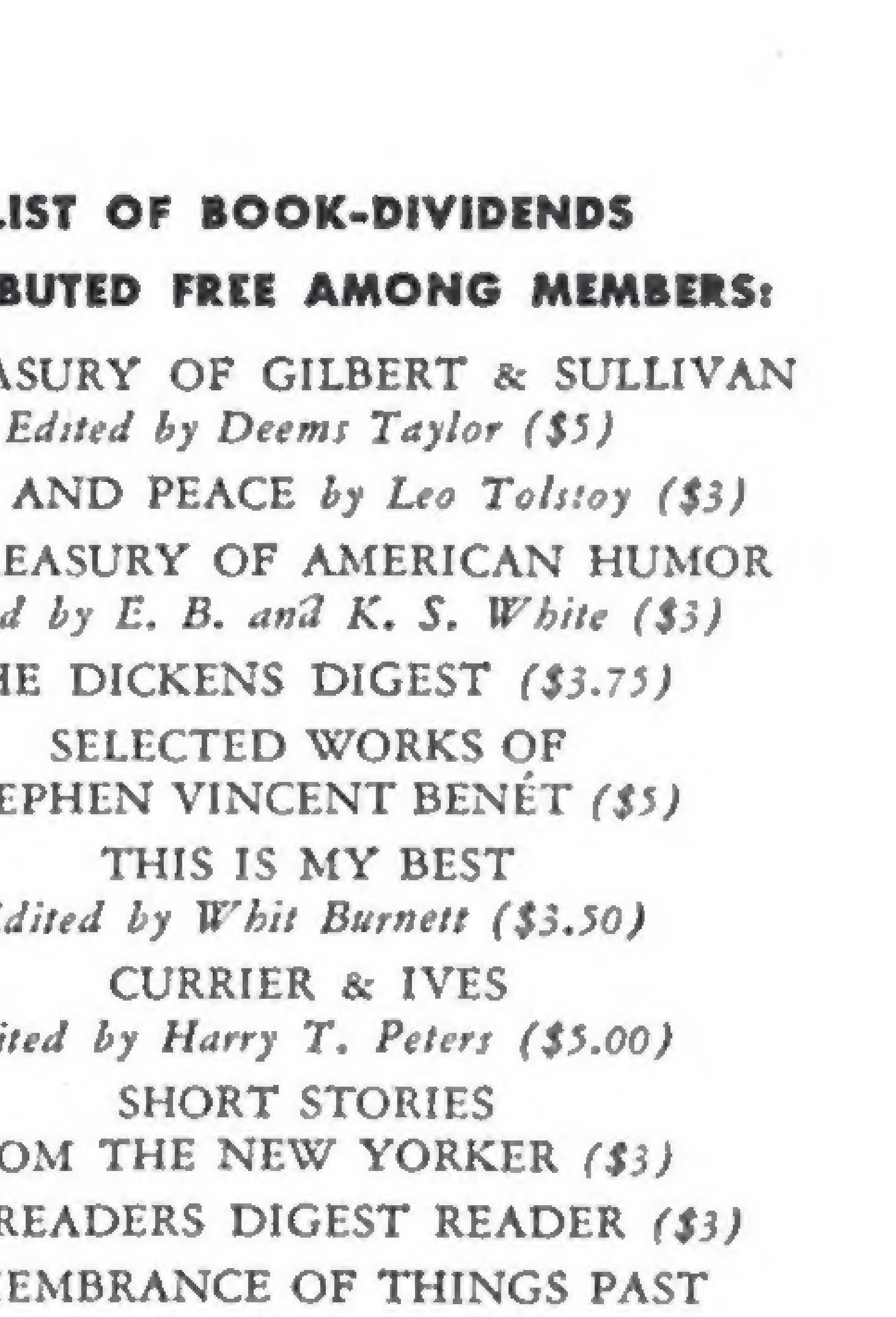
PAUL REVERE:
And The World He Lived In
BY ESTHER FORBES
(Awarded the Pulitzer Prize for History)
PRICE TO MEMBERS
$2.75

Our Hearts Were Young and Gay
We Took to the Woods

OUR HEARTS WERE YOUNG AND GAY
BY CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER AND EMILY KIMBROUGH
and
WE TOOK TO THE WOODS
BY LOUISE DICKINSON RICH
(double selection)
COMBINED PRICE TO MEMBERS
$3.00

IF YOU WERE A MEMBER AND BOUGHT THESE SELECTIONS FROM THE CLUB

You would have received four of these book-dividends Free


A Treasury of Gilbert & Sullivan
War and Peace
Leo Tolstoy
A Subtreasury of American Humor
The Dickens Digest
Selected Works of Stephen Vincent Benét
This Is My Best
Currier & Ives
Short Stories from the New Yorker
The Readers Digest Reader
Remembrance of Things Past
Marcel Proust
A Conrad Argosy

LIST OF BOOK-DIVIDENDS DISTRIBUTED FREE AMONG MEMBERS:

A TREASURY OF GILBERT & SULLIVAN
Edited by Deems Taylor ($5)
WAR AND PEACE *by Leo Tolstoy ($3)*
SUBTREASURY OF AMERICAN HUMOR
Edited by E. B. and K. S. White ($3)
THE DICKENS DIGEST *($3.75)*
SELECTED WORKS OF STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT *($5)*
THIS IS MY BEST
Edited by Whit Burnett ($3.50)
CURRIER & IVES
Edited by Harry T. Peters ($5.00)
SHORT STORIES FROM THE NEW YORKER *($3)*
THE READERS DIGEST READER *($3)*
REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST
by Marcel Proust ($5)
A CONRAD ARGOSY *by Joseph Conrad ($5)*

A FREE COPY...TO NEW MEMBERS

of any one of the Book-Dividends pictured above!

Begin your subscription to the Book-of-the-Month Club with one of its selections pictured at the top. Surely, among them is one you have promised yourself to get and read. As a new member, the Club will send you, free, any one of the recent book-dividends shown directly above.

WHAT A SUBSCRIPTION INVOLVES: Over 500,000 families now belong to the Book-of-the-Month Club. They do so in order to keep themselves from missing the new books they are really interested in.

As a Club member, you receive an advance publication report about the judges' choice—and also reports about all other important coming books. If you decide you want the book-of-the-month, you let it come. If not (on a blank always provided) you can specify some other book you want, or simply say: "Send me nothing."

Last year over $5,000,000 worth of free books (figured at retail value) were given to the Club's members—given, not sold! These book-dividends could be distributed free because so many subscribers ordinarily want the book-of-the-month that an enormous edition can be printed. The saving on this quantity-production enables the Club to buy the right to print *other fine* library volumes. These are then manufactured and distributed free among subscribers—one for every two books-of-the-month purchased.

Your obligation as a member is simple. You pay no yearly fee. You merely agree to buy no fewer than four books-of-the-month in any twelve-month period. The subscription period is not for one year, but as long as you decide; you can end it at any time after taking four books-of-the-month. You pay for the books as you receive them—the regular retail price (frequently less) plus a small charge to cover postage and other mailing expenses. *Prices slightly higher in Canada.*

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB A829
385 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member. I am to receive a free copy of any one of your recent book-dividends shown in bottom row, and for every two books-of-the-month I purchase from the Club I am to receive, free, the current book-dividend then being distributed. I agree to purchase at least four books-of-the-month each year from the Club.

Name..
Please Print Plainly

Address..

City....................................*State*....................

Begin My Subscription With..
(Choose one of the selections at the top)
....

Send Me As A Free Book..
(Choose one of the book-dividends shown in bottom row)

Books shipped to Canadian members, DUTY PAID, through Book-of-the-Month Club, (Canada) Ltd.

They Passed Inspection with a

HOLLYWOOD

"Stain Shine"

Gives your shoes that rich, hand-rubbed custom old violin finish, plus a mirror gloss, as featured by America's custom bootmakers.

Hollywood is available in Antique Walnut, Antique Redwood, Black, Tan, and Dark Brown. Ask for *Hollywood* by name. Sold by Coward Shoe Stores, New York and Boston, John Wanamaker, Post Exchanges and Ships Service Stores.

Hollywood
BOOTMAKERS Stain POLISH
as advertised in Esquire
Hollywood BOOTMAKERS Stain POLISH

★ SEND FOR SET OF FIVE COLORS

Send $1.50 for complete set of 5 colors, plus a secret process for shining shoes, sent postpaid, if not sold by your shoe merchant. Unconditionally guaranteed.

FRENCHEE CHEMICAL CO.
107-32 Van Wyck Blvd. Dept. 1 Richmond Hill, 19, N.Y.

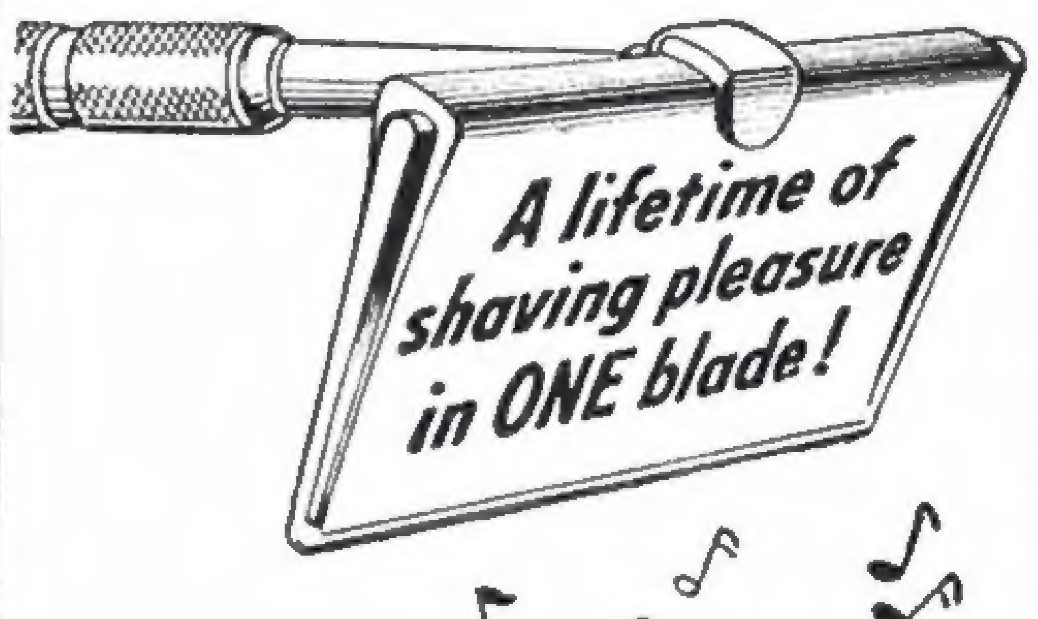
Get this Great Catalog of MAGIC

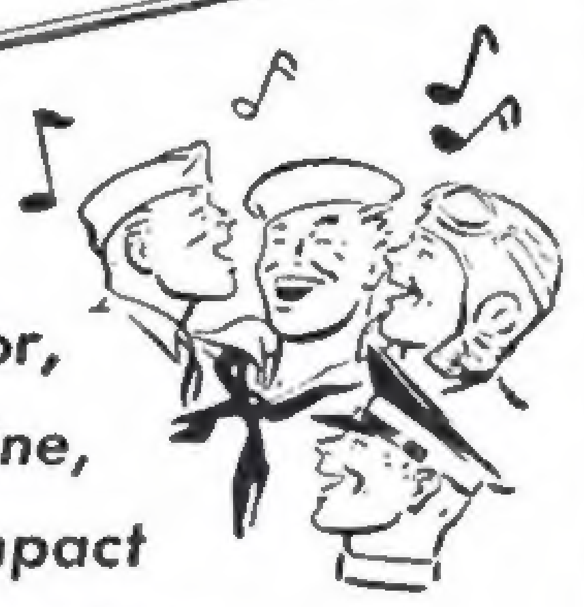
NATIONAL MAGIC COMPANY
NATIONAL MAGIC CO.

Amazing tricks, mystifying and spooky stage and party illusions. Easy to do—no skill—perfect instructions. Fool your friends. Loads of fun. Add "life" to any party. 272 pages. 600 illustrations. Mail 60 cents for catalog, credited on your first order for $3.00 or more.

NATIONAL MAGIC COMPANY
119 S. State St., Chicago, Ill.

ROLLS RAZOR


A lifetime of shaving pleasure in ONE blade!



Soldier, sailor,
Flier, marine,
Like this compact
Shaving machine.

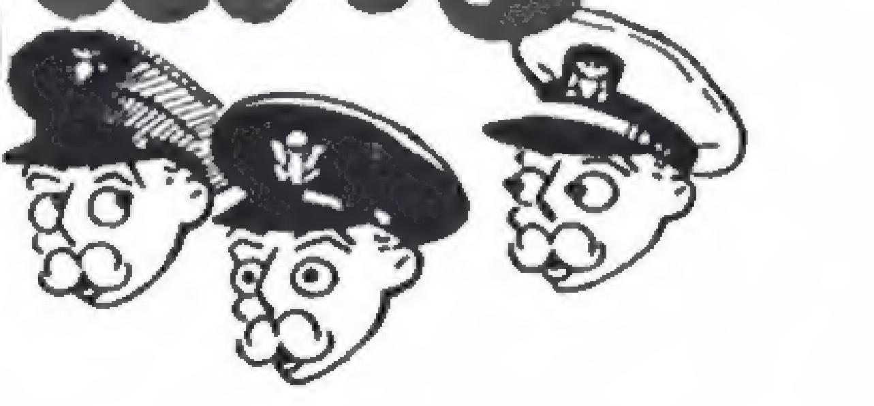
They like it because Rolls Safety Razor is a complete shaving tool—a lifetime blade with its own hone and strop to keep it always keen. No blades to buy, nor need to look for an electric plug.

For the duration Rolls Safety Razor is not on sale to civilians. The entire output is shipped only to U. S. Post Exchanges and Ships' Service Stores for our fighting men.

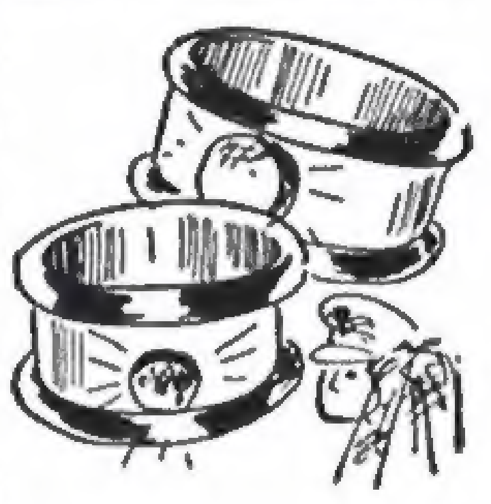
If you now own a Rolls, keep it in tip-top shape by sending us the complete instrument when it needs adjustment or service. We'll send it back to you good as new at a nominal charge.

ROLLS RAZOR, Inc.
Sales and Service
342 Madison Ave., New York 17, N.Y.

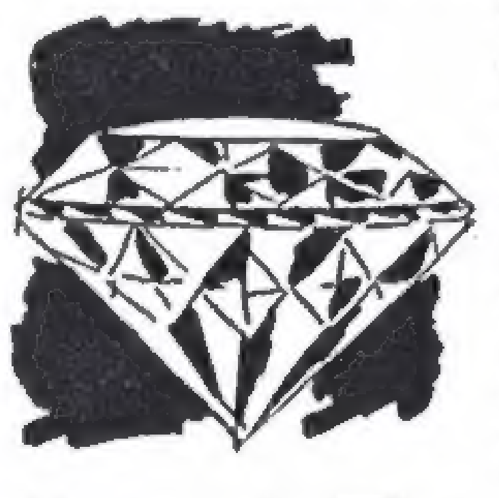
Talking Shop with Esquire



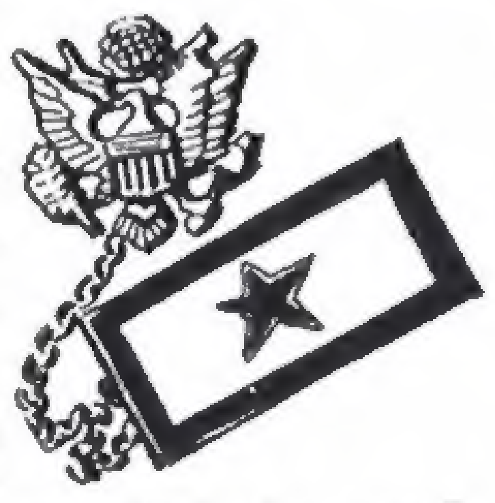
STRICTLY *NON* — G. I. Here it is fellows, by popular request . . . a shopping page just for Uncle Sam's Service Men. Every month you'll find here items current and choice . . . catering to the outer and inner man, gifts for those on the home front, various bits of advice and information. Write to us, tell us what you'd like to buy . . . what sort of dope you want to hear. RANGER, at your service.



DOUBLE FEATURE. Looks as if Fall is bringing another bumper crop of weddings. Jewelers estimate that half of all wedding rings sold will be in MEN'S sizes . . . a return to the "double ring" service. And that goes for engagement rings, too. Newest "he and she" engagement rings are plain wide bands, with rolled edges in red gold, the inner band in green or yellow gold for contrast. Both rings set with a diamond solitaire. (Don't worry, fellows, it's a good sturdy, masculine looking affair.)



MULTI-FACET DIAMONDS. And a word about diamond buying. Ordinary cut diamonds, regardless of price, are cut with a maximum of 58 facets. These facets appear on the top surface and the underside of the diamond. The newest method of cutting adds 40 extra facets around the sides, creating a myriad of light-reflecting surfaces, thus increasing the brilliance of the stone. Nice part is that multi-facets don't cost you any more than regular-cut diamonds.



TO REMEMBER YOU BY. Newest version of a service pin for mothers, sisters and your one and only is an enameled service star connected by a tiny chain with your service insignia. The service star is of sterling silver enameled in red, white and blue, and available with 1, 2, or 3 stars. The insignia includes navy, marine corps, coast guard and all branches of the army such as medical corps, air corps, ordnance, quarter master, etc. Very inexpensive, and dripping in sentiment.

SECRET SERVICE MONEY BELT. Tommy Creech, Radioman, U. S. Navy complains that he can find no money belt that doesn't wrinkle up into a lump. "A sailor's uniform", says Tommy, "fits pretty quick, and what goes on underneath has to lie flat". We've found just the ticket for you, Sailor . . . the secret service money belt . . . flat as a pancake, neat, compact, no snaps, no zippers, just a patented cleverly concealed row of secret pockets within 4 regular pockets . . . 6 compartments in all. Comes in water repellent navy poplin or in khaki for the army. There's a ladies' version done up in tan or white faille for Waves, Waacs, etc.

PAPER SHOE TREES. Another boon to the itinerant, featherweight shoe trees made of a sturdy, resilient material that's a scientific triumph. The trees come flat, but flaps are skillfully bent so that when inserted into the shoe they provide rigid support, smooth out creases and permit circulation of air within the shoe. Such air conditioning helps prevent moisture from being absorbed into the leather, it seems. You buy the trees according to your shoe size.

Ranger

SERVICE MEN: THIS IS YOUR PAGE

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Styled by Marxman

THE
Mel-O

Thoroughly aged, carefully selected briar...bench-made and sculptured by craftsmen faithful to a *fine tradition*... a pipe that's smooth and mellow...a real delight to smoke... a treasure to own.

Look for the name—
MARXMAN
27 W. 24th St.
New York, N. Y

$3.50

Pipes by
MARXMAN
AT ALL FINE TOBACCONISTS

WILLIE HOWARD

IN A RIOTOUS ALBUM OF
COMEDY & SONG

A brass monkey with the mumps would laugh at this collection of Willie's most hilarious songs...his most devilish dissertations. Here is sophisticated entertainment you'll never tire of!

French Taught In a Hurry (2 sides); Tyrone Shapiro, The Bronx Caballero; Impressions of Moscow Art Players; Imitations of Jolson, Cantor & Jessel; & the famous "Comes The Revolution."

Three 10 in. double-faced records in album, only $2.85 (add 45c for packing and postage in U. S. A.)

"PICK THE WINNER" GALA TURF DERBY & MOTORBOAT RACE

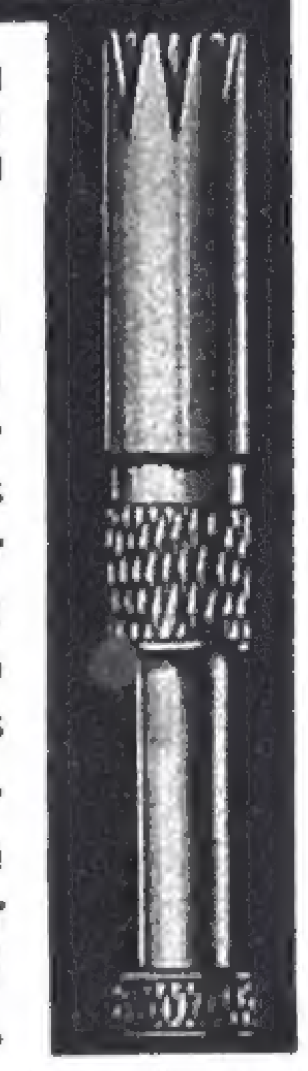
A magic grooved record complete with Mutual Board. Exciting and absorbing . . . different finishes every time. Ideal for party fun. $1.00. Add 25c for packing and postage in U. S. A.

Write for FREE Illustrated PARTY RECORD LIST

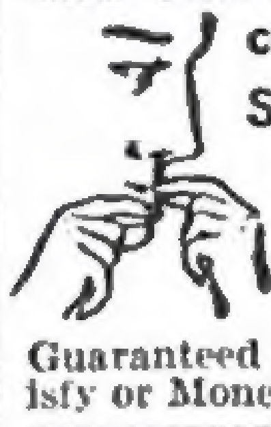
RABSONS 111 WEST 52nd STREET DEPT. 28, NEW YORK

DON'T PULL HAIR FROM NOSE
May Cause Fatal Infection

Use **KLIPETTE**
NEW INVENTION



You can cause serious infection as a result of pulling hair from nose. Use of scissors is also dangerous and impractical. There is no better way to remove hair from nose and ears than with KLIPETTE. Smooth, gentle, safe and efficient. Rounded points cannot cut or prick skin.



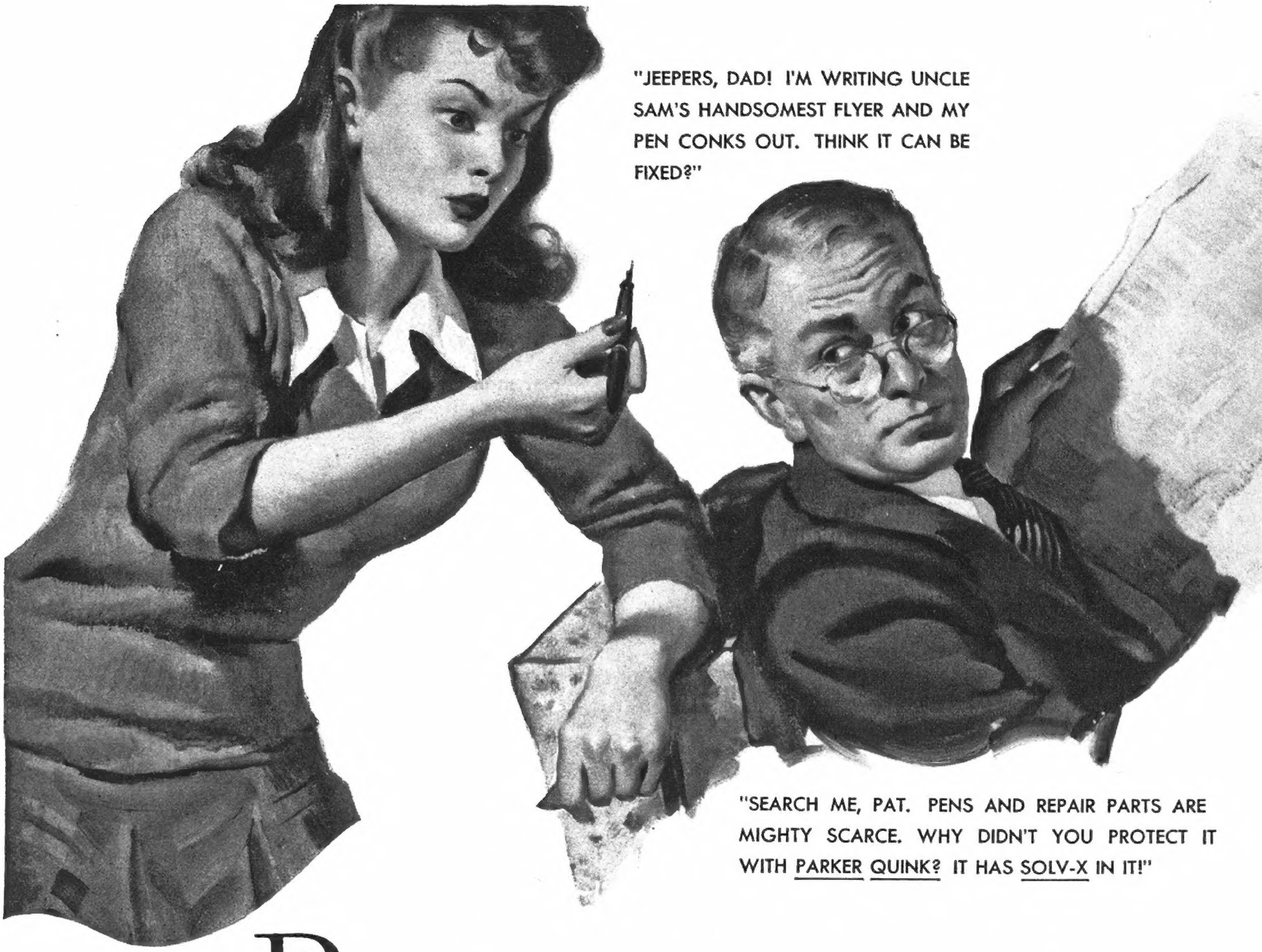
SO SIMPLE! Just turn the end. Surplus hair comes out easily and gently. Never pulls.

Guaranteed to Satisfy or Money Back **$1** Made from finest Surgical Steel. Chromium plated

HOLLIS CO., 11 Commerce St., Newark, N. J., Dept. 305
Enclosed is $1.00 for KLIPETTE. If not entirely satisfied, I may return it and my $1.00 will be refunded.

Name________________________

Address________________________


"JEEPERS, DAD! I'M WRITING UNCLE SAM'S HANDSOMEST FLYER AND MY PEN CONKS OUT. THINK IT CAN BE FIXED?"
"SEARCH ME, PAT. PENS AND REPAIR PARTS ARE MIGHTY SCARCE. WHY DIDN'T YOU PROTECT IT WITH PARKER QUINK? IT HAS SOLV-X IN IT!"

Pen shortage grows!

To keep your pen writing... use Quink with solv-x!

DON'T EXPECT to replace your pen if it fails now!

For a Government order has sharply reduced pen production. First-choice brands of fountain pens are scarce. Repair parts, too, are hard to find.

Why not let Parker Quink provide the "ounce of prevention"? This ink alone has the magic ingredient, *solv-x*.

Solv-x roots out the causes of most pen failures. It fights off the metal corrosion and breakdown of rubber which inevitably follow the use of highly acid ink. It ends clogging and gumming ... *cleans your pen as it writes!*

For the protection of steel pens, too, brilliant Parker Quink is ideal. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin, and Toronto, Canada.

FOR V• • • —MAIL "Micro-film Black"
Parker Quink in "Micro-film Black" photographs perfectly! It is jet-black—ideal for every use. Quink comes in 7 permanent colors: Micro-film Black, Blue-Black, Royal Blue, Green, Violet, Brown, Red. 2 washable colors: Black, Blue. Family size, 25¢. Other sizes, 15¢ and up.

Copr. 1943, The Parker Pen Company

PARKER Quink

THE ONLY INK CONTAINING SOLV-X

SOLV-X
in every bottle of Quink...
protects pens in 5 ways!

1. Protects rubber ... lengthens the life of sac or diaphragm.
2. Dissolves sediment and gum left by other inks. Cleans your pen as it writes.
3. Prevents clogging of feed.
4. Safeguards base metal parts ... prevents corrosion.
5. Assures quick starting and even flow at all times.

Parker Quink

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

LOBBYING FOR 'OL GRANDPAPPY

Thanks to the generosity of your "Pappy" of the "Mountain Boys," Paul Webb, the officers and men aboard the sub-buster YP-606 are in receipt of the ship's emblem shown in the enclosed photo.

Lt. j.g. John Gautier (Capt.) is on Grandpappy's right and Lt. j.g. Mark Edwin Stevens (Exec. Officer) at left.

It seems to us Esky—That with "Uncle Rafe" reported down on a bomber over enemy territory, one of the "boys" on a sub-chaser out of Texas, another on a Coast Guard Cutter and Grandpappy with us, you should show more patriotism than cutting them to three quarter page size.

Most sincerely,
The Officers and Men of the YP-606

Lt. j.g. John Gautier (Capt.)
Lt. j.g. Mark Edwin Stevens (Exec.)
Ensign Frederick Foster (Gunnery)
Platt F. W. BM1/c
Dickinson, R. G. SM2/c
Harrison, L. W. S1/c
Martin, C. E. S1/c
Montgomery, A. R. MoM1/c
Quinn, R. J. SC2/c
Braithwaite, R. H. S1/c
Wick, W. P. S1/c
Blackwood, J. S1/c

REDD SEES RED

What does Bill Bryson mean by *Fabulous Flinger?* Does he mean to tell Esquire readers that the "Fabulous Flinger" is none other than Leroy "Satchel" Paige of the 1943 Kansas City Monarchs? Bill evidently does not attend Negro baseball games or else he would not sit down and write an article about a "legendary figure," a "fabulous flinger" and what have you. Mr. Bryson speaks in his article of having been told about marvelous feats on the pitching mound by one "Satchel" Paige.

Does Mr. Bryson know that in 1941 and 1942 more than one hundred thousand fans journeyed from all parts of the Nation to Comiskey Park in Chicago to see "Satchel" Paige hurl three innings in each game? Bill Bryson does not seem to know that "Satch" has pitched between 65 and 75 games per year for the past twenty years.

Now Mr. Bryson you are hearing from a man who has followed baseball closely, studied it thoroly for 34 years, both Negro and White; and I have looked at the greats—Alexander, Grove, Johnson, Plank, Bender, Coombs, Ruth, and numerous others. (Space will not permit more names of greats.) Now, Bill, I am sure, has not looked at "Cannon Ball" Redding, Wickware, "Wee Willie" Foster, "Smokey Joe" Williams, Holland, Day, "Rube" Foster (greatest of all), Mendez, Rogan, and last but not least, Paige.

If Mr. Bryson and Ray Doan of Muscatine, Iowa think so much "bunk has been peddled about Satchel" get a team from your big league, we will get one from our leagues with "Satchel" on the mound, all receipts turned over to Army-Navy relief fund. Why don't the aforementioned gentlemen take a Sunday afternoon off and go see a few Negro league games? No one can send articles to my favorite magazine and talk about "fabulous flingers" and "legendary figures" without an answer from me. I've been around baseball a long time.

Dr. Robert M. Redd
Grand Rapids, Mich.

QUESTIONNAIRE FOR GILBERT SELDES

Could it be that your great magazine merely prints articles without first letting the editor give them the "once over lightly"? Else how did Mr. Seldes' "phony," *Short Hooray for Hollywood* ever reach the June issue?

We must concede that *Casablanca* was a grand show and *Airforce* was good until those unfortunate last few shots, after which poor old Hollywood's imagination runs amok as usual, and the farce begins. It might interest Mr. Seldes to know that even Jap ships are not destroyed as quickly or as easily as those Warner Brothers' bathtub models. Ask the boys who know. In short the experts on the West Coast left a foul taste where there might very easily have been nothing but satisfied approval had they ended the movie with some logical and realistic shots.

And now for the victim of Mr. Seldes' unfair comparison: Noel Coward's *In Which We Serve*. Has the author ever been on a ship in action? Has he heard the roar of guns, seen the sweat, strain, and mixed emotions of men in battle? Obviously not. Those shots were good. Why not? Hell, they were real! Those air attacks weren't phonies nor were the surface engagements.

And what of Noel Coward's portrayal? That typical British calm displayed as he conned his ship through air attacks and surface engagements was more than good. The life raft scene was also real stuff. The British are like that. Has Mr. Seldes ever met, talked to or even heard Lord Mountbatten? He is just such a man. Could Hollywood's flamboyant emotion mongers have done better?

The relation of officers to men was little short of ideal. I wish every ship had such a fine spirit. When those of us whose business it is to fight this war can view such a picture as *In Which We Serve* without destructive criticism, it has to be realistic and good—damn good. Brother, it's the best action show to hit the screen thus far in this war.

Remember that Hollywood mess, *Stand By for Action?* Wonder how Taylor will feel when he gets his first taste of real action, after having thrown such a farce at the public who, after all, are pretty remote from this war and quite gullible to such baloney.

Pardon this explosion, but we don't think Hollywood is holding up her end of the war by making good movies, and this just gave us a chance to let off steam.

Sincerely,
Lieut. (j.g.) L. R. Skidmore, Jr., USN

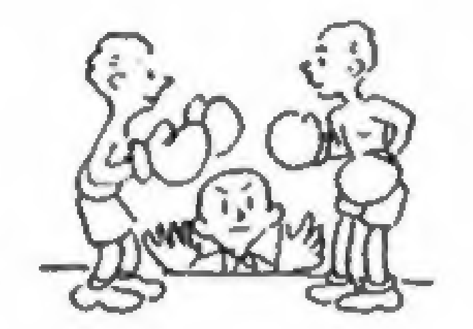
BLACK EYE FOR BOXING

I have been interested in reading the following articles that appeared in Esquire on the dates specified:

Boxing Builds Bums, by Pete Norton, November 1942.

Pugs Never Die of Old Age, by Sigmund Sameth, July 1943.

I have been especially impressed with what my former oculist in Washington, D.C., said about eye injuries from boxing, some of which may show up years afterward. I have tried to get a brief statement on the subject published in one of the Washington newspapers, but failed, and wonder whether one of your two authors named might say something to discourage the promotion of boxing in boys' clubs. These organizations in many instances are fostered by police departments and a good deal of emphasis seems to be placed on boxing. This sport seems to be too dangerous to be promiscuously encouraged and I should like to see more said upon the other side.



Very truly yours,
Chicago, Ill. W. L. McAtee

SIMPLE QUERY

Your June issue of Esquire has just been received and we have all enjoyed it very much—our only question is—

In Varga's *Something for the Boys*—where's the girl's right arm! Can he explain it?

Very truly yours,
Clarke T. Evans, C.S.F.
Fleet P.O., New York, N. Y.

CONSERVATIVE SUGGESTION

Recently I have read that Varga paints all his models in the nude and after that puts their clothes on. (I mean the pictures, of course.)

Why doesn't he leave them as they are, thereby co-operating in this National Emergency by conserving paint.

"The Height of Expectation"

GREEN GYRENE WITH A ZOOT BOOT

With the usual fanfare and high expectations the July issue of Esquire has arrived at the Rifle Range to be absorbed by the Marines at this out-of-the-way post.

Your *Afternoon of a Marine* picturing your two lovelies under the protective arms of your representative of the proudest branch of the armed services was eyed enviously and critically by all and sundry.

While the young ladies are admittedly flawless, the rugged Gyrene unmistakably stamps himself a "boot," despite his misplaced campaign ribbons and marksmanship medal. While it is admitted that his position is beyond criticism, the position of the ribbons worn is slightly off the beam. Uniform regs state that the ribbons will be worn midway between the first and second buttons, the marksmanship medal ¼" below. The keeper for the waist plate on the white belt should be close to the plate so as to be invisible, and not as pictured. Without a doubt, moccasin-type footwear are comfortable, but hardly suitable to be worn with "blues."

So, in view of the above, we feel sorry for the Leatherneck with a potentially busy afternoon on his hands, for it won't be long before the M.P.'s or S.P.'s will be along to tell Junior to run along back to his barracks or ship and attire himself correctly. However, the only fault not readily rectified is the choice of footwear, and we choose to think it's an underground movement by Esquire to garb our Marines with more zootey apparel.

Truly yours,
Camp Lejeune George H. Ward
North Carolina 2d Lt., U.S.M.C.

IN MEMORIAM: PVT. HAROLD GOLDIE

This is the third time I started this letter to you. I never wrote to a magazine before and I know that my letter won't measure up to the witty epistles that you publish in your Sound and Fury column.

Anyway, the reason I'm writing is this: In your Sept., 1942 issue there was a request from a lonely soldier in Florida for letters. He mentioned that there was a rumor he was leaving and he promised to get a Jap for you.

Well, I adopted him and we started quite a correspondence, but he never did get that Jap because Private Harold Goldie No. 32,160,098 of the U. S. Army and Hollis, Long Island, was killed in action on the Tunisian front.

If any of your other readers who wrote to him are wondering why their last letter hasn't been answered, they know now.

He was nice to write to. Always answered promptly and the most cheerful soldier I know. I always wondered, though, what he looked like. He promised to send his picture but he never did.

I hope the letters he got from Esquire readers gave him some pleasure and I like to think that it wasn't too bad "over there."

That's all, except that your Sound & Fury is one of the most interesting parts of your mag.

Sincerely,
New York, N. Y. J. F. Golding

INNOCENCE ABROAD

The enclosure is in no way intended towards furthering the subscribers to your magazine, it is also in no way significant of the type of person that would read Esquire; it is however mute symbol of the last, or rather very last vestiges of sanity left in the somewhat distorted mind of a New Guinea Photographer.

If the accompanying photograph ("Somewhere in New Guinea") can in any way be used, we down here would sure get a kick out of it. The subject, who really isn't such a whacky hombre as appears, is S/Sgt. Gerald Richard Minder, 2101 Knapp Street, St. Paul, Minn.

All rights are definitely not reserved.

Very sincerely,
Pvt. Melvin Silverman
A.P.O. 929, c/o Postmaster
San Francisco, Calif.

THOUGH MANY a cake of ice has come and gone since this advertisement first appeared, 3 years ago, it's *still* a grand way to suggest to you how downright cool and refreshing a whiskey-and-ice-and-soda can be on a warm midsummer afternoon. What matchless flavor and smoothness will be yours to enjoy—*if the whiskey you use is Four Roses!* Just try it and see!

FOUR ROSES

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

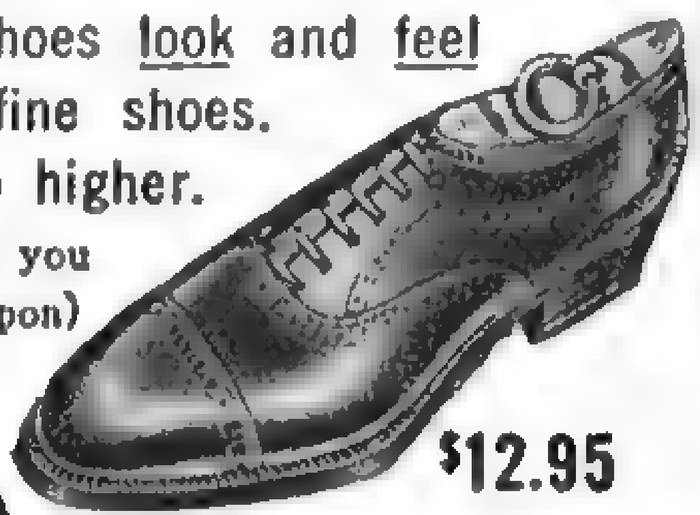
An Explanation to Our Friends

IF YOUR BAR or package store is sometimes out of Four Roses, please be patient. We are trying to apportion our prewar stocks to assure you a continuing supply until the war is won. Meanwhile, our distilleries are devoted 100% to the production of alcohol for explosives, rubber, and other vital war products. (Our prices have not been increased—except for government taxes.)

'YOU HAVEN'T STOPPED "GROWING YET"

ADLER ELEVATOR
Shoes for Men
This FREE BOOKLET tells how
ADLER ELEVATOR SHOES
make you TALLER
than "SHE" is

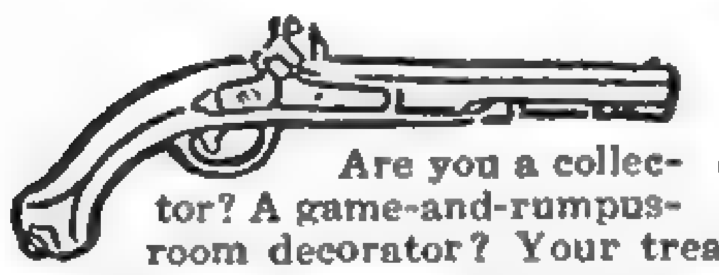
You need worry no longer because "She" is taller than you are . . . because you can become almost **2 INCHES TALLER.** Simply change to Adler Elevator Shoes and you're taller instantly. "Confidentially", too, because these amazing shoes look and feel like any other fine shoes.
The heels are no higher.
(In ordering by mail you may detach ration coupon)



$12.95

OBEY THAT IMPULSE
ADLER SHOES for MEN

Dept. E9-43, 122 E. 42 St., N. Y.
Gentlemen: I am interested in BEING TALLER. Please send me your Booklet in Full Color.
NAME..............................
ADDRESS..............................
CITY..................STATE..........



GUNS & SWORDS

Are you a collector? A game-and-rumpus-room decorator? Your treasure hunt ends in our catalog, listing 1400 authentic items. Typical values: *U. S. Civil War Cavalry Sabre* . **$5.25**
Old U. S. 45-70 breech loading musket . **$7.50**
To get your 76-page Illustrated Catalog, send 25c to cover postage and handling, to **Robert Abels, E-860 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y., 21**

CLIFTON DALE

CLIFTON DALE
Hand Tailored

for men who want good clothes

For Better Fit —for Better Styling be ahead of the trend—wear Clifton Dale Clothes

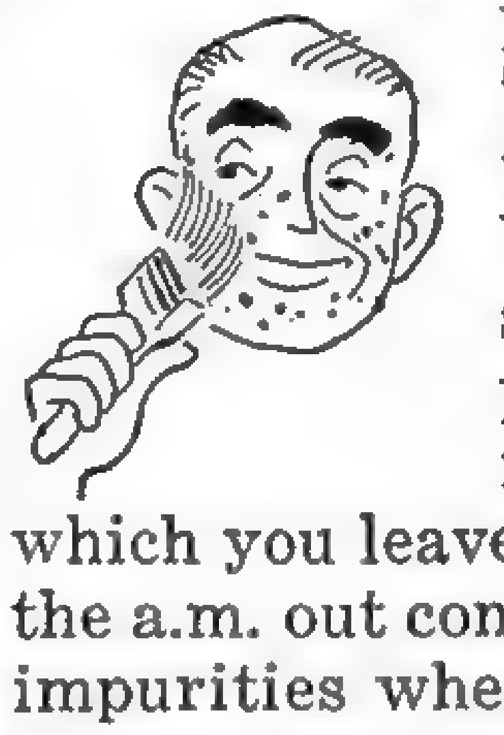
Step into a Clifton Dale and give your mirror a treat. Carefully made, meticulously tailored, Clifton Dales are quality-wise and style-smart. Easy on your pocket-book, too. All one price

Just $39.50

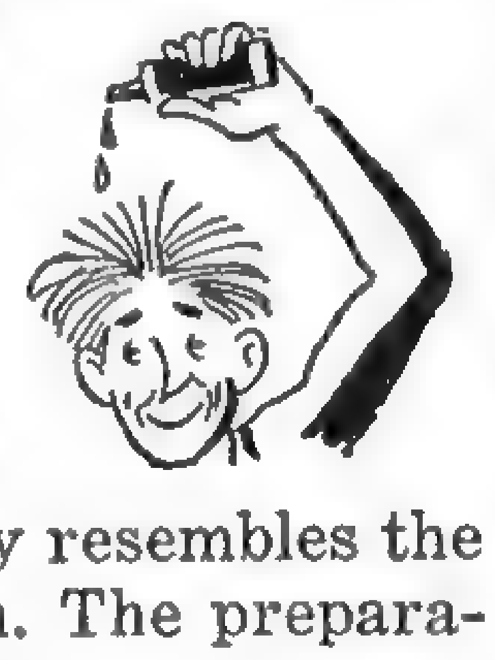
Talking Shop with Esquire

PURELY PERSONAL. These days you can't afford to let anyone tag you as the guy with U.A.O. (under-arm odor, to you) And that means the daily use of a deodorant. In confined places, such as under-arms, unpleasant aroma results from bacterial decay of perspiration . . . and all the baths in the world don't keep you from offending. Leading deodorant is a quick vanishing cream which not only checks U.A.O. but actually checks perspiration from one to three days. Won't rot or stain shirts or coat linings either. If you're squeamish about stopping nature's output, you can get plenty of creams that merely deodorize.

BANISH THE BLEMISH. A famous London toiletries house puts out a kit destined to do a job on the pimpled pan. Their method is a thorough scrubbing with special soap, followed by painting your face with a lotion which you leave on overnight. In the a.m. out come blackheads and impurities when you give it another going over with the soap.



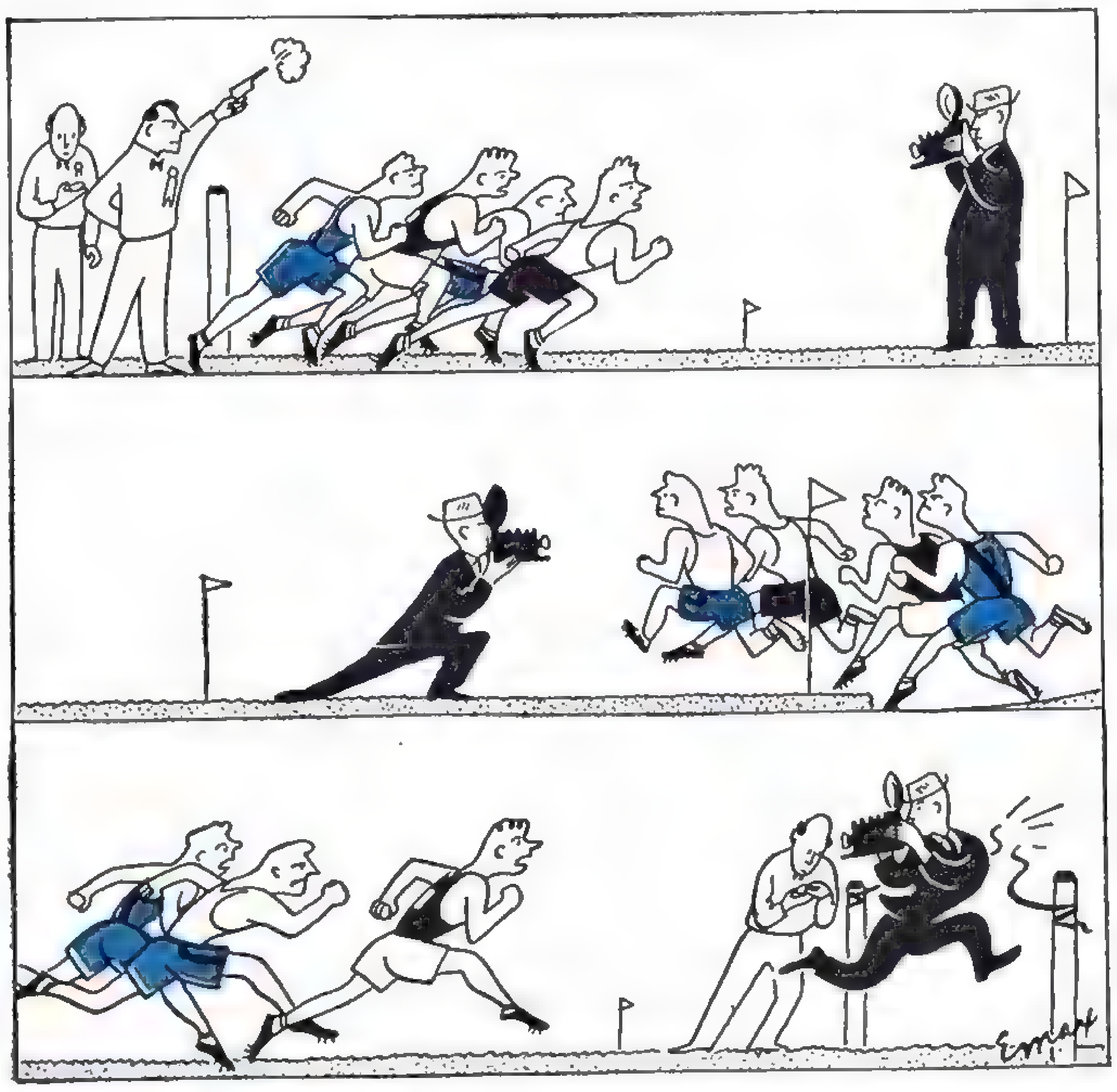
HAIR TONIC GOES TEMPERANCE. One of your favorite hair groom companies of long standing has evolved a new product devoid of alcohol. More effective than ever as a cream oil, it contains lanolin, the substance which most closely resembles the oil of human skin. The preparation grooms the hair, relieves dryness and removes loose dandruff.



HAIL THE HANGOVER HIGHBALL! There's a scientific, minty flavored powder which when added to a glass of cold water and iced, makes the perfect "set-up" for upset stomach. Far from being the proverbial baking soda remedy, this anti-acid alkalizer is a prescription type thing, whose various properties act as a veritable balm to burps, neutralizing and soothing interiors which have rebelled from an overabundance of liquid nourishment, chili con carne, lobster, etc. So pour yourself a health highball, buddy, if you want to have a good night . . . *and* a good morning!

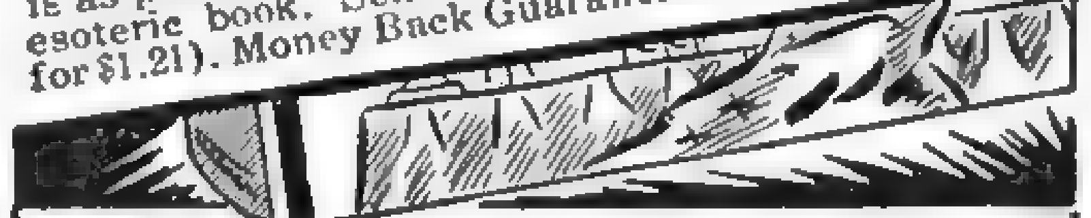
Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.



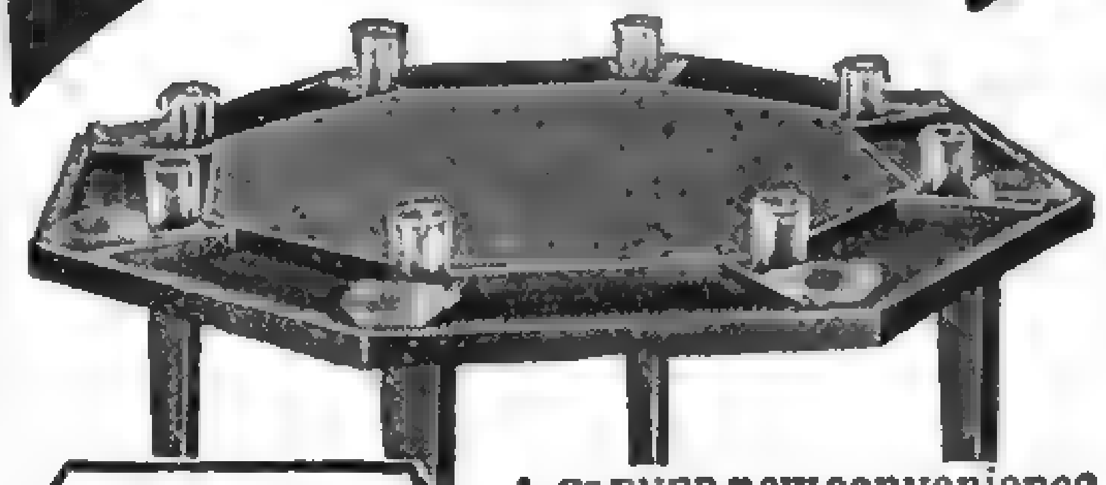
FAMOUS HUSSIES of HISTORY
by ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

Who's Your Favorite Hussy? Lola Montez, who started her incredible career by using her shoes and heavy buckled garters as missiles to subdue a hissing audience? . . . Ninon De L'Enclos, who had her first romance at fourteen and her last at ninety? . . . Cleopatra, who startled Caeser by stepping in spectacular nudeness from the folds of a rug brought to him as a gift? . . . George Sand, whose lovers' names read like a roster of the great men of the nineteenth century? . . . Madame Du Barry, who enslaved Louis XV because of her beauty, impudence and complete irreverence for his position? . . . Madame Recamier, whose frosty beauty kept all Europe at her feet, but who never had a lover? . . . Helen of Troy, the greatest siren of them all, for whose sake the Trojan War was fought? . . .
They're all here, plus others,—brought to life in this unusual, interesting book—FAMOUS HUSSIES OF HISTORY, by Albert Payson Terhune. Here are the glamorous women whose influence on history is as potent as love itself. Never a dull line in this esoteric book. Send only $1.00 (or mailed c. o. d. for $1.21). Money Back Guarantee. Mail coupon now.



KNICKERBOCKER PUB. CO. Dept. H36
116 Greenwich Street, New York 6, N. Y.
Send me a copy of FAMOUS HUSSIES OF HISTORY
( ) I enclose $1.00 ( ) Send C.O.D. plus postage
NAME________
ADDRESS________
CITY & STATE________

New PORTA-POKER
8-PLACE FOLD-AWAY CARD TABLE



- Folds down to only 4 inches thick . . .
- Easily stored in minimum space
- Official size, 4-foot diameter . . .
- Green felt playing surface . . .
- 8 *nonspill, nontip* holders for glasses and ash-trays . . .
- Mahogany-stained, alcohol-proof finish . . .

A CLEVER new convenience for card players. The all-purpose, portable play-table for small apartment, den or recreation room. New improved model. Attractively finished, substantially made, sturdy legs. Nothing to loosen or wear out. *Now custom made—delivery within 10 days.* Only $34.50 Express collect. Money refunded if not pleased. Makes an ideal gift.
HOME GAME CO., Dept. E-2
300 N. Michigan Ave.,
Chicago, Illinois

EVERYTHING FOR FUN AT HOME
Headquarters for game room equipment, accessories for the home. Unusual games, novelties, barbecue supplies, etc. **Write for: "Successful Entertaining At Home." It's Free!**

Successful Entertaining at Home

NEW STERLING SILVER IDENTIFICATION BRACELETS

shown ¾ actual size

For Men and Women

To give, to own—nothing finer than these extra-heavy sterling silver bracelets with sturdy chains. Jeweler crafted, plain, or with insignia. Insignia is die-struck sterling, permanently attached. Give one to the man or woman in service, wear one yourself!

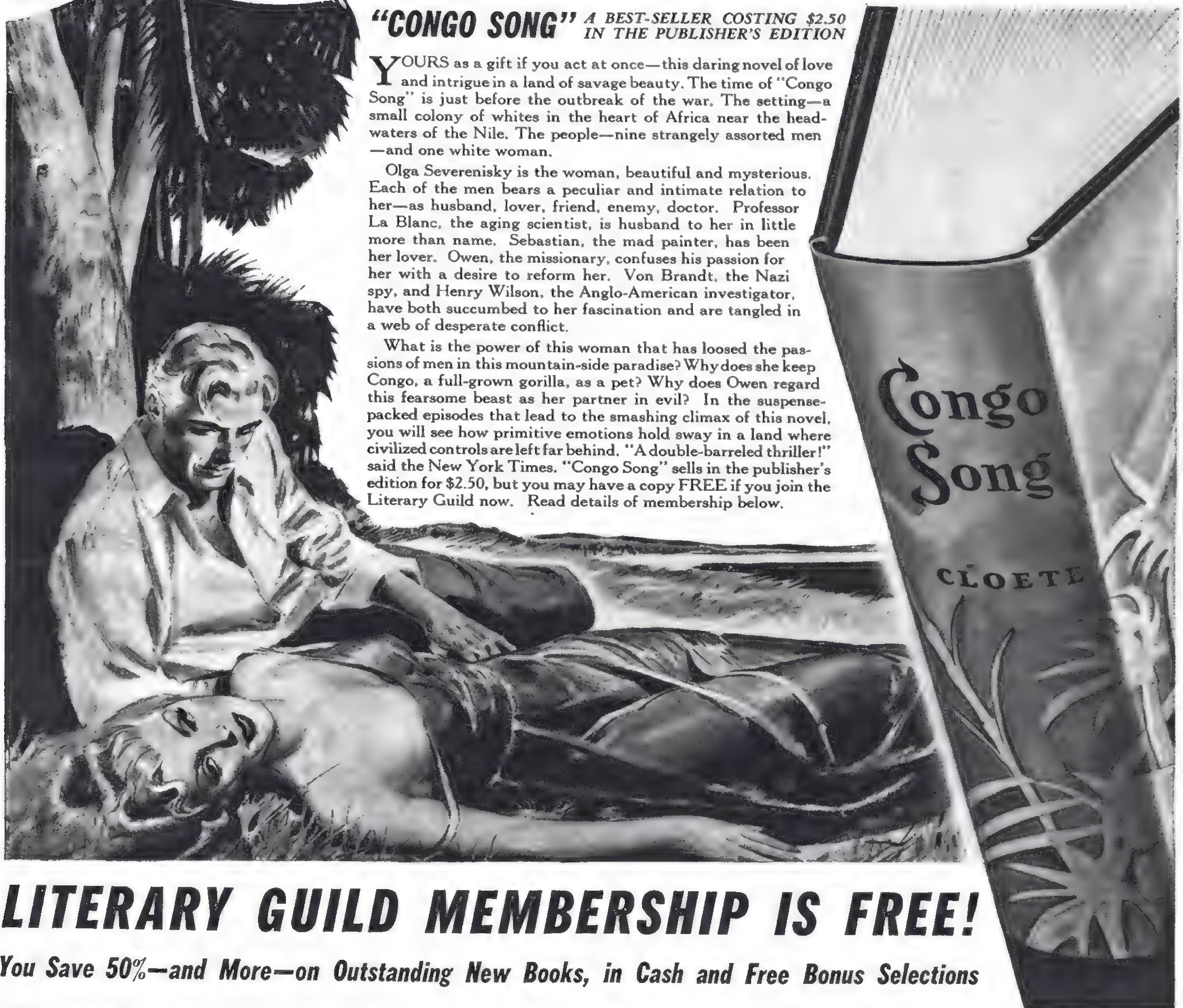
$5.95
Postage Prepaid
Tax Included

CHOICE OF THESE INSIGNIA

Army Navy Marine Corps
Naval Aviation Army Aviation
Signal Corps Cadet Aviation Air Corps
Coast Guard Medical Corps

Engraving—Write for details and cost. Without engraving, immediate prepaid delivery. Send check or money order, or we will send C. O. D. $5.95 plus postage.
SILVERMASTERS COMPANY, Dept. Q
Emigrant Savings Bank Bldg. 10 E. 43 St. N. Y.

FREE! *if you join* THE LITERARY GUILD *now—* STUART CLOETE'S *sensational new story of* nine men and a woman under a tropic sun!



"CONGO SONG" *A BEST-SELLER COSTING $2.50 IN THE PUBLISHER'S EDITION*

YOURS as a gift if you act at once—this daring novel of love and intrigue in a land of savage beauty. The time of "Congo Song" is just before the outbreak of the war. The setting—a small colony of whites in the heart of Africa near the headwaters of the Nile. The people—nine strangely assorted men—and one white woman.

Olga Severenisky is the woman, beautiful and mysterious. Each of the men bears a peculiar and intimate relation to her—as husband, lover, friend, enemy, doctor. Professor La Blanc, the aging scientist, is husband to her in little more than name. Sebastian, the mad painter, has been her lover. Owen, the missionary, confuses his passion for her with a desire to reform her. Von Brandt, the Nazi spy, and Henry Wilson, the Anglo-American investigator, have both succumbed to her fascination and are tangled in a web of desperate conflict.

What is the power of this woman that has loosed the passions of men in this mountain-side paradise? Why does she keep Congo, a full-grown gorilla, as a pet? Why does Owen regard this fearsome beast as her partner in evil? In the suspense-packed episodes that lead to the smashing climax of this novel, you will see how primitive emotions hold sway in a land where civilized controls are left far behind. "A double-barreled thriller!" said the New York Times. "Congo Song" sells in the publisher's edition for $2.50, but you may have a copy FREE if you join the Literary Guild now. Read details of membership below.

LITERARY GUILD MEMBERSHIP IS FREE!

You Save 50%—and More—on Outstanding New Books, in Cash and Free Bonus Selections

THE extraordinary savings which you can make on the new books are your best reason for joining the Literary Guild—especially since there are no dues or fees. You can add to your library many of the latest, most important books, both fiction and non-fiction, at a flat price of only $2.00 each, regardless of the higher price (from $2.50 to $4.00) at which these new books are sold at retail in the publishers' editions. The cash savings, plus bonus books given during the year, **save you at least 50% on the selections you decide to purchase.**

There is no obligation on your part to accept a book every month after you have joined. Your sole obligation as a Guild subscriber is to accept, at $2.00 each, four Guild selections in the course of a full year, and this means any four. These selections will be brand-new books, full-sized cloth-bound new works of fiction or non-fiction, by outstanding modern authors. Each month's selection is chosen by our Editorial Staff from the hundreds of manuscripts and advance reading proofs submitted by the publishers long in advance of their publication date. Every selection is printed at the same time as the publisher's edition, which will be on sale simultaneously at retail for not less than $2.50 and often for as much as $4.00.

How You Save Up to 50%

Every month the Guild manufactures for its subscribers such a large edition of the book chosen by the Editorial Staff that great savings in cost can be effected. These savings are passed on to subscribers in the form of lower prices, and in still another way: The Literary Guild gives each subscriber a FREE book as soon as four Guild selections have been purchased at only $2.00 each. This FREE book is always a popular NEW title, selling at retail from $2.50 to $4.00!

Magazine "WINGS" Free

As a Guild member you receive FREE each month the famous Guild magazine "Wings," which contains illustrated articles about the current selection and its author, and includes a special contribution by the author.

"Wings" is sent to subscribers, one month in advance so that it describes the book selected for the following month. If you feel you do not want to examine the book, merely return the accompanying form, which notifies the Guild not to send it when the time comes. On the other hand, if the selection sounds interesting, it will come automatically for your approval.

"Wings" is also an invaluable guide to all important current reading, for each month it reviews about 30 new books, any of which may be purchased through the Guild at the established retail price.

Send No Money—Just Mail Coupon

Guild service starts as soon as you accept Free membership. "Congo Song" will be sent you immediately absolutely FREE. You are urged to mail the coupon at once—this offer is for a limited time only. Literary Guild of America, Inc., Publishers, Dept. 9-EM, Garden City, New York.

Mail This Coupon

FREE: "Congo Song"

Literary Guild of America, Inc., Publishers
Dept. 9-EM, Garden City, New York

Please enroll me as a subscriber of the Literary Guild and send me "Congo Song" (retail price in the publisher's edition $2.50) absolutely FREE. I am also to receive free each month the Guild magazine "Wings" and all other membership privileges. In consideration of this, I agree to purchase a minimum of four selections of my choice at only $2.00 each (regardless of higher retail prices of the publishers' editions) within a year.

Mr.
Mrs. ....
Miss

Street and No. ....

City and State ....

Occupation.............................. If under 21 age, please ....

For plan serving Canadian subscribers write to Literary Guild, 388 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.

PERSONNA
Precision

Fine as a Rare Jewel

PERSONNA
Precision Double Edge Blades

10 blades $1.
and WORTH it

Worth it in superlative shaving satisfaction. Made by Master Cutlers for men who always insist on the best. Individually inspected to insure uniformly high quality. Try Personna—and see how much more pleasant, smooth and clean your morning shave can be. You'll be glad you paid the difference.

PERSONNA BLADE CO., Inc.
EXECUTIVE OFFICES · 599 MADISON AVE · NYC

If your dealer can't supply you, send check or money order to Department A.

Make Every Shot Count!
35 MM Film Developed 36 Enlargements $1
Single or Double Frame
18 exp. 75c · 16 exp. Split 55c
12 exp. Split 45c · 8 exp. Roll 35c

All miniature and split size film finished in our famous 3 1/4 x 4 1/2 Beauty Prints—deckled, embossed margin and embossed date.

When film is scarce and every snapshot is doubly precious make every shot count! Don't take a chance and spoil good film by poor developing and printing. Today, more than ever, our careful, efficient, prompt service is your best protection against wasted film—your best assurance of pride and satisfaction with your pictures. Send roll and money or write for FREE mailers and samples—also complete Price List.

Artistic Contact Finishing. 8 exp. rolls complete set of deckled-edge, embossed, wide-margin prints. Credits for failures. FREE Enlargement Coupon with each roll. 25¢

MAIL-BAG FILM SERVICE
Dept. 15 · Box 5440A · Chicago 80

PREPARE NOW for POST-WAR OPPORTUNITIES with LINGUAPHONE

In your own home you can now prepare for peace-time opportunities in many fields by learning to speak in an amazingly short time any of 29 languages by the world-famous

LINGUAPHONE Ear-Eye METHOD
It's quick, easy, correct

SPANISH JAPANESE RUSSIAN
PORTUGUESE FRENCH GERMAN
ITALIAN CHINESE NORWEGIAN
and 20 others.

Successfully used by Army, Navy, Flying and Signal Corps and other services; in thousands of schools and colleges; endorsed by leading educators.

Send for FREE Book—
Call for FREE Demonstration

LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE
8 RCA Bldg., Rockefeller Plaza, N. Y. (20)

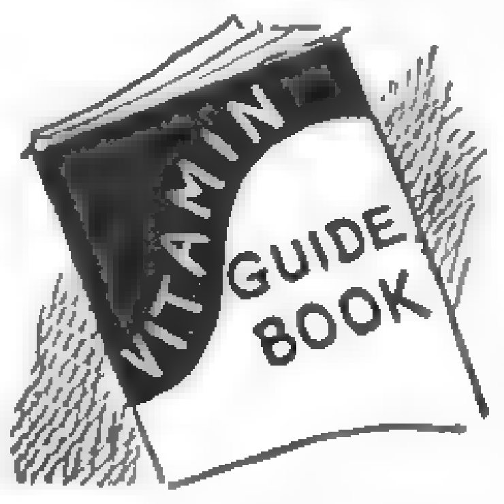
Talking Shop with Esquire

IN BEHALF OF VITAMINS. For some time now, you've been writing us taking various swipes at the vitamin situation. "Are vitamins the bunk" you say. "Are they just a fad", etc., etc. We will herewith clear up a few points.

THE VITAMIN IS HERE TO STAY. It is a necessary *food* essential, *not* a drug. We all need vitamins every day, not as a substitute for food, but as a *supplement.* The human body does not manufacture vitamins, but plants and animals do. All the vitamins you need can be found in natural foods . . . if *you choose the right* foods. You may gorge yourself on gourmet fare and still be starving yourself into a vitamin deficiency. You may think America is a well fed race, but you can't laugh off the fact that in the first draft, 21% of you fellows were rejected because of malnutrition! The answer is: vitamins in capsule form.

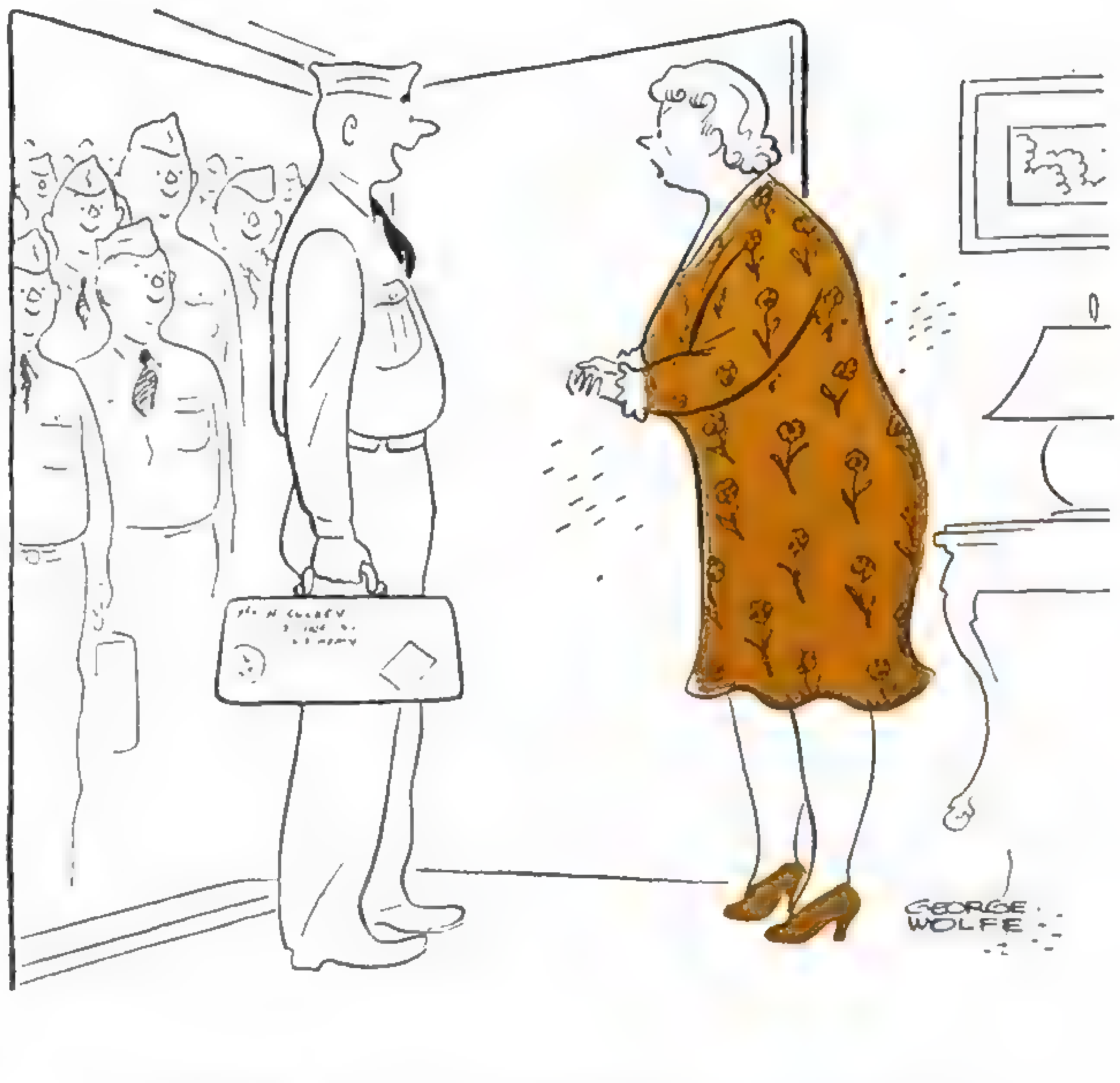
HOW TO BUY VITAMINS. There are many brands of vitamin capsules on the market, but be sure to select those made by a reputable company. Then look at the label. The sole test of quality is in the number and potency of *vitamin units,* not the number of tablets in a package. See if the unitage is sufficient for the minimum *daily* requirement needed for normal health... 4000 units of "A" daily; 333 of "B"; 600 of "C" and 400 of "D".

VITAMIN GUIDE BOOK. We'll go into vitamins further next month, but if you want to know more about them, send for the Vitamin Guide Book which will be sent you "for free" from a well known maker . . . and answering such questions as "Do vitamins turn grey hair back to its natural color"; "Do authorities say that vitamins have anything to do with sex"; "Do vitamins keep you looking younger than you really are."

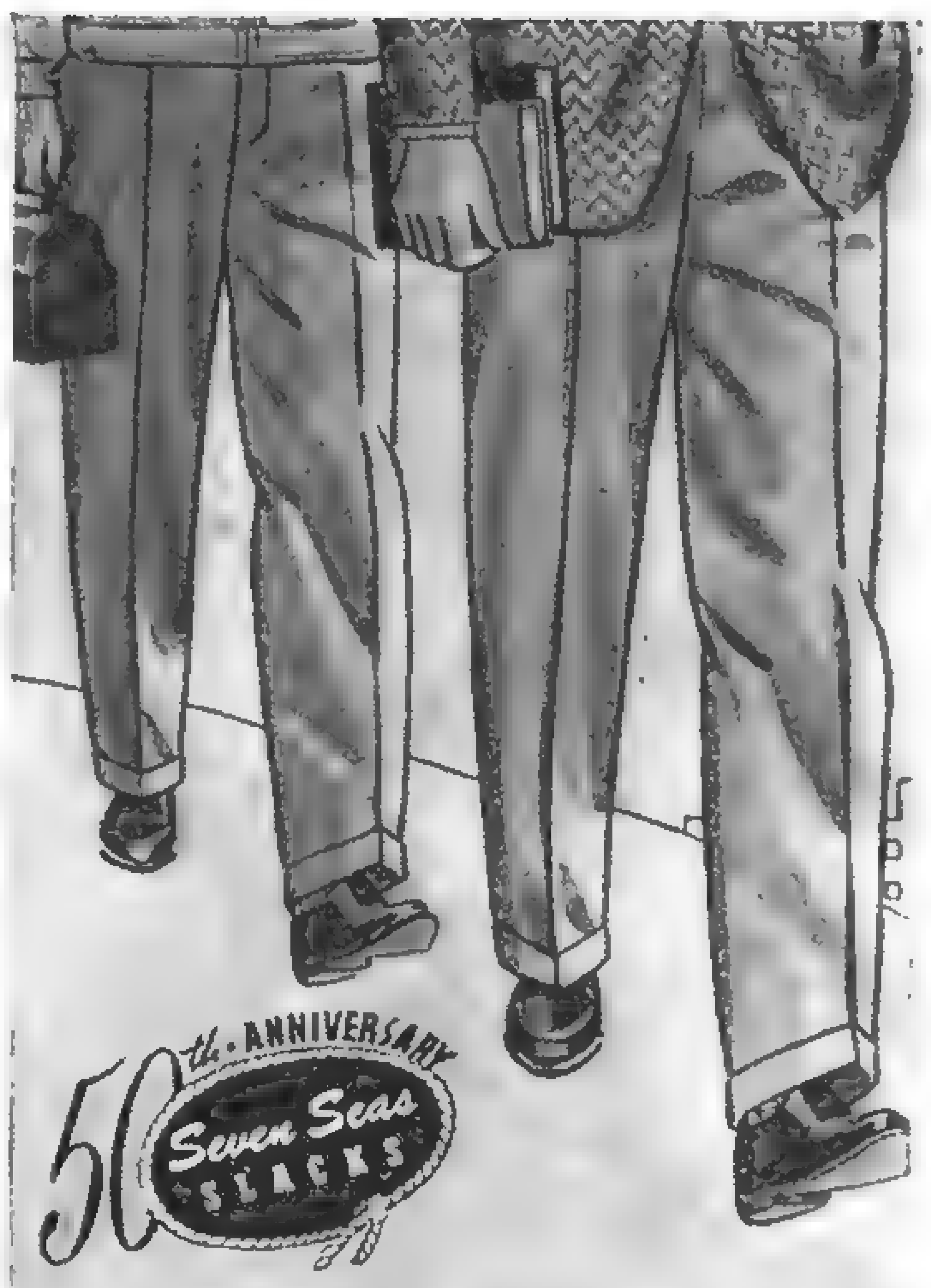


Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.



"Hello, Mom—is the guest room empty?"



50th ANNIVERSARY Seven Seas SLACKS

DO DOUBLE DUTY

. . . for they serve on *and* off the production line. Wear them to work or to school, with jacket, sport coat, or shirt. Wear them for fun with sports shirt, leisure coat, or sweater. They're Double Duty slacks that will give you a double measure of wear, style, *and* your money's worth.

Seven Seas SLIMLINE Slacks for Women

Moyer MFG. CO.
YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO
50th Anniversary Year

Spice your pipe-tobacco with
AROMIX
(AROMATIC, IRISH-TYPE TOBACCO)
The fragrant touch that adds so much

If you like an extra-fragrant smoke, Aromix will bring the breath of Springtime-in-Ireland to your favorite brand. It can be smoked straight; but you'll prefer it, we think, as a spice. The 2-oz. jar is 40c, enough to season a whole pound. If your dealer can't supply you, write us.

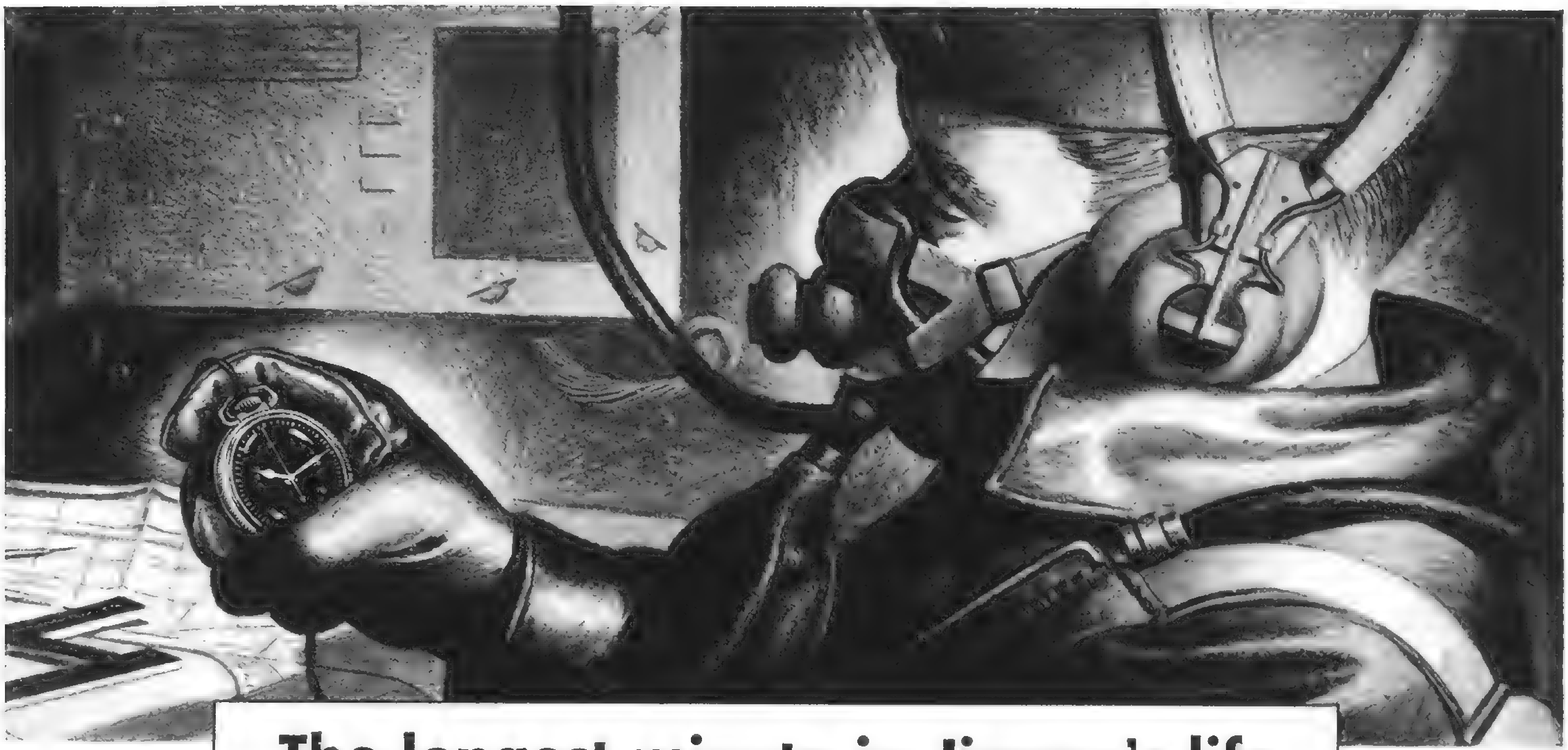
A PRODUCT OF
JOHN MIDDLETON
PHILADELPHIA

THE GREAT UNSOLVED MYSTERY

Defy YOUR FRIENDS TO OPEN THIS SCOTCH PURSE $1

● It's irresistible and almost impossible to open, unless you KNOW how. The secret enables you to insert or extract a coin in **five seconds.** Have a million dollars worth of fun, for only one dollar. You'll win any wager on this mystery . . . drinks, lunches, dinners . . . *Send One Dollar to*
LOU FOX, 220 S. State St., Chicago, Illinois
EST. 1910. REF. FIRST NATIONAL BANK, CHICAGO, ILL.
Enclosed find $1, please send Scotch Purse to

Name________________
Address________________
City____________State________



The longest minute in Jimmy's life

In one minute Jimmy will know if he's worthy of his navigator's wings.

This is his first raid. Ahead, light bombers are already outlining the target with flaming incendiaries. All about him, invisible in the murk, hundreds of heavy bombers drone through the night.

Jimmy knows, grimly, that it's up to him to bring his bomber to the target at a certain specified minute . . . or the careful timing of the whole raid will be thrown off!

The seconds creep along in his watch. It looks like an ordinary pocket watch . . . but no ordinary timepiece could perform with such incredible precision. Called a master navigation watch, it was made especially for men like Jimmy—to help them become the best navigators in the world.

Since the take-off this watch has helped Jimmy keep his big bomber on its zigzag course . . . helped him know his position even though thick clouds hide the earth. But what if he's made a mistake in his calculations? What if . . . ?

The minute is almost up. Then, suddenly, the clouds break away. Far below—a red carpet of fire. A voice buzzes in his ear: "Nice work, Jimmy—we're right on top of it!"

Jimmy's the reason Hamilton workers take pride in their ability to make these master navigation watches—as well as marine chronometers and other precise timing instruments—for the Government. It means, of course, that very few Hamilton watches can be made for civilians.

But, remember—when Jimmy comes flying home again, we'll be making *new* Hamiltons that will more than ever deserve the famous title, "The Watch of Railroad Accuracy." Hamilton Watch Company, 372 Columbia Avenue, Lancaster, Penna.

BUY U. S. WAR BONDS NOW—
HELP AMERICA WIN ON TIME!

COPR. 1943, BY HAMILTON WATCH COMPANY

HAMILTON

makers of The Watch of Railroad Accuracy

NOW MAKING ACCURATE WAR TIMEPIECES

Sweethearts

FORD MASS-PRODUCTION LINES DELIVER FLEETS OF WEAPONS

JEEPS • AMPHIBIAN JEEPS • M-4 TANKS • M-10 TANK DESTROYERS • PRATT & WHITNEY AIRCRAFT ENGINES • ARMY TRUCKS CONSOLIDATED LIBERATOR BOMBERS • TRANSPORT GLIDERS • UNIVERSAL CARRIERS • TANK ENGINES • TRUCK AND JEEP ENGINES ARMOR PLATE • GUN MOUNTS • AIRCRAFT GENERATORS • TURBO-SUPERCHARGERS • RATE-OF-CLIMB INDICATORS • MAGNESIUM CASTINGS

This list does not include other important Victory models now in production that cannot be named due to wartime conditions.

FULL PRODUCTION FOR VICTORY

# of the A.E.F.!

"Roughriders" of America's Armed Forces Admire the Tough, Sure-Footed, Ford-Made Jeeps and Amphibian Jeeps—Built to Charge Roughshod Through the Toughest Going Any Army Ever Faced!

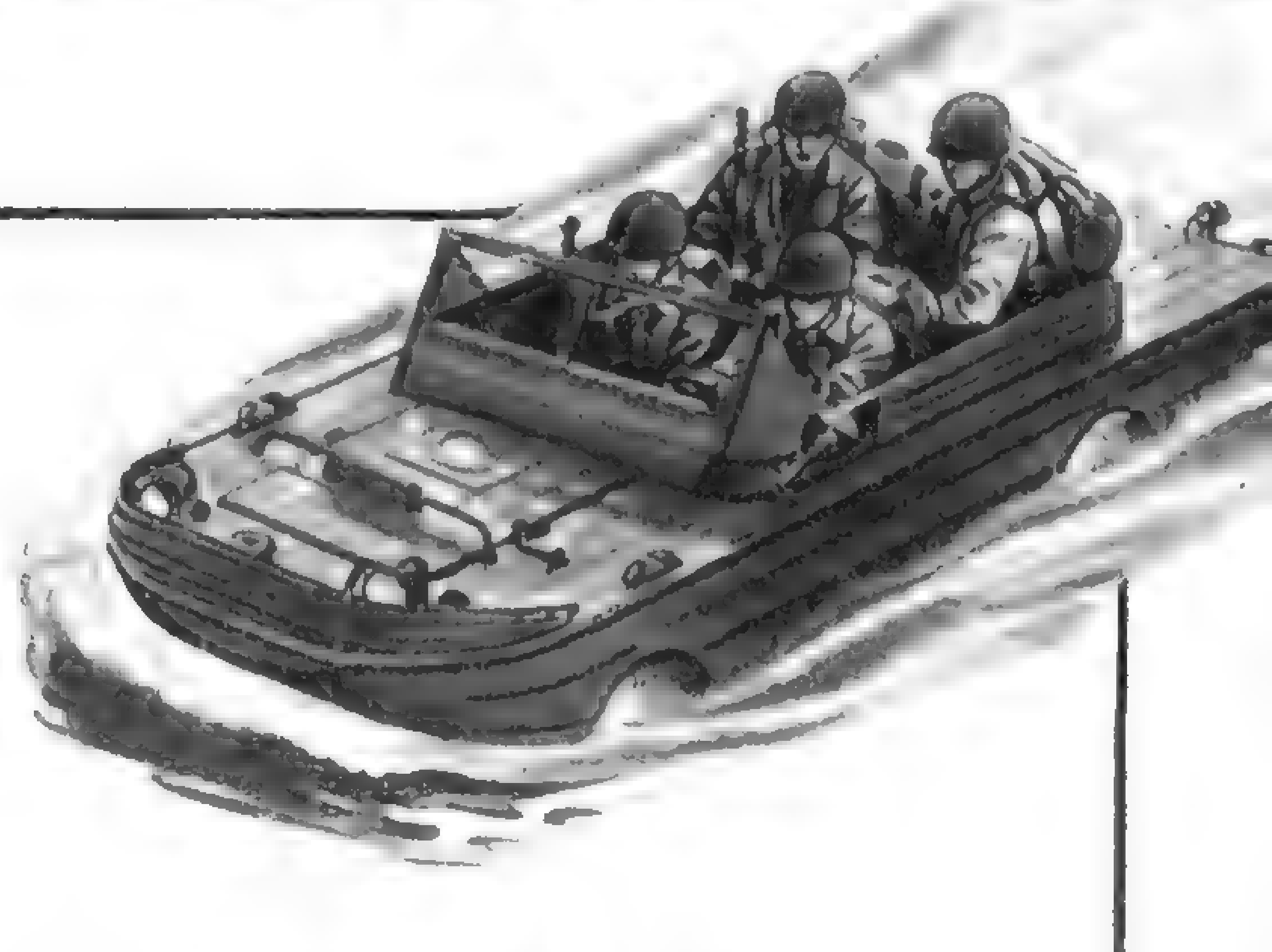
Just as a trooper loves his horse and a sailor his ship, America's fighting men in this mechanized war have come to think the world and all of the rough-and-ready, game little Jeeps! Mass-produced on the same lines that turned out automobiles, Ford has made thousands of both land Jeeps and Amphibian Jeeps, each built with the traditional precision and cost-saving skill acquired in producing more than 30,000,000 Ford cars and trucks.

They're sweethearts, say the soldiers! And it's no wonder they're hailed with affection by our armed forces everywhere in this global conflict! Fast, durable and mule-footed, Ford-made Jeeps are ruggedly built, and have the stout-hearted capacity to smash through to their objective no matter how tough the going.

They charge roughshod through thickets and jungles that would trap a less formidable vehicle. With their four-wheel drive, they nimbly scale slippery banks and steep hillsides, "turn on a dime," do fifty over corduroy roads and shell-pocked terrain—and do it all with a minimum of care and attention!

Together with such other battle-tried products as M-4 tanks and M-10 tank destroyers, Liberator bombers and heavy horsepower aircraft engines, these Jeeps give practical expression to the Ford wartime creed of *full production for Victory!*

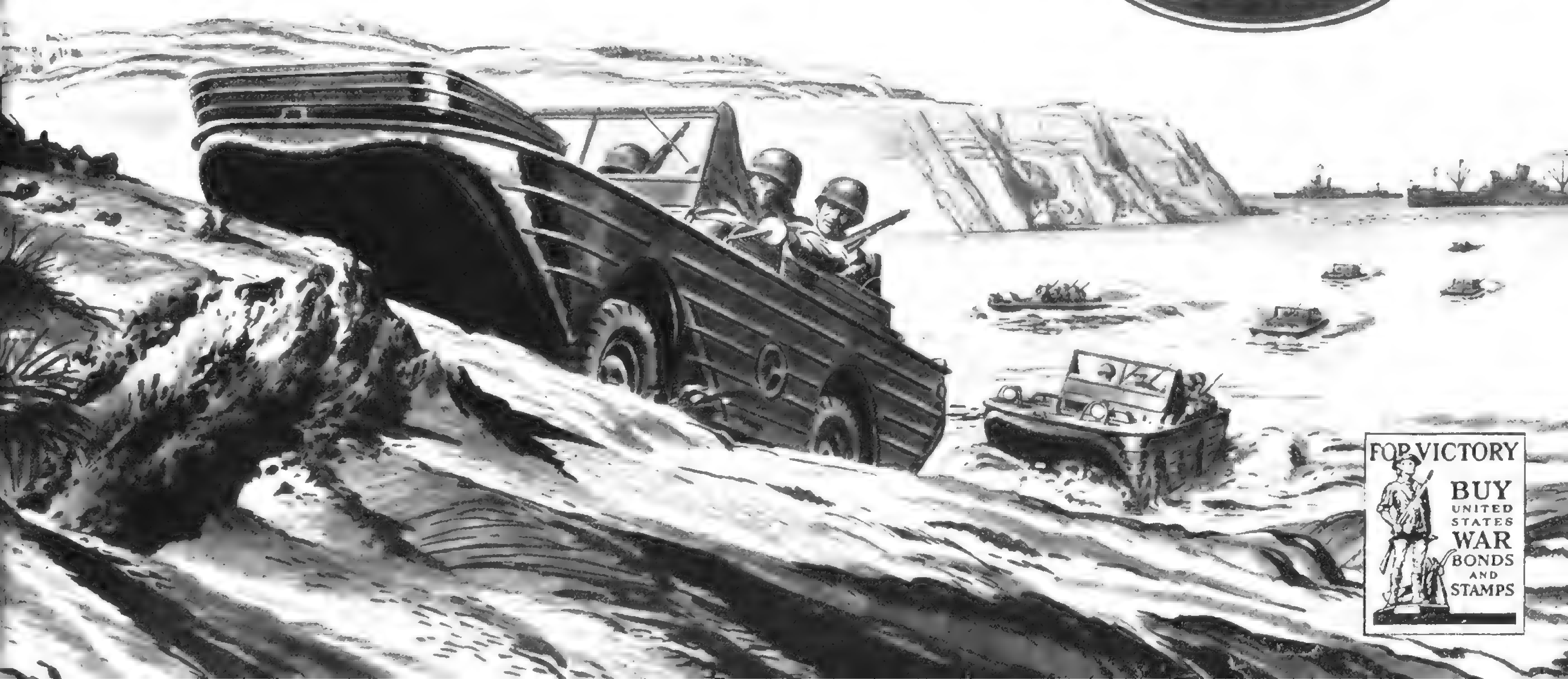
FORD MOTOR COMPANY



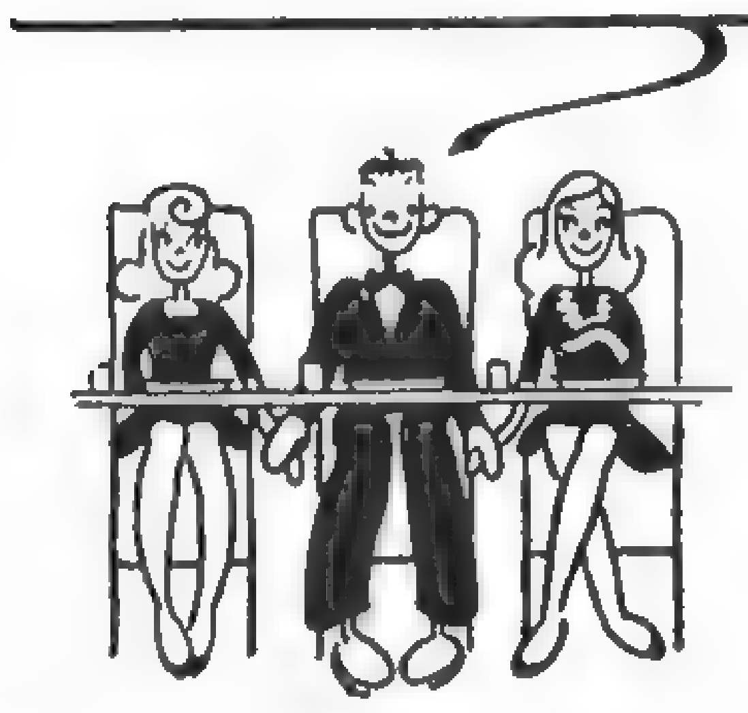
AMPHIBIAN JEEP

The Ford-Developed Amphibian Jeep is equally at home on water or land—can cross swift rivers, lakes and even traverse open seas for limited distances. If necessary the Amphibian Jeep can pull itself up an almost sheer bank by means of a power capstan in the prow. The same steering controls are used without change for land or water operation and most parts are interchangeable with the quarter-ton Ford truck.

Ford



HOW DO YOU DO AS A DATE?



* rate yourself with Esky's new Date Book

ERASE THE MUMBO-JUMBO FROM DATING and assure yourself of an AA-1 dating priority rating with Esky's wildfire new Date Book. Here, in numerous QUIZZES, Esquire ARTICLES, and editorial tidbits, is the dope on wining, dining, and, if you please, winning the web-spinning female . . . with a half-dozen Esquire CHECKPAYERS to perform, and as many color CARTOONS to look at when you're weary of gazing into her pellucid puss. Here too are date CALENDARS for every day in the year, a telephone number record, and handy CHARTS to keep tabs on her whims and wherefors. And . . . as if this 106-page, fun-packed, plastic-bound Date Book weren't already a brimming four bits' worth . . . you'll find in it also 27 page-size lovelies . . . 19 in full color and 8 in black and white . . . PHOTOGRAPHS by Hurrell and other glamorizers. But seeing's believing . . . so shear the coupon quick . . . hustle to the nearest mailbox . . . shine up your eyes . . . and get set for the look and the low-down of your life . . . Esky's new Date Book for just 50c.

50¢

ESKY PRODUCTS
Esquire's Date Book
SIZE 5" BY 7"
27 girl photographs
8 pages of quizz
2 pages of check paye
13 pages of articles
6 cartoons
16 pages of telephone nos.
24 pages of calendars

ESQUIRE P. O. BOX 1719 CHICAGO 90, ILL

Please send me: __________ Esquire Date Books at 50¢ each

I enclose $ __________ payment in full U.S. ORDERS ONLY, NO STAMPS PLEASE

NAME ____________________ PLEASE PRINT

ADDRESS ____________________

CITY & STATE ____________________

RADIONICS*

"the impossible we do immediately the miraculous takes a little longer"

ARMY SERVICE FORCES—

The Army is...men...trained men...equipped and maintained. On the home front...in factories and on farms...civilians produce the armament and food and supplies. The bridge between civilians who furnish and soldiers who use...is...the Army Service Forces. Wherever the soldier is...whatever he does...the Army Service Forces are charged with seeing that he lacks no essential thing. To fulfill the task outlined in the twenty-one words above...literally...the "impossible" and the "miraculous" become daily routine with the Army Service Forces.

—in days of civilian radio, Zenith was proud of its long series of "firsts"—improvements which made radio history and established leadership in the industry.

—today our viewpoint has changed—materially.

—engaged exclusively in war production, the things we have been called upon to do—the tasks we have succeeded in accomplishing, make past improvements in civilian radio literally look like "child's play."

—the work of our engineers in radionics has made the "impossible" possible and accomplished the "miraculous."

*—mark that word "RADIONICS" (with its subdivisions—Electronics, Radar and Radio)—it has brought into reality and being, devices which only a year or so ago came in the "impossible" and "miraculous" categories.

—today Zenith works in the science of radionics for our armed forces alone.

—in that bright "tomorrow" when peace returns—

—we can only say—the post-war radios that Zenith will produce will contain many interesting new developments.

—that statement is based upon experience which we can not now reveal—but you may take our word that it is a fact.

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION, CHICAGO

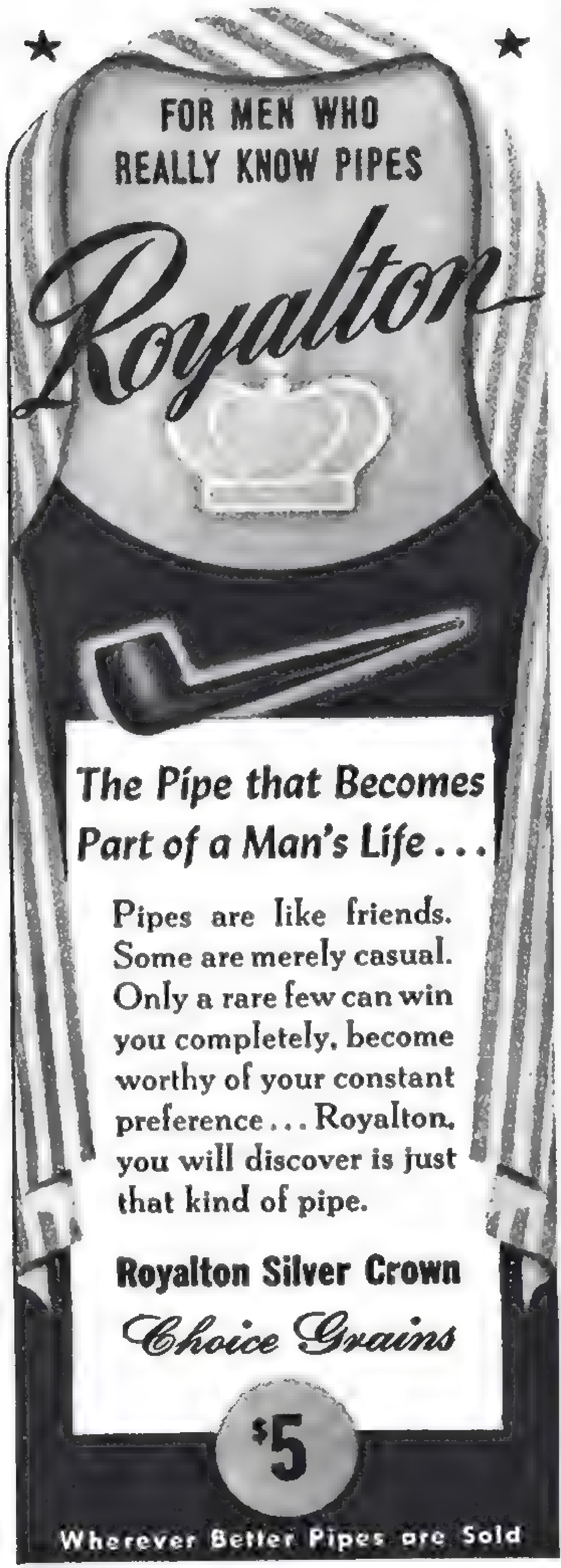
"AYE, AYE, SIR"

In old English, "Aye" meant "yes." It means far more in the Navy. "Aye, Aye, Sir," means that the order is understood and will be obeyed. The Navy has given Zenith many "orders" since this war began. Our prompt "Aye, Aye, Sir," has, we believe, been justified by the "intelligence and initiative" (as the Navy says) with which these orders have been executed.

BETTER THAN CASH

U. S. War Savings Stamps and Bonds

ZENITH
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
•LONG DISTANCE• RADIO
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
RADIONIC PRODUCTS EXCLUSIVELY—
WORLD'S LEADING MANUFACTURER


FOR MEN WHO REALLY KNOW PIPES
Royalton
$5
Wherever Better Pipes are Sold

The Pipe that Becomes Part of a Man's Life . . .

Pipes are like friends. Some are merely casual. Only a rare few can win you completely, become worthy of your constant preference . . . Royalton, you will discover is just that kind of pipe.

Royalton Silver Crown
Choice Grains

© 1943, Henry Leonard & Thomas, Inc., Ozone Pk., N. Y.

Talking Shop with Esquire

TRY TRI-TACTICS, the new British war game. Two players face each other across a map on which each maneuvers land, sea and air forces over water and land to capture his opponent's naval base or headquarters. Major pieces destroy minor ones which are removed from the board. Planes and destroyers, working in teams, blast open beachheads, after fleet actions. Troops land and fight through screens of delaying actions, etc.

MAKE WITH THE COCONGA! Not a dance, but a drink. Beauteous auburn haired Georgette McKee, latest Conover cover girl discovery, introduced the Coconga cocktail at a party recently. The Coconga is concocted from dehydrated cocoanut and Puerto Rican light rum as follows: 1½ oz. rum; 1 heaping bar spoon of Coconga cocoanut mix ½ barspoon sugar (optional) 3 oz. finely cracked ice. Place in electric mixer till ice melts and serve in saucer champagne glasses. Sprinkle top with nutmeg. (Warning: it may look like an innocuous vanilla milk shake . . . but it's a sleeper!)

"WHY DON'T YOU DO RIGHT . . . like other men do!" We refer to your selection of candy as a fitting gesture toward your hostess, your ladylove or what have you. Don't just trust to *any* odd box of sweets you see . . . demand a brand that has social distinction . . . such as "The Sampler". Charmingly packaged, these candies have been mellowing up America's most exacting females since 1842! No hit and miss selection, these . . . each pound box contains some 30 different flavors, the entire contents diagrammed inside the lid.

AMAZE YOUR GUESTS! Produce piping hot coffee, cocoa, beans or spaghetti anywhere, anytime, without fire, without cooking! New self-heating cans turn out hot foods by merely punching holes in bottom of can and letting it stand for 15 minutes. Sounds like magic, but it works. Swell to have for picnics, camping, office lunches or emergencies.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

. . . *Proper at Any Occasion*

LIQUEUR QUALITY
CHEVALIER
BRANDY

CHEVALIER
THE *Etiquette* BRANDY
D. J. Bielzoff Products Co. Chicago, 84 Proof
Copyright 1943
PRODUCT OF U. S A.

I'M WALKING ON AIR . .

Gourielli
FOOT-STICK

Cools and soothes *all* tired, hot feet, soldier and civilian alike. Relieves itching, scaling, and cracking of Athlete's Foot. Antiseptic. Deodorizing. One application for all day . . . 1.00

SEND YOUR SOLDIER ONE!
We'll mail anywhere in the U. S. for 1.00 postpaid.

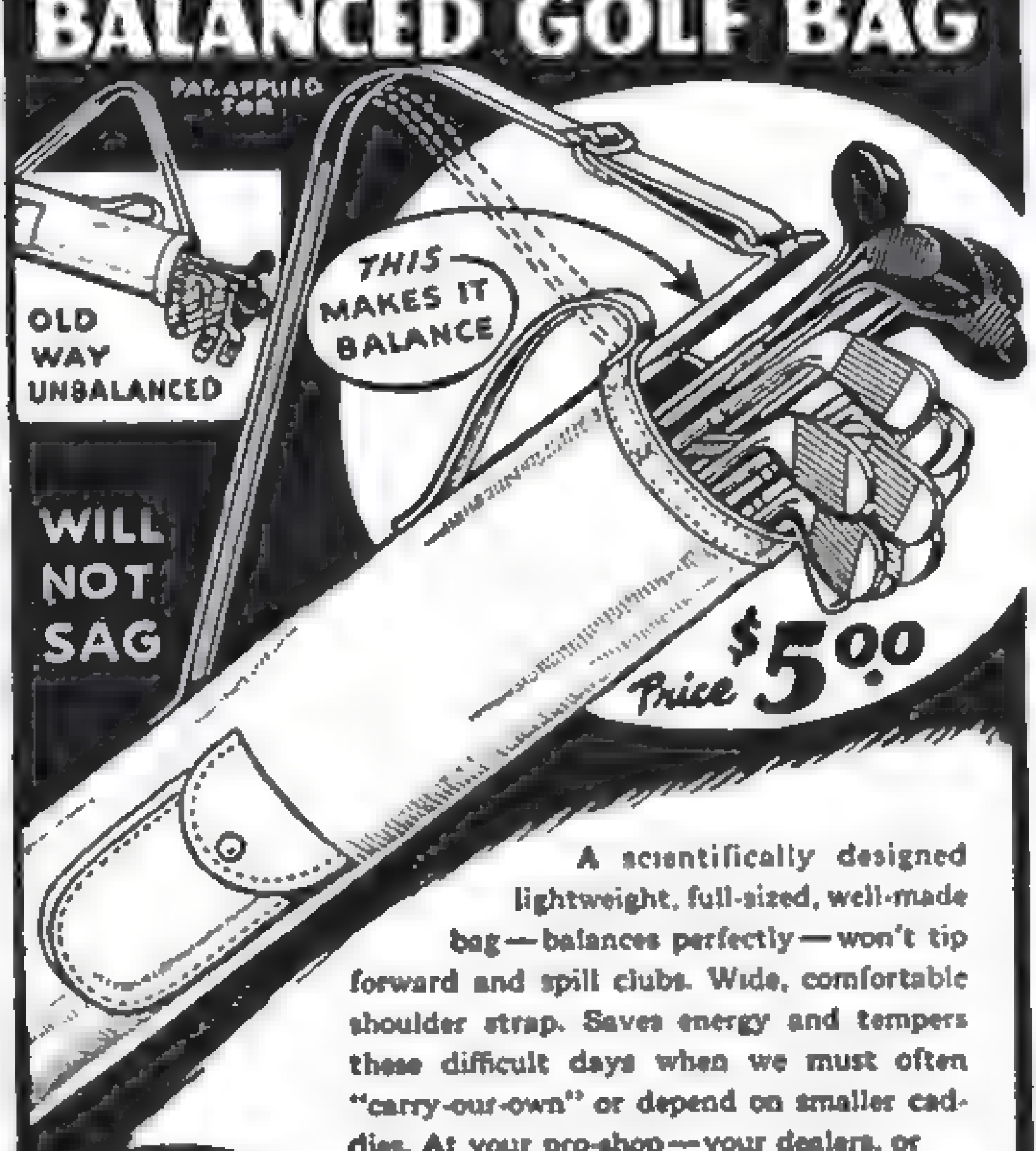
HOUSE OF GOURIELLI, 16 E. 55th ST., N. Y.

Listen to this Record!

SPEAK SPANISH
FRENCH, GERMAN OR ITALIAN
"Learn by listening" to Cortina records, the NATURAL way—quickly, easily, cheaply.
Sent on 5 Days' Approval
Most fascinating, most satisfactory method ever known for learning or perfecting yourself in a foreign language. *Investigate!*
BOOKLET FREE
"The Cortina Short-Cut"—tells just what you want to know. Interesting. *Get it!*
Write Today—NOW

CORTINA ACADEMY, (*Langua e Specialists for 60 Years*)
Suite 459, 105 W. 40th St., New York 18, N. Y.
Please send me—without obligation—your free booklet. I am interested in (mark) ☐ Spanish ☐ French ☐ Italian ☐ German
Name
Address

THE *New* LIGHT WEIGHT
BALANCED GOLF BAG



A scientifically designed lightweight, full-sized, well-made bag—balances perfectly—won't tip forward and spill clubs. Wide, comfortable shoulder strap. Saves energy and tempers these difficult days when we must often "carry-our-own" or depend on smaller caddies. At your pro-shop—your dealers, or

BALANCED GOLF BAG
North and Noble Streets, Chicago

FREE *Lawrence* SADDLE CATALOG

● Pictures, descriptions, prices on Lawrence saddles . . . standard equipment of Western riders since 1857. Write for your free copy.
SOLD ON EASY TERMS
THE GEORGE LAWRENCE CO., PORTLAND, ORE.

New Shoes Need Lexol

● Before wearing new shoes re-oil them with LEXOL. It takes out stiffness, helps break them in, makes them last much longer; some say twice as long. Restore life-preserving oils to new and old shoes every week or two. It pays!
Sold by good stores or remit direct
Pt. $1. Gal. $4.
LEXOL
855 SUMMER AVENUE, NEWARK 4, N. J.

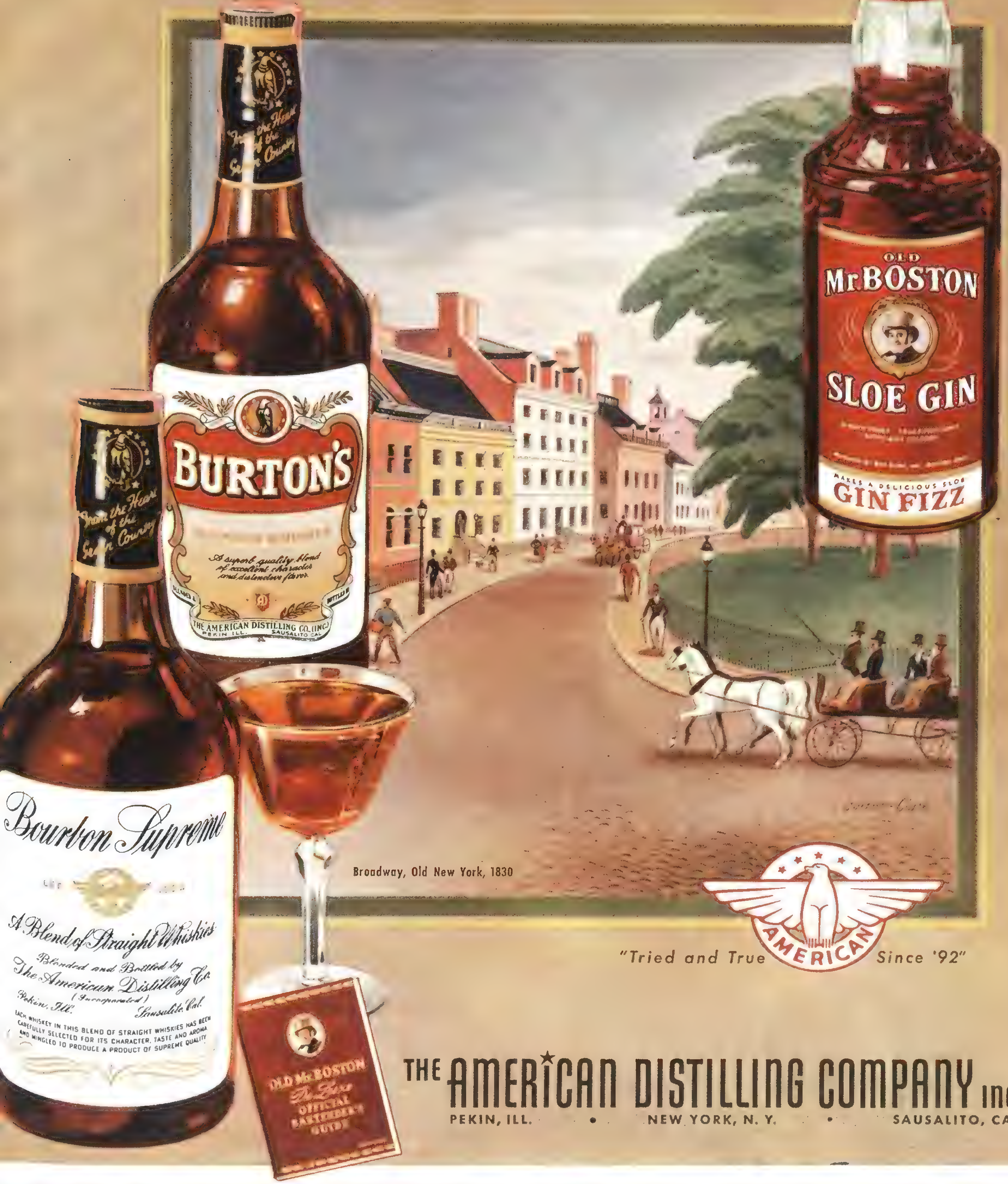
Flagg Bros
ORDER BY MAIL
Not Rationed!
$1.00
GIVE EXACT SHOE SIZE

Men's and Women's
"LOCKER CLOGS"
Light weight, highly finished, rocker bottom wooden soles with heavy, woven instep straps.

IF THERE IS NO FLAGG BROS. STORE IN YOUR CITY—ADDRESS MAIL ORDERS TO—

FLAGG BROS.
166 EIGHTH AVE., NORTH, NASHVILLE, TENN.
PAIRS ☐ .... SHOE SIZE ☐
☐ $1.00 CASH ENCLOSED, PLUS 15¢ EXTRA FOR POSTAGE.
☐ C.O.D. PLUS POSTAGE.
NAME
ADDRESS
CITY STATE

Liquors in the AMERICAN Tradition


From the Heart of the Grain Country
BURTON'S
A superb quality blend of excellent character and distinctive flavor
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY THE AMERICAN DISTILLING CO. (INC.) PEKIN, ILL. SAUSALITO, CAL.
OLD MR. BOSTON
SLOE GIN
MAKES A DELICIOUS SLOE GIN FIZZ
From the Heart of the Grain Country
Bourbon Supreme
A Blend of Straight Whiskies
Blended and Bottled by The American Distilling Co. (Incorporated) Pekin, Ill. Sausalito, Cal.
EACH WHISKEY IN THIS BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES HAS BEEN CAREFULLY SELECTED FOR ITS CHARACTER, TASTE AND AROMA AND MINGLED TO PRODUCE A PRODUCT OF SUPREME QUALITY
OLD MR. BOSTON De Luxe OFFICIAL BARTENDER'S GUIDE
AMERICAN

Broadway, Old New York, 1830

"Tried and True Since '92"

THE AMERICAN DISTILLING COMPANY INC.

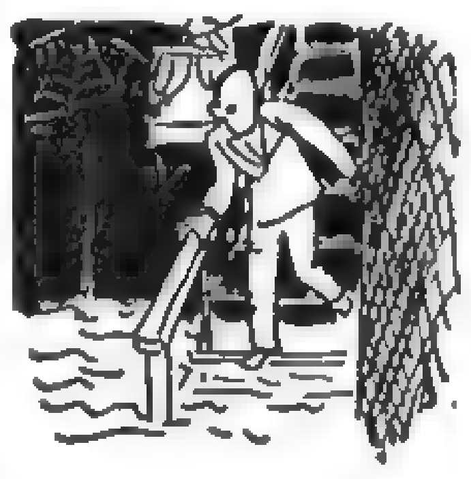
PEKIN, ILL. • NEW YORK, N. Y. • SAUSALITO, CAL.

BOURBON SUPREME • A Blend of Straight Whiskies • 90.4 Proof... BURTON'S Blended Whiskey • 86.8 Proof • 60% Grain Neutral Spirits... OLD MR. BOSTON SLOE GIN • 70 Proof

• **Now Available** OFFICIAL BARTENDER'S GUIDE—753 Tested Recipes for practically every drink known to man... Send 35c in stamps or coin to The American Distilling Company, 247 Park Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Talking Shop with Esquire

THE DRIER-OUTER . . . a new gadget, which, as its name implies, eliminates the dampness, mold, mildew and damp rust in such closed places as lockers, closets, cellars, photographic developing rooms, pantries, tool chests, luggage storage, etc. When you open the paraffined cardboard container, chemical blocks go to work removing the moisture from the air.



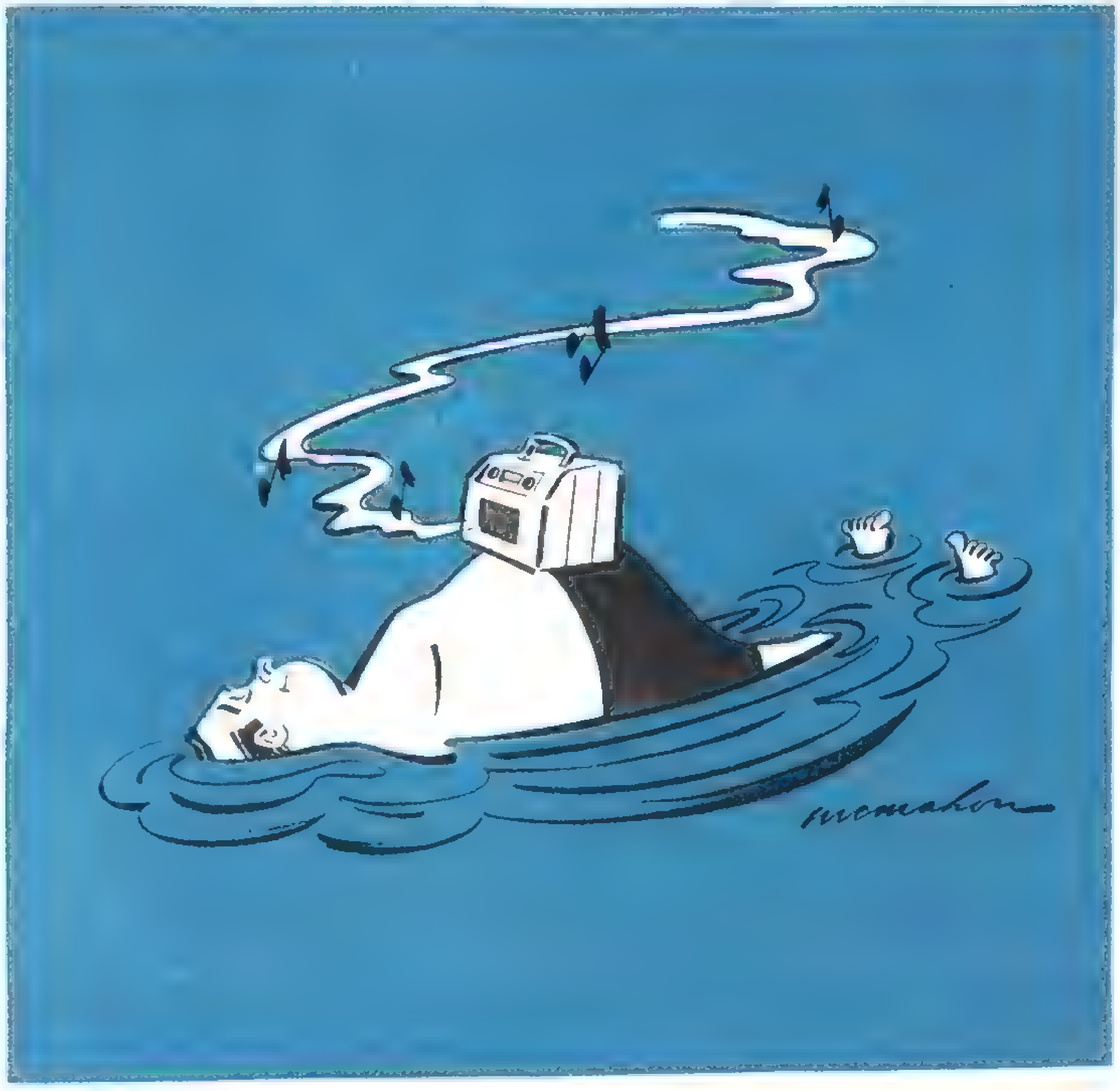
BATHROOM BULLETIN. What with overcrowded living conditions, the good old family bathroom comes in for its share of confusion, too. Lest it become cluttered with divers bottles which refuse to fit on medicine shelves, you can provide extra parking space via a chromium guard rail whose ends are anchored without screws or nails behind the top of the toilet (provided that you don't still find yourself saddled with one of those archaic little numbers moored up near the ceiling). Size of the shelf is 19½" x 5". Nifty way to step up towel service in the bathroom is by annexing a double bar which hangs onto your present towel rack. 24" length, with chrome ends and wood bars, it triples the capacity of your static rack.

HEY, HANDY MAN . . . while we're on the subject of conservation, you should know about a particularly tenacious metal cement which will do a job on repairing everything from cracked radiator heads, radiators, steam pipes to crockery, toys and aluminum. Yours for a dime.

CONSERVE AND PRESERVE. Smartest thing to do to insure being well fed this winter is to start now to conserve your summer fruits and vegetables. Get yourself a home oven dehydrator, a 3 shelved contrivance which can be set in a gas, electric, oil or coal oven.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.



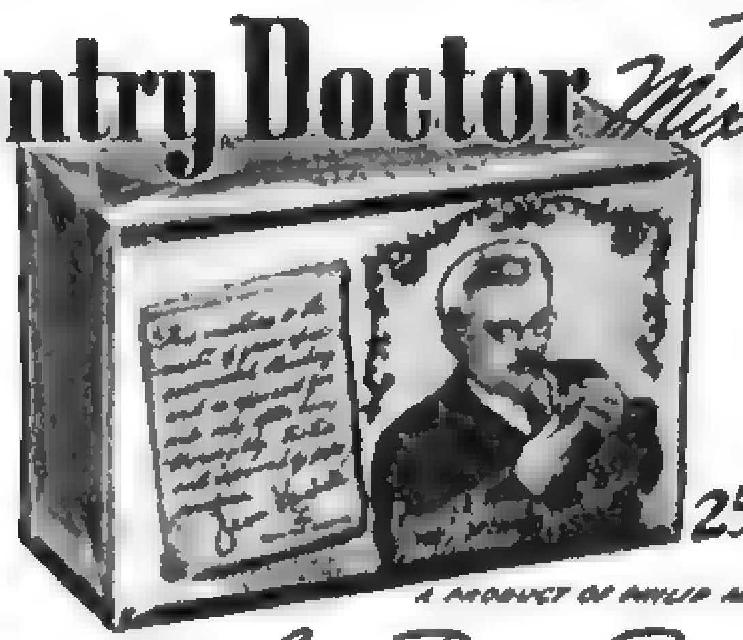
"Smoking in the living room, Bill?"
"It's COUNTRY DOCTOR PIPE MIXTURE"

"OH! THAT'S DIFFERENT!"

Yes, Country Doctor IS DIFFERENT, gentle, mild-mannered, rich and delightfully fragrant. Thousands of blendings of eight of the world's finest tobaccos were tested to perfect this superb mixture—Country Doctor. Try it today.

COSTS ONLY A PENNY A PIPEFUL

Country Doctor *Pipe Mixture*


25¢
A PRODUCT OF PHILIP MORRIS

For particular Pipe Smokers

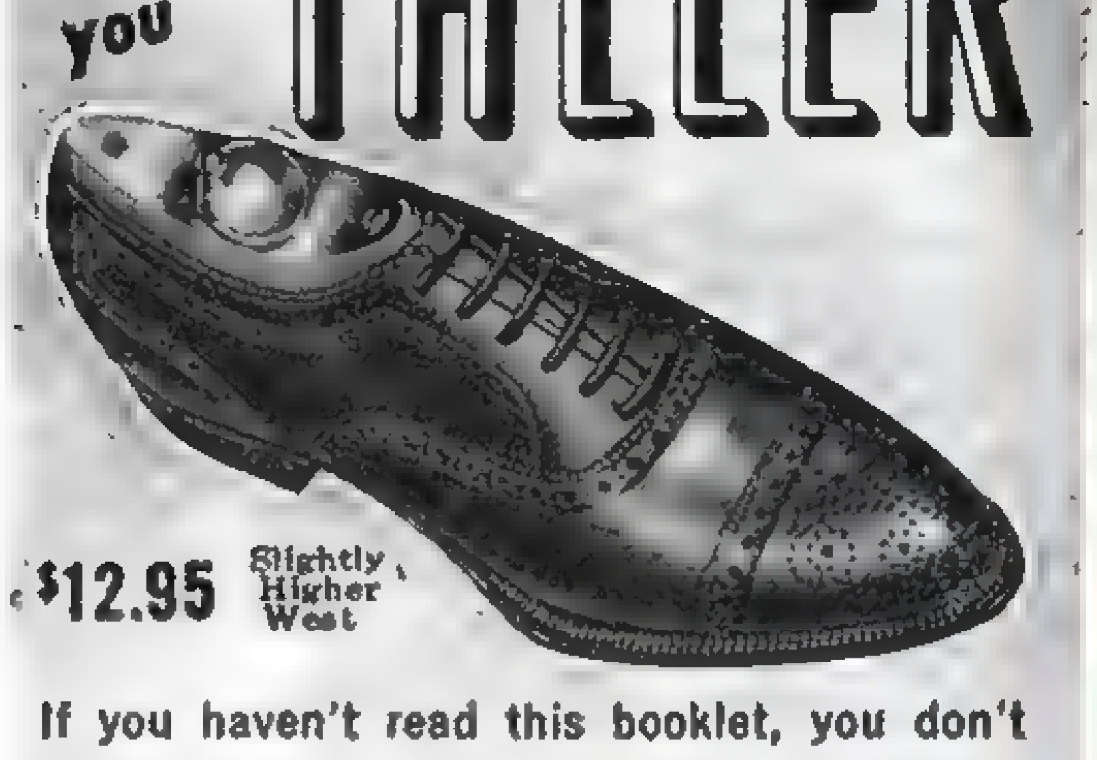
If your dealer doesn't have it, write Philip Morris & Co., Ltd., Inc., 119 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

TRAIN-SICK?
Nausea, dizziness, stomach distress may be prevented and relieved with the aid of

Mothersill's
SEASICK REMEDY

WE'LL LET YOU IN ON A SECRET
Send for This Booklet Then you'll Know how

"ELEVATORS"
make you **TALLER**



$12.95 Slightly Higher West

If you haven't read this booklet, you don't know how easy it is to be taller, yes, impressively taller! "ELEVATORS" look like any other fine shoes—yet they make an amazing difference in your height. Send today for the revealing booklet—it's FREE.

Also Authentic MILITARY Styles in "ELEVATORS"

STONE TARLOW CO., Inc., Dept. E-9
Brockton, Mass.
I Want to be TALLER. Please send me your Free Booklet and name of nearest dealer where I can purchase "ELEVATORS".
NAME..................................
ADDRESS..............................
CITY......................STATE.........

EXCLUSIVE MANUFACTURERS OF "ELEVATORS"

Crawford
COMPLETELY DEPENDABLE

LAPEL FOBS OF RARE DISTINCTION

In 14K Gold — 17 Jewels
In Rolled Gold Plate — 7 or 17 Jewels

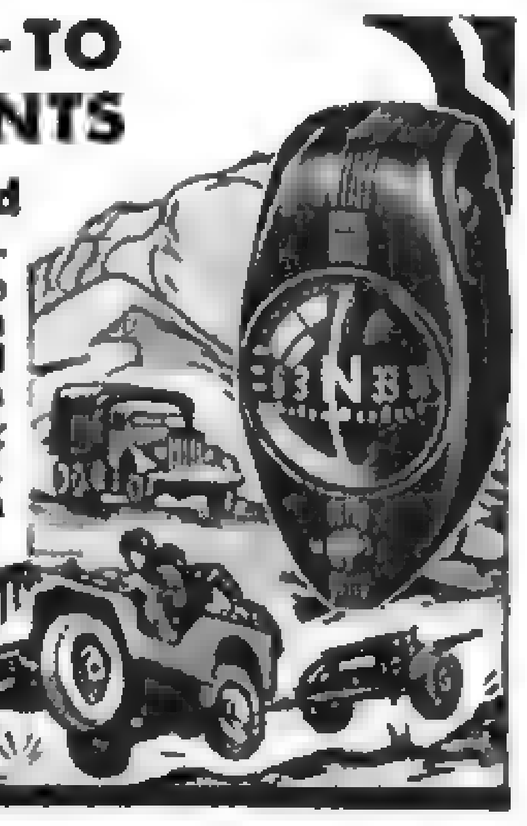
Whether smartly streamlined or mounted with diamonds and rubies, Crawford Military and Dress Watches combine the accuracy of fine watchmaking with the beauty of rich jewelry

Crawford fob and wrist watches at better shops from $19.95 to $500.00

BEAUTY • ACCURACY

Crawford
WATCH COMPANY NEW YORK, N. Y.
MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS

FIRST—TO BATTLEFRONTS
Later to Vacationland



After the war you'll be itching to drive again—to the mountains, the great open spaces. Right now the **Hull Streamline Compass** is doing a grim job helping guide U. S. Army vehicles. Later it can be your guide on pleasure or business motoring trips anywhere.

HULL MFG. CO.
P.O.Box 246-G9,
WARREN, OHIO

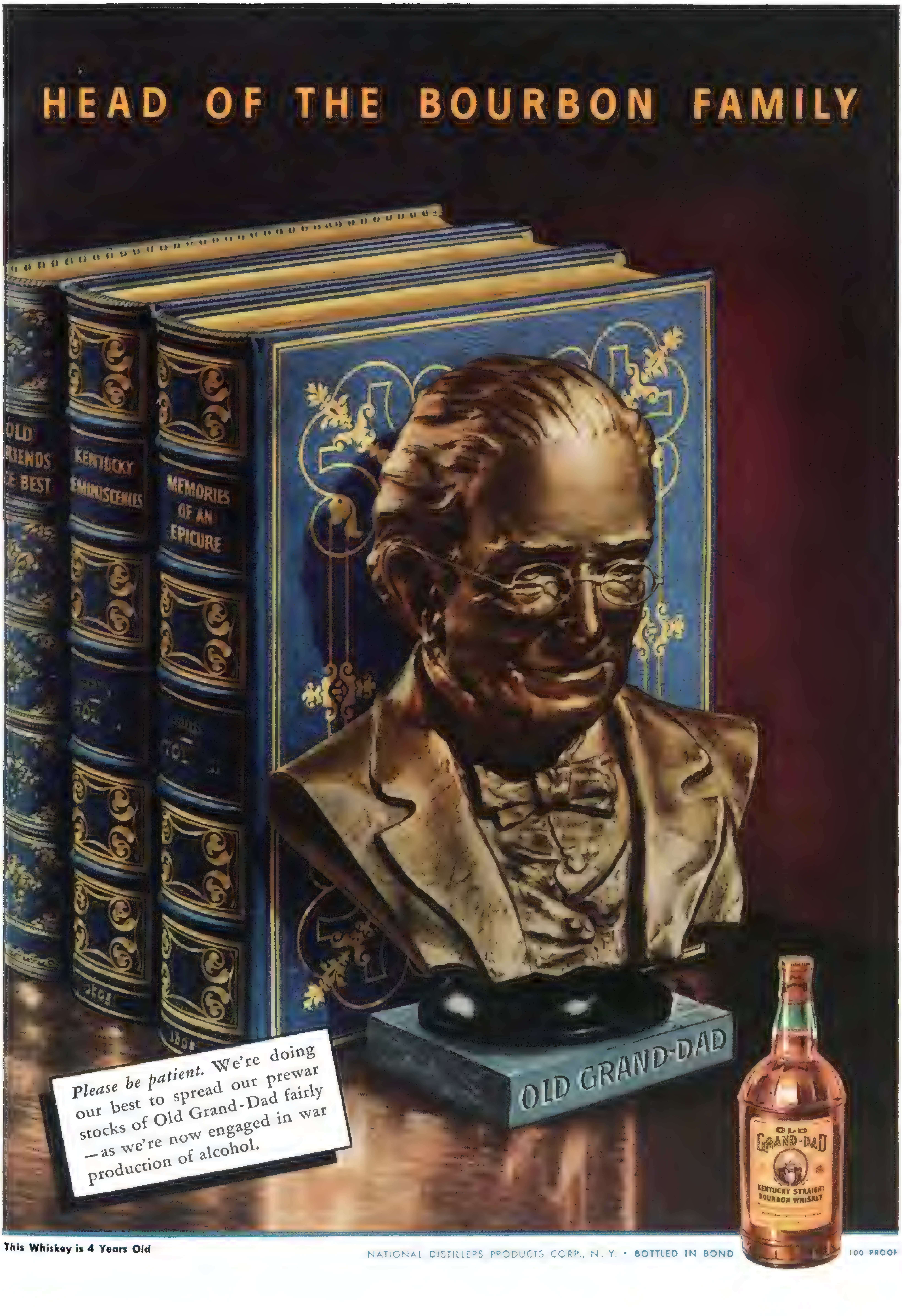
WHITTEMORE
GIVES YOU THE
Shine of Your Life
ECONOMICAL BECAUSE A LITTLE GOES FARTHER AND YOUR SHINE LASTS LONGER

25¢

WHITTEMORE'S
BON-TON
Shoe Polish
ARMY TAN STAIN
CAMBRIDGE MASS. U.S.A.

ALSO IN
BROWN
OXBLOOD
and BLACK

ALSO ASK FOR
WHITTEMORE
WHITES • COLORED POLISHES •
BOTH IN LIQUID AND TUBES


HEAD OF THE BOURBON FAMILY
OLD FRIENDS BEST
KENTUCKY REMINISCENCES
MEMORIES OF AN EPICURE
OLD GRAND-DAD
OLD GRAND-DAD
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

Please be patient. We're doing our best to spread our prewar stocks of Old Grand-Dad fairly—as we're now engaged in war production of alcohol.

This Whiskey is 4 Years Old

NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORP., N. Y. • BOTTLED IN BOND 100 PROOF

The worlds finest
DRY GIN

BOOTH'S
HOUSE OF LORDS
FINEST DISTILLED DRY GIN
LONDON

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI

BOOTH'S HOUSE OF LORDS
Imported Dry Gin
PARK & TILFORD
IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, N.Y.
DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS - 86 PROOF

For the Rum Connoisseur

RONRICO
Puerto Rican Rum

RONRICO
Best RUM *bar none*

The Rum Connoisseur contains over 100 tested drink and food recipes. Send for your Free copy. Ronrico Corporation, Dept. (E) Miami, Florida. Ronrico Rum 86, 90 and 151 Proof.

*Trade Mark of Ronrico Corporation

Painting the Town with Esquire

FIRST it was shirt tails that got shorter. Now it's days — which ought to make the nights longer, only they don't seem so with all there is to do in this looker-visioned, gag-wagged cheeropolis after dark. Eyes get dazzleder and dazzleder, but not sleepy.

PLENTY to keep them propped open is provided by the smasheroo revue at Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe (unless you're a horse, no coupon 18 needed) which starts off as of "the night of unconditional surrender" and works up from there with gracile-gammed gladsomeness, stunts and conniptions, and sepian sizzlements. Hokumist Herman Hyde and his distinctly peculiar musical instruments have been retained from the previous show, laying us in the aisle yet again, but the management's equally zany trick of programming American wines on the drink list of "Domestic" has been corrected, resulting in increased flow.

THE ROLL-OUT rink at the New Yorker's Ice Terrace is whirly-giggly with shapelies in an extravagant something called *Manhattan Holiday,* featuring sensationaliste Mary Jane Yeo. Band is Johnny Long's; worries are maître d'hôtel Max's who just can't accommodate more people than the room will hold . . . Worshipers of Fong Gorn Lungg Ha-Peen (fresh lobster meat prepared with chicken livers, snow peas and waterchestnuts, pineapple sauce) connect with same raptuously at Lum Fong's, 150 West 52nd. If your celestial adventures have been limited to chop suey and chow mein, Mr. Lum will open whole new realms of succulence, with Occidental swiggage on the side . . . Ankles at the Hotel Pennsylvania's duck-souper-colossal Café Rouge emote nowanights to the music of Glen Gray . . . Backyard back-talk: "If you don't mean it, then keep your straw out of my Collins."

For information about any hotels or restaurants and their related services, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.

The Café Lounge and Bar
Luncheon
Cocktail Hour
Dinner-Supper
Continuous Dancing
daily from five o'clock
SAVOY-PLAZA
Fifth Avenue at 58th Street

The only man in the world who ever read the ANGOSTURA label

He admits it's a rather dubious claim to fame, but he does say it's worth the wear and tear on the eyes when you consider the information you get. For example, did you know Angostura imparts an exquisite flavor to soups? Lots of other uses, too, and all written up in several languages for the linguistically inclined.

Write for Free Mixing Guide

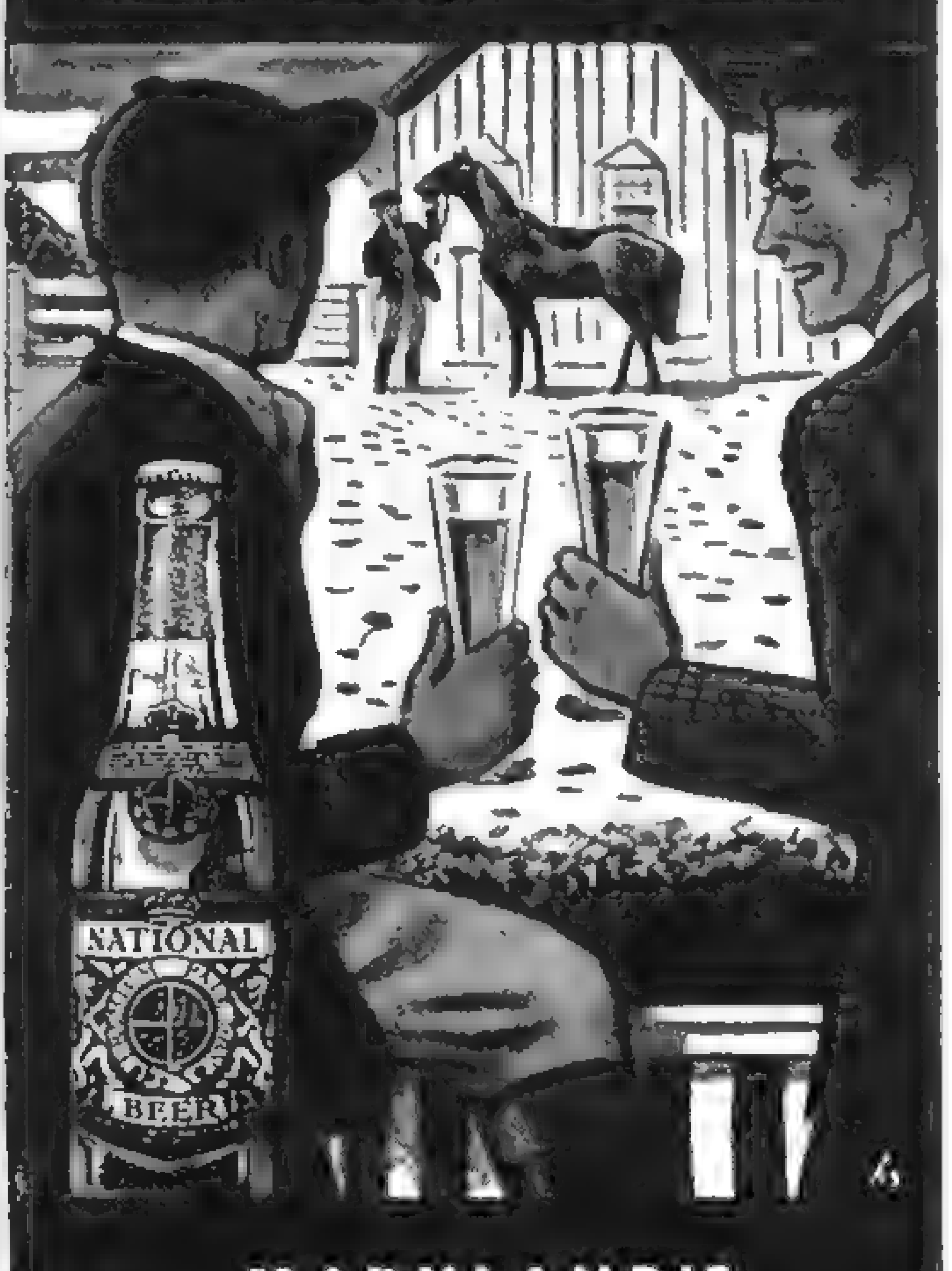
BUY WAR STAMPS
ANGOSTURA Dr. Siegert's BITTERS
A TONIC APPETIZER
"GOOD FOR THE STOMACH"
BUY WAR BONDS

ANGOSTURA-WUPPERMANN CORP.
304 EAST 45th STREET, NEW YORK

AIR CONDITIONED
NO COVER OPEN SUNDAYS
Jimmy Kelly's
The Montmartre of New York
REVUE 9-12-2:15 A. M.
181 SULLIVAN ST. AL.4-1414
DINNER $1.50

DON'T MISS
EDDIE DAVIS
N. Y's No. 1 CAFE STAR
LEON & EDDIE'S
33 W. 52 NEW YORK

FROM COAST TO COAST



MARYLAND'S AMBASSADOR OF GOOD CHEER
NATIONAL
PREMIUM
BEER
PALE, DRY, BRILLIANT
THE NATIONAL BREWING COMPANY, BALTIMORE, MD

SHE BOBS UP EVERYTIME HE SMOKES THAT
LONDON DOCK TOBACCO!

AMERICA'S FINEST AROMATIC

2 Ounce Package
40¢
$3.00 per lb.
Sample 10c
Send 10c to
London Dock Div.
128 Delmar Blvd.
St. Louis, Mo.

London Dock
Aromatic
SMOKING MIXTURE

Christian Peper · St. Louis
Fine Tobaccos Since 1852

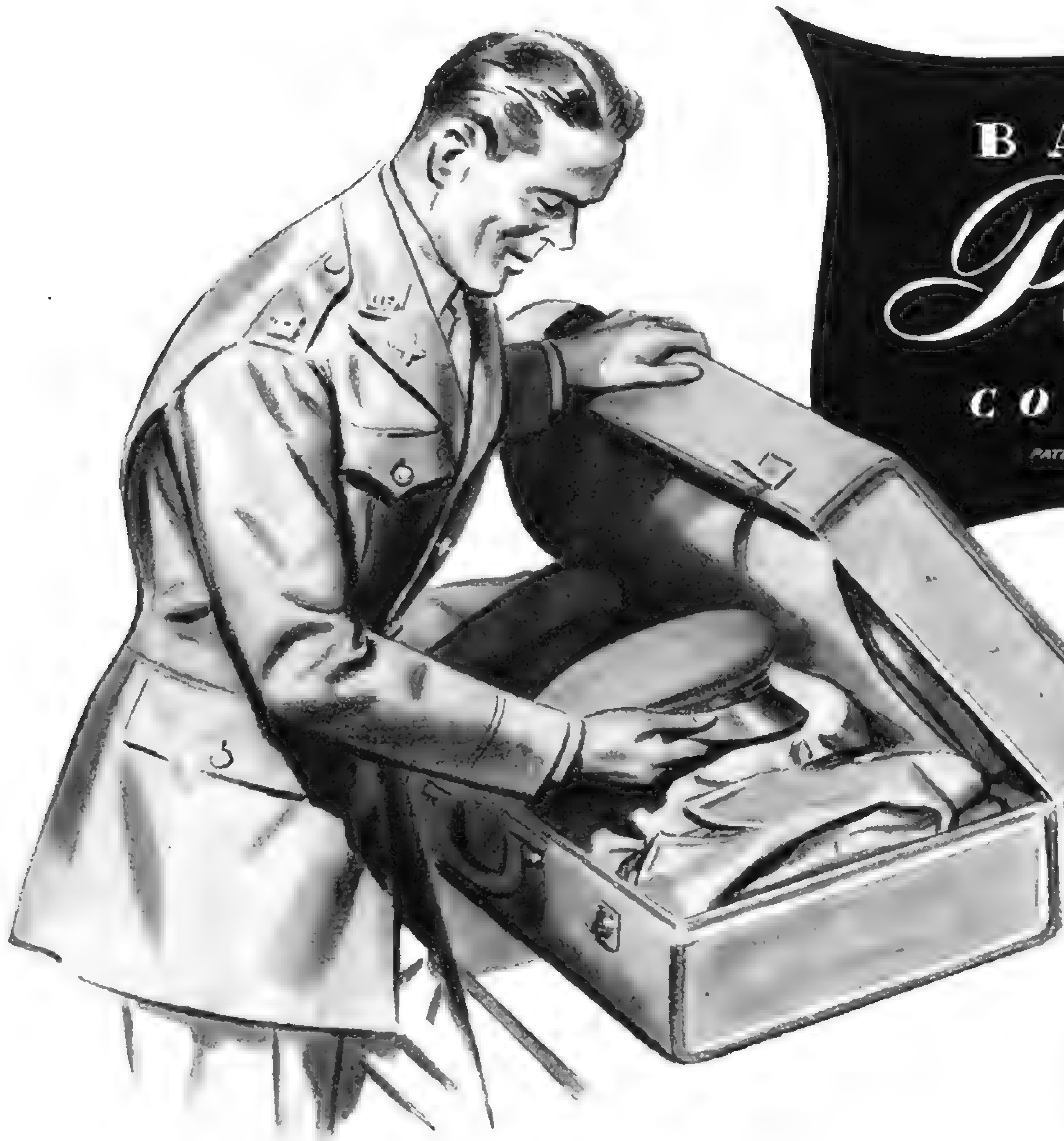
IT HAD TO COME...A CAP LIKE THIS!

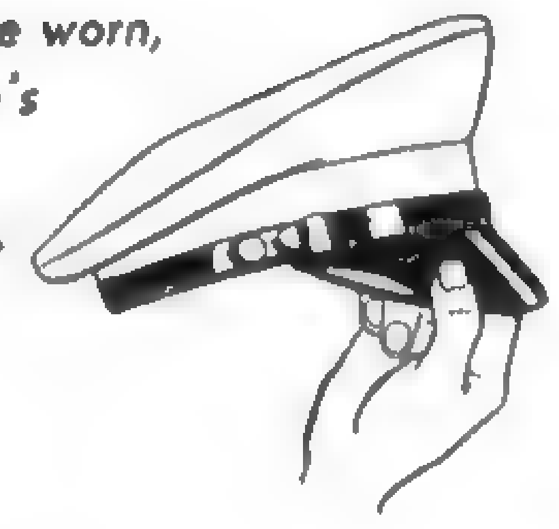
BANCROFT

*Pak-Cap**

CONSTRUCTION

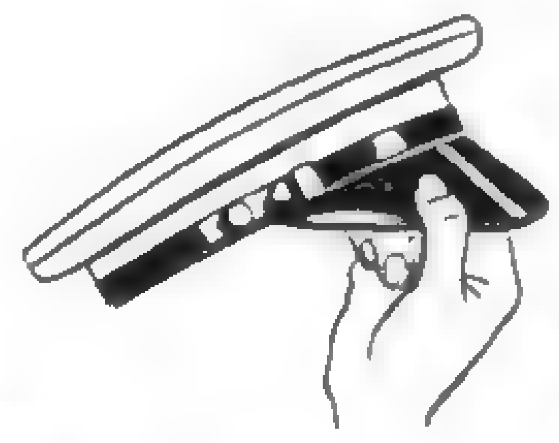
PATENT PENDING





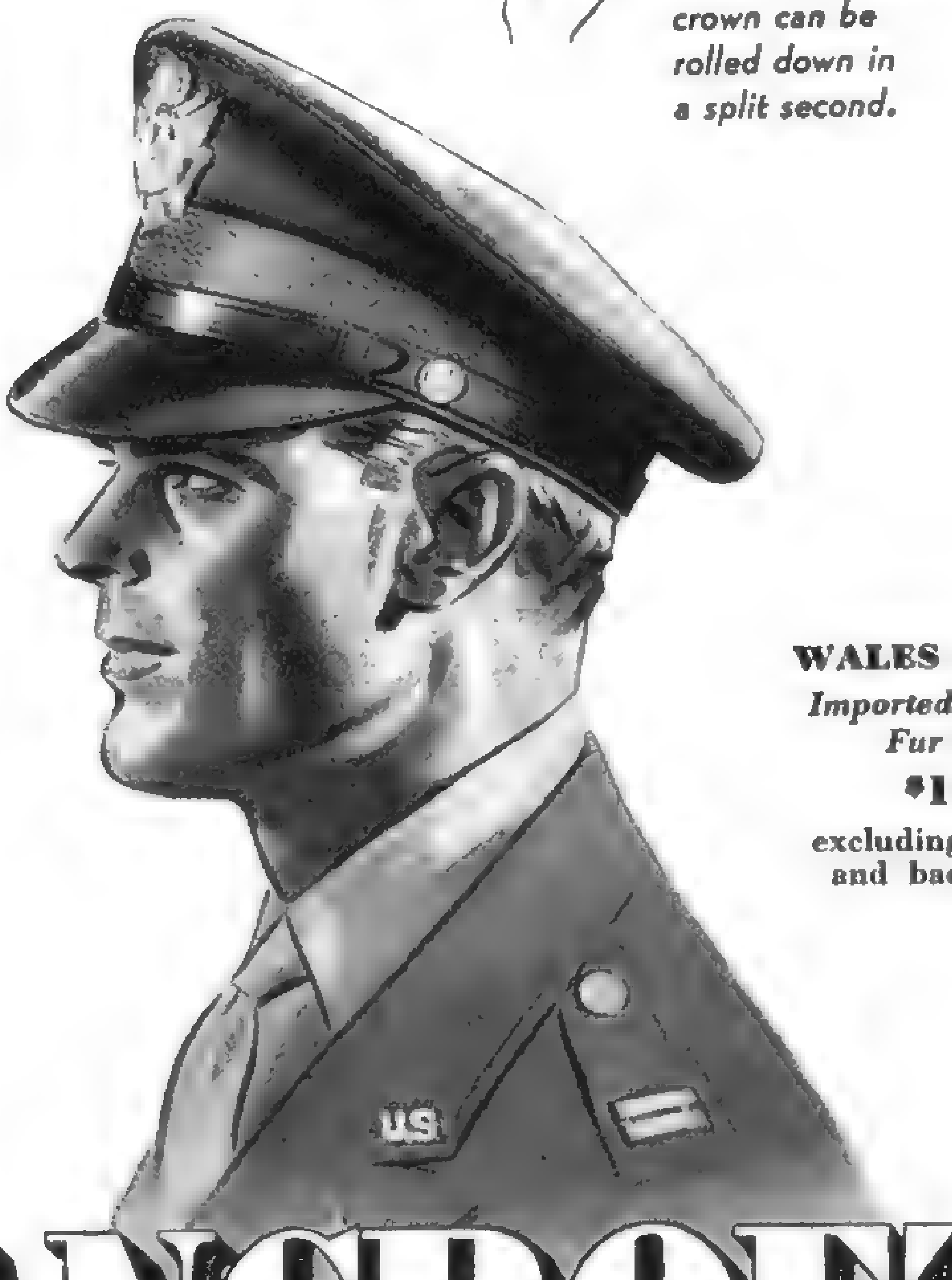
Ready to be worn, it's America's smartest military cap.

It's CRUSH-PROOF!



Ready to be packed, crown can be rolled down in a split second.

THE FUR FELT CAP YOU CAN PACK IN YOUR GRIP. It's a revolutionary new method of construction... one that will be hailed by every officer in the United States army. Here at last is the cap that needs no pampering. Pack it in your grip, suitcase or footlocker with full confidence that it will retain its smart shape. Created by Bancroft, largest exclusive maker of military caps, it reflects the skill and knowledge gained over almost half a century of specialization.



WALES MODEL
Imported English Fur Felt
$15
excluding device and backstrap

BANCROFT

Military Caps

* Trade Mark

At better dealers everywhere . . . or write to WORCESTER CAP COMPANY, Boston, Mass.

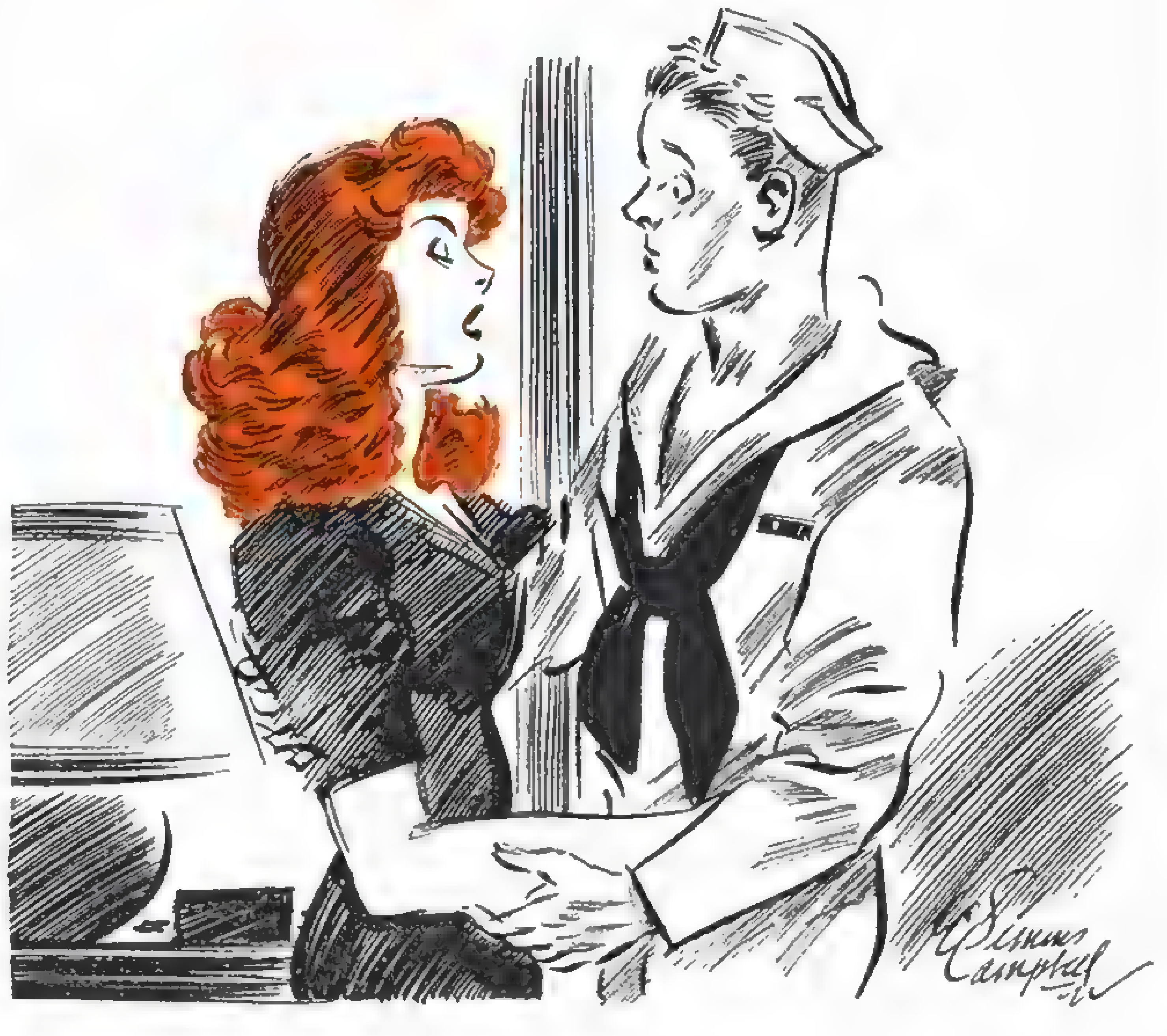
Painting the Town with Esquire

IT'S BEEN a summer practically without a shutter. Any time a spot attempted to close "till people come back to town", 187 such people promptly stuck foot in the door. So now the Hotel Pierre's Cotillion Room, with Stanley Melba on the podium as ever, is making like winter but sporting a new décor of cool blue offsetting a triumphal doorway trellis of wisteria, plus pots and pots of magnolia—all of which is mere background for the entertainment and eats, not to say drinks . . . Hampshire House, where 'tweenseason diners were always shunted to the petite Cottage upstairs, is this year regaling them numerously in the entransive main dining room with its gardened end gay with floral and shrubbsy fitments. String music is served and everything that comes off the stove is well groomed . . . Midnight beguilements of the Ruban Bleu sort, hitherto foregone till Fall, will be found going strong at the Ruban Bleu itself (4 East 56th), host Anthony Mele having been powerless to withstand round-the-calendarism.

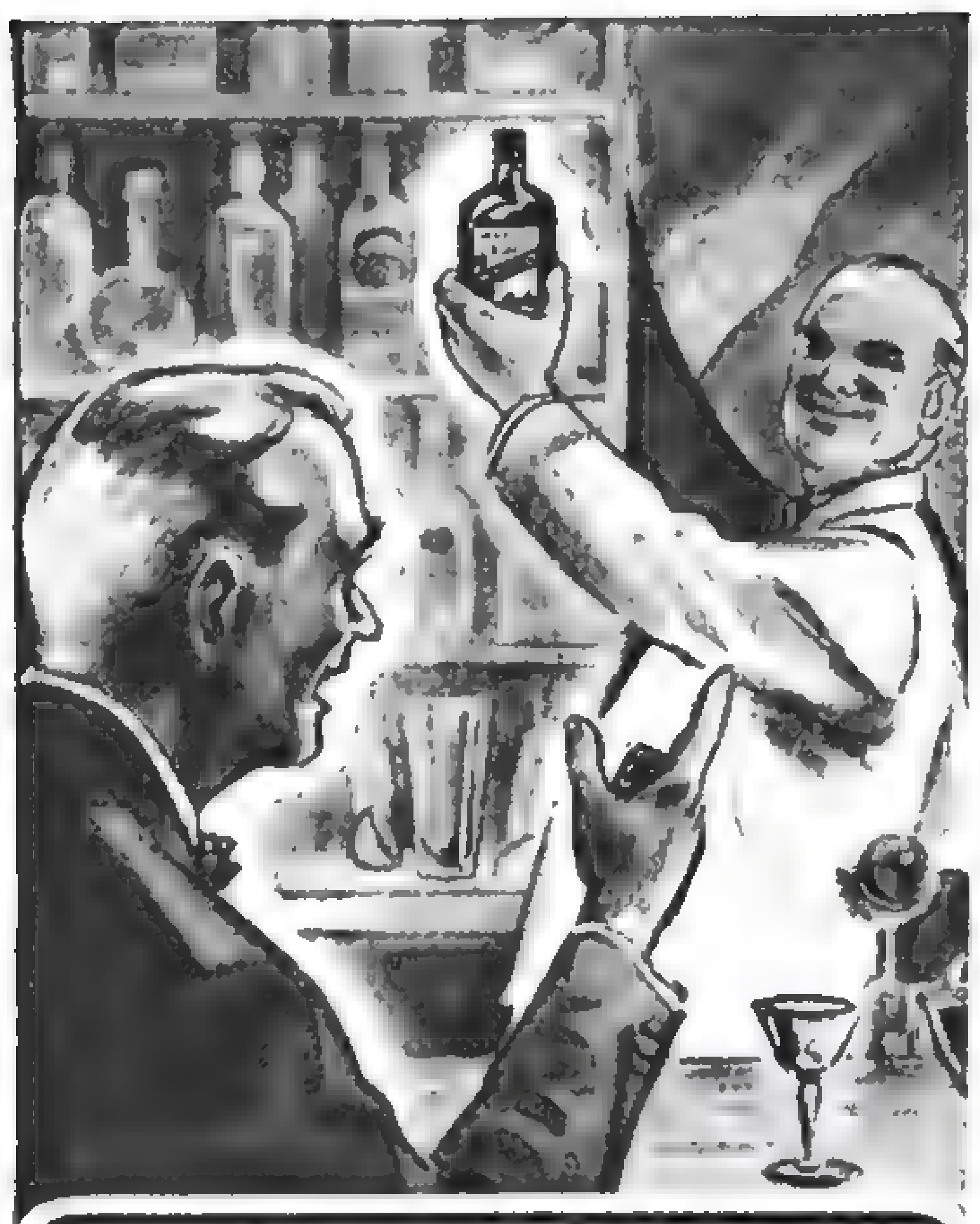
MUCH social swim is tropically be-coved at Monte Carlo Beach (51 East 54th), getting a moontan amid conch-shelled roomscape by Franklin Hughes—incidentally gathering Daiquiris, dancing to the music of Dick Gasparre and rhumba-bandolero Ralph Rotger, and devoting knife and fork attention to viands of chef Jean Poueymirou. What used to be the main salle, of which this gritless strand is an annex, has been turned into Monte Carlo Garden, lushed up with Hughes trappings. If you don't care to comber, you can bower.

NIGHT falls on the nose of noon at Rogers Corner (8th Ave. and 50th St.), rallying place of service men and defense planters on their day off, for whom delay till sunset wouldn't make sense. Powered with nine bands — straight, comic, and torrid—and a vaudeville of singers, pianists and grass skirters, this teeming layout is threefold: Grill; Rondevoo Room with tremendous serpentine bar, exotic murals and aviary of live birds (Rogers hobby); Pan-American Room for dine-and-dancing. No one is pressured to order another drink—the idea has to occur to him brainwave style.

For information about any hotels or restaurants and their related services, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.



"Well, say something!—say you love me! That won't sink a ship, will it?"



The ORDER of the Day

Wherever Americans meet in relaxation, the order of the day is "The Rum Must Be MYERS'S". For people everywhere know that the rich colour, fragrant bouquet and mellowness of Myers's *dark* Jamaica rum make a Planters' Punch Collins or cocktail taste better, richer, more enjoyable. Remember, for that wealth of flavour

The Rum Must be **MYERS'S**

"Planters' Punch" Brand
100% Fine Mellow Jamaica—97 Proof

For free booklet write
R. U. Delapenha & Co., Inc.
Agents in the U. S. A.
Dept. F-9, 57 Laight Street,
New York. N.Y.

Expressed Alive Daily
COAST TO COAST
Ocean-Clear
LIVE LOBSTERS
CONSOLIDATED
LOBSTER CO., INC.
GLOUCESTER, MASS.

STILL BEING SHIPPED

Due to wartime demand for vital ingredients by our armed forces there's *less* A·1 Sauce for civilians nowadays. But there's *some, and don't you forget it!*

Keep asking for A·1 Sauce. It'll be along from time to time—to add mouth-watering flavor to your meals.

Send for free recipe booklet.
G. F. Heublein & Bro., Hartford, Conn.

The DASH that makes the DISH

FAMOUS
SINCE
1849

Graves
IMPORTED
Distilled Dry
Gin

. . . since 1849, GRAVES GIN has been carefully distilled for a knowing public who want only the finest . . . distilled dry.
A product of Cuba

IMPORTED
GRAVES
Imported
DISTILLED DRY
GIN

C. H. GRAVES & SONS CO. BOSTON, MASS.
DISTILLED FROM CANE PRODUCTS 85 PROOF

The WISE Thing To Do!

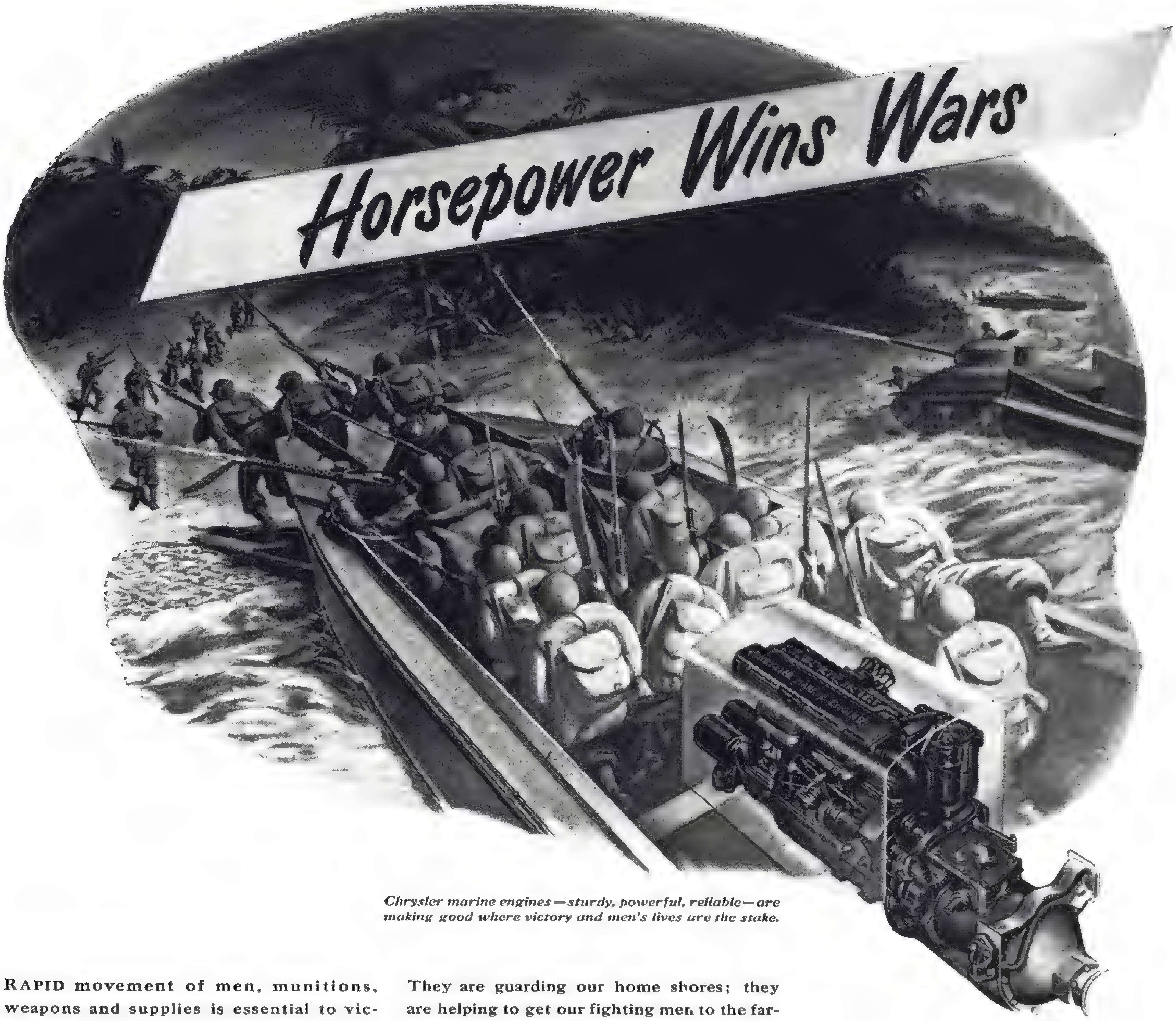
Summer sojourns in Manhattan are so much pleasanter if you stop at the Plaza. It's actually degrees cooler because of the park location.

Air-Conditioned Units Available

Sensible Tariff
From $4 per person
(2 in a room)
From $6 for single rooms
Suites from $12

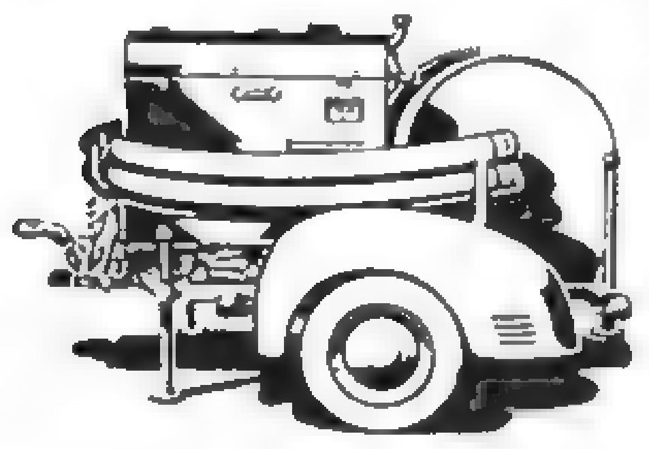
The
PLAZA
Facing Central Park
at 5th Ave. and 59th St.
New York

Henry A. Rost, President and Managing Director



Chrysler marine engines—sturdy, powerful, reliable—are making good where victory and men's lives are the stake.

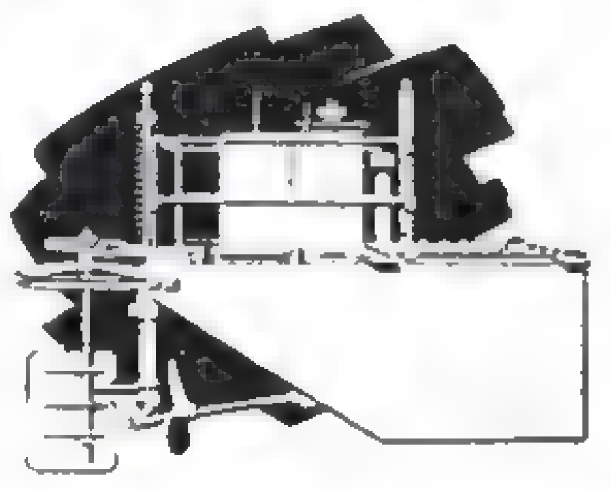
RAPID movement of men, munitions, weapons and supplies is essential to victory in a mechanized war. This is a struggle of horsepower and manpower.



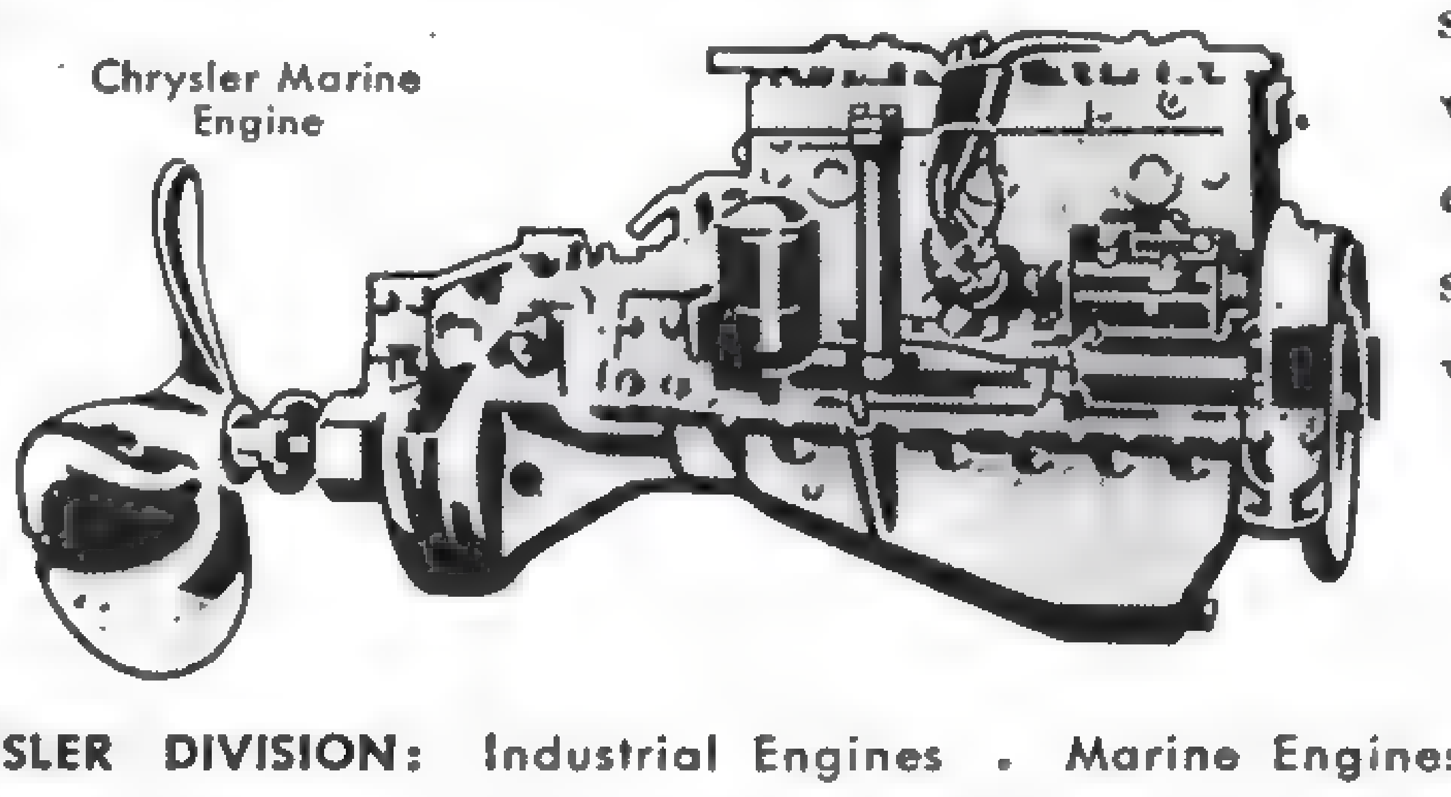
Chrysler Fire Pumper

One of the biggest items in the Chrysler Division's great war production program is horsepower—engines, engines and more engines. Chrysler marine engines in a large variety of war-time uses are enhancing the reputation that they made in civilian service. They are driving commando barges, landing barges, personnel boats, patrol boats, picket boats and many other types of small boats essential to the prosecution of the victorious campaigns of the United Nations.

They are guarding our home shores; they are helping to get our fighting men to the far-flung fronts, from the Aleutians to the South Pacific, from the Amazon to the Arctic.

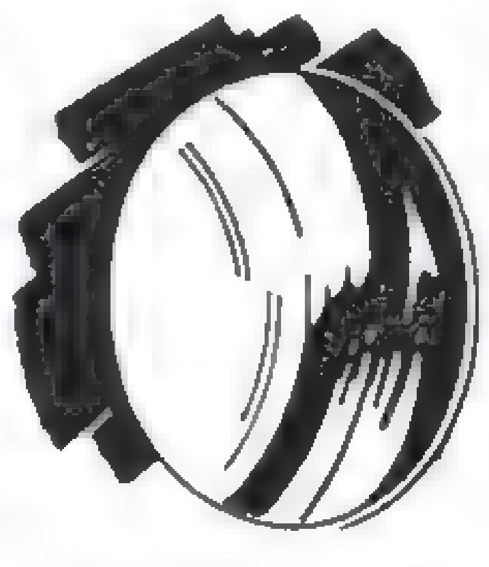


Chrysler Marine Tractor



Chrysler Marine Engine

Regardless of the type of work demanded of them, Chrysler marine engines are proving their worth—the natural result of Chrysler's unequalled engineering genius in design and high precision in manufacture. They are taking all kinds of punishment on the seven seas. Their Superfinished bearing surfaces insure long life, smooth performance and the fuel economy that is such an important factor when operating in foreign waters far from the sources of supply. In a war in which transportation efficiency is a larger and more important factor than ever before in history, they are making good even beyond the Government's exacting requirements.



Chrysler Searchlight Reflector

Not only with the marine type but with industrial, automobile and tank engines as well, the Chrysler Division is bringing its tremendous productive capacity to bear on the victory effort.

[BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS]

CHRYSLER

DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

WAR PRODUCTS OF CHRYSLER DIVISION: Industrial Engines . Marine Engines . Marine Tractors
Navy Pontoons . Harbor Tugs . Anti-Aircraft Cannon Parts . Tank Engine Assemblies
Tank Parts . Airplane Wing Panels . Gun Boxes . Air Raid Sirens
Fire Fighting Equipment . Searchlight Reflectors

THE NATIONWIDE CHRYSLER DEALER ORGANIZATION OFFERS OWNERS SERVICE FACILITIES TO MEET THEIR WAR-TIME TRANSPORTATION NEEDS

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Introducing the author of *Cappy Ricks* to a masculine audience is tantamount to introducing Carrie Nation to the W. C. T. U. As a reminder though, Peter B. Kyne started his career as a clerk in a general merchandise store, worked in wholesale lumber and shipping offices, became a lumber broker and a newspaperman before enlisting in the Army (Company L, 14th U. S. Infantry) in 1898. He was a member of the third expedition to the Philippine Islands and a veteran of the Spanish-American War and the Philippine Rebellion. In World War I he served as a captain in the 144th Field Artillery. His most recent book is *Dude Woman*, published in 1940, and some of the others, reading backward, are *Soldiers, Sailors and Dogs, Cappy Ricks Special, Cappy Ricks Comes Back, Comrades of the Storm, Never the Twain Shall Meet* and *The Valley of the Giants*. His home is in San Francisco.

•

John C. Hoffman says: "In the light of subsequent events, July 9, 1903, the date of my birth in Chicago, probably never will be important in history. As soon as I was able to know what was going on, I noticed everybody connected with that event either had passed on or taken it on the lam. So I did time in an orphanage until I was ten years old, spent six of the most beneficial years of my life at the Glenwood Manual Training School and then, at sixteen, I challenged the world. Worked my way through high school as a machinist, castor oil bottle filler in a drugstore and printer's devil in a weekly paper and job shop. At twenty, I found myself writing baseball on the Chicago *Daily News*. Eight years later they fired me in a program of retrenchment during the depression, so they said. Ironically, as I left the building, a wagon poster went by with my picture on it, urging everybody to 'Follow the White Sox with John C. Hoffman.' If anybody had followed me from then on he might have become a little discouraged. I contributed my bit to the Wisconsin (Hearst) *News* in Milwaukee for a year and then served a sentence of three and a half years in the Chicago office of the *International News Service*. It was there I learned how to put one little word after another while writing about "Baby Face" Nelson, John Dillinger and other fugitives. I went to the Chicago *Daily Times* in '36. Instead of my writing about Bill Veeck, he should be writing about me: I'm screwier than he is."

•

After flunking out in English in his second year of high school, Alan Hynd became a reporter on the Boston *Post*. Then followed newspaper work in Philadelphia and other cities, and magazine editing in New York. More than ten years ago he started writing stories and articles for both slicks and pulps, under eleven different pen names. He is the author of *Passport to Treason*, a book about German spies and saboteurs in this country, which he whipped up in sixteen (non-consecutive) days of research and sixty-five hours of dictation. He is married for the second time, and has a daughter two and a half years old. His article *They Film for Navy*, is on page 69.

•

Allan R. Bosworth, author of *Done to the Scent of Lilacs*, writes: "I was born in a tent on a West Texas cattle ranch shortly after the turn of the century, which is a less painful way of saying that I am now forty-one. Nearly finished high school in my old home town of Ozona. Enlisted in the Navy in 1922, and after being discharged obtained a commission as ensign in the Naval Reserve. I worked in the editorial offices of the San Diego *Union*, Los Angeles *Examiner*, Paso Robles *Press*, San Francisco *Chronicle* and San Francisco *Examiner*. Meanwhile I had several hundred short stories published in the pulps and five years ago I cut loose from newspaper work and retreated before a spearhead of creditors to a hundred and sixty acre mirage near Gilroy, California, where I settled down to full-time writing. In the next three years I hit most of the slicks and three magazine serials were brought out as books. A year before Pearl Harbor I came back to the Navy, picked the wrong ocean at the time, and had a little duty in the North Atlantic. Now I'm ashore on the West Coast as a lieutenant commander. The sketch is by a current shipmate, Jerome Zerbe, the New York cafe society photographer. You meet the damndest people in the Navy these days."

•

For more than twenty years Moscow correspondent to the New York *Times*, Walter Duranty claims he is prematurely bald as the result of one managing editor's predilection for reprimanding foreign correspondents in terms that singed their hair off. Back in 1919 he tackled Litvinov on the matter of covering the news in Russia, but was refused with the explanation that "the Soviet did not want bourgeois reporters, that it had suffered enough already from lies and slander of the capitalist press." It has been said that, starting out as a non-sympathizer, Duranty eventually became favorably disposed toward the Soviet. However, Duranty himself explains that when he began covering the news of Russia everyone round him seemed prejudiced. He decided to try to be fair, and to handle the Soviet story with an open mind. In 1932 he won the Pulitzer Prize for reporting. His books include *The Curious Lottery and other Tales of Russian Justice; I Write as I Please* (the story of his journalistic career), a novel, *One Life, One Kopeck* and *The Kremlin and the People*, which appeared in 1941. This latter contains an account of the Moscow trials, and the Red Army purge. Duranty was born in Liverpool, England, fifty-nine years ago. He attended Harrow and Bedford, winning classical scholarships at both schools, and at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, he majored in Greek and received a degree with first honors in Classics. He lives in California at present.

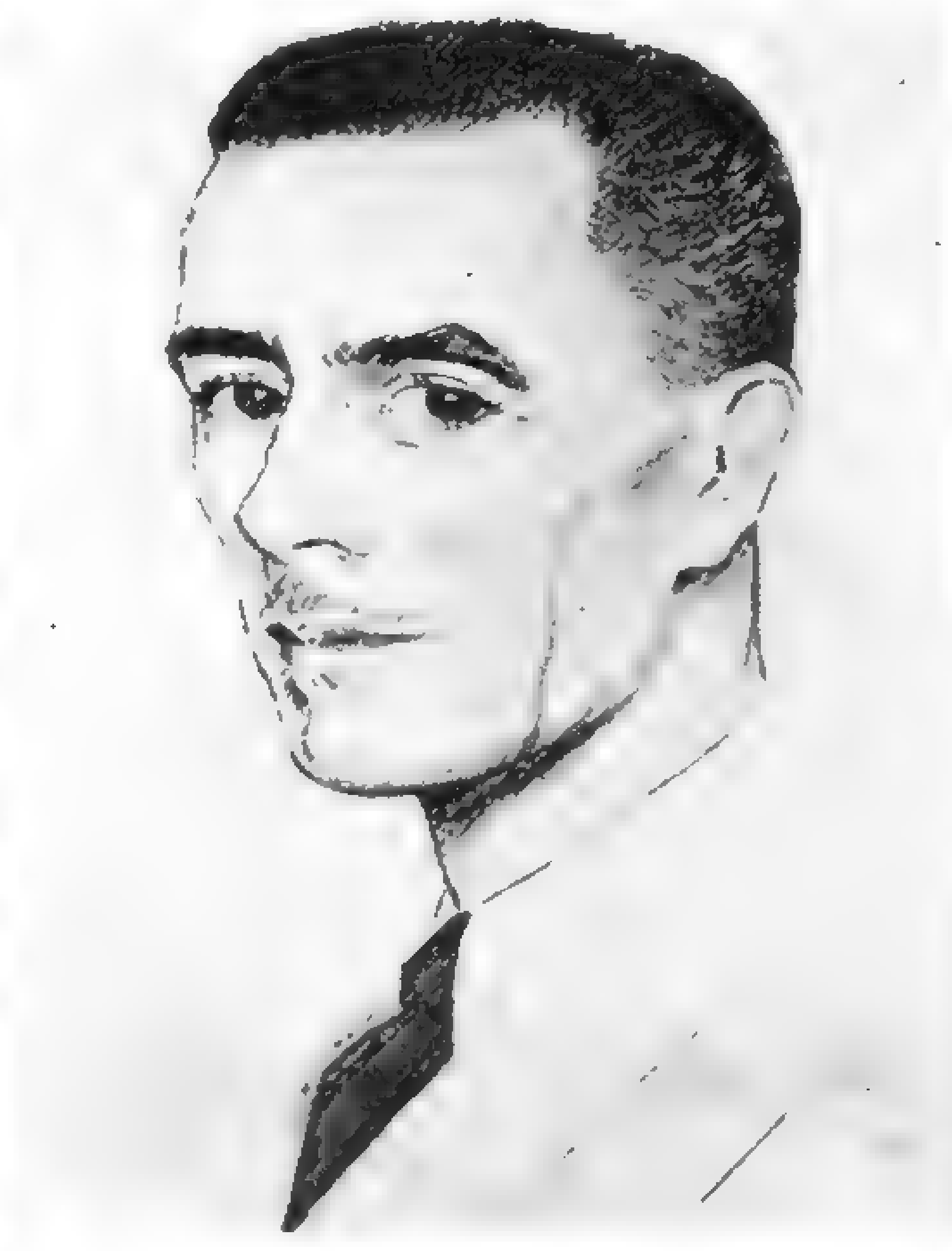
•

Kimball McIlroy, who wrote that caprice entitled *Joe, The Great McWhiff* for this issue, declares that military security precludes the dissemination of very much autobiographical information. He says: "I am an American, born in New York City, a graduate of, among other institutes of learning, the Lawrenceville School. At present I am a lieutenant in the Royal Canadian Artillery and spending more time at gunnery than literature. When peace comes, I hope things will be different."

•

Rudolph Umland (*The Demise of the Little Moron*, page 32) is employed in war work in New Orleans, where he lives with his wife and two children. He says: "A native of Nebraska, I have worked at various occupations in different parts of the country. For the past ten years I have been contributing stories and articles to the *Prairie Schooner*, Nebraska's literary quarterly. During the depression years of the 1930's, I raised pigs in Nebraska and grew a handle-bar mustache that came to excite such wonder, particularly among the children, whenever I went to town, that I finally had to trim it. In regard to the little moron stories, I mourn their passing. I agree, however, that anything which interferes with American war production should be eliminated. When the war is ended, then we can have our belly-laughs again, our Mardi Gras, our coffee. Until then, we should work in earnest and make every moment count. I hope that the little moron stories will not be entirely forgotten." #

John C. Hoffman

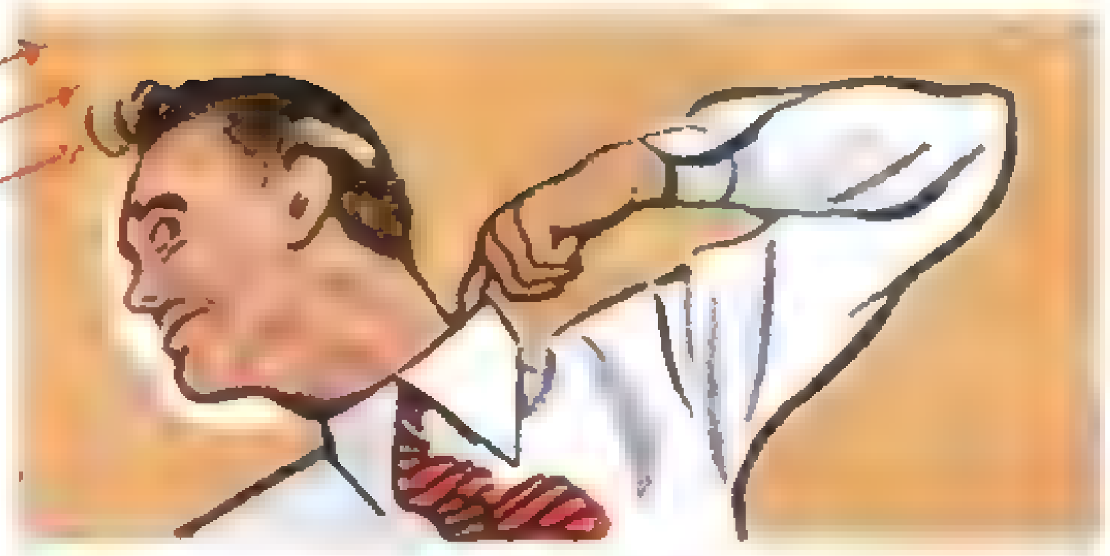


Allan R. Bosworth

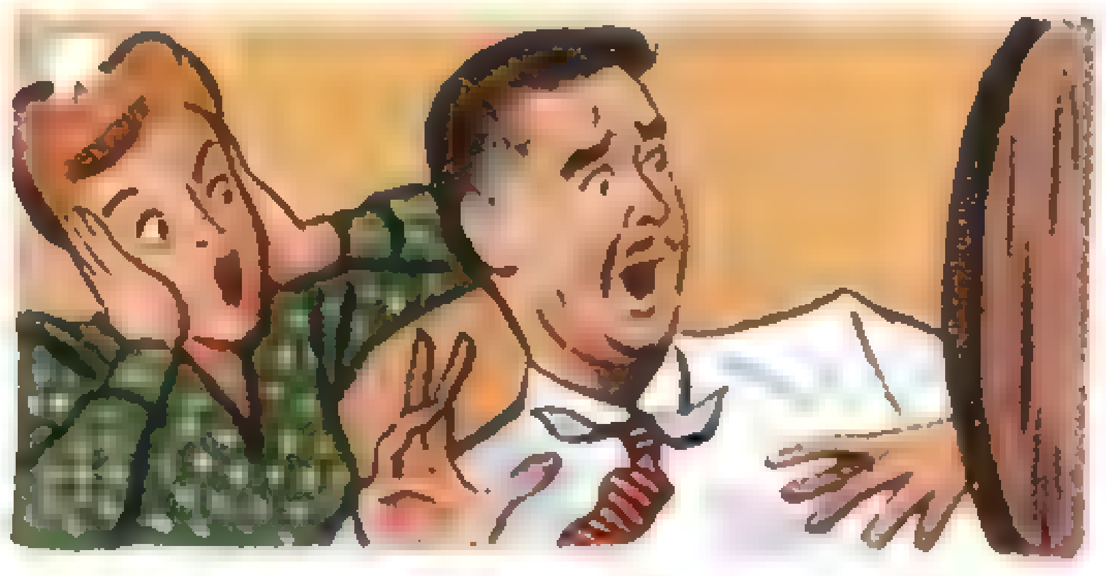
Walter Duranty

Rudolph Umland

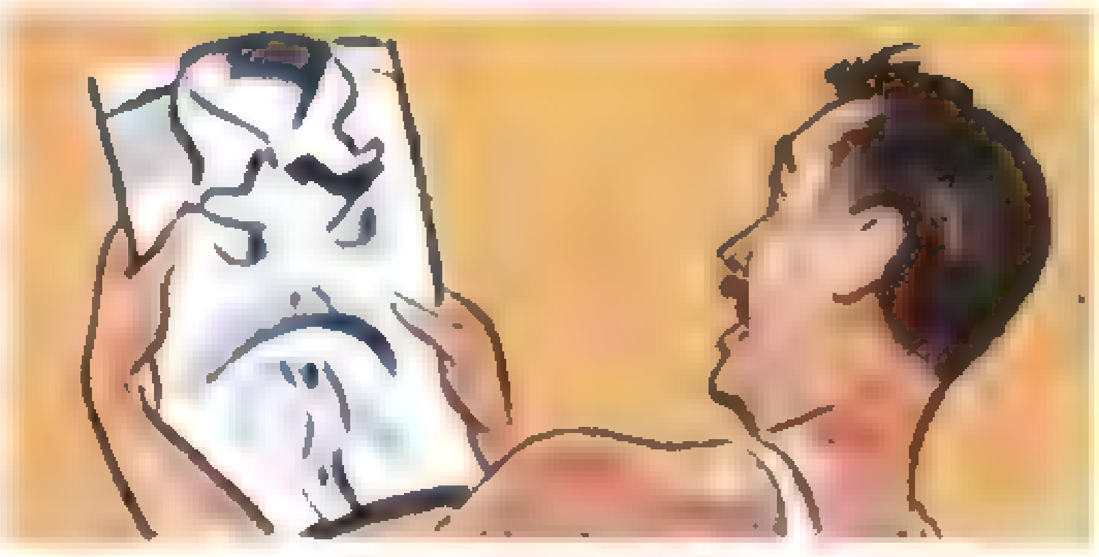
IS YOUR SHIRT SAINT OR SINNER?



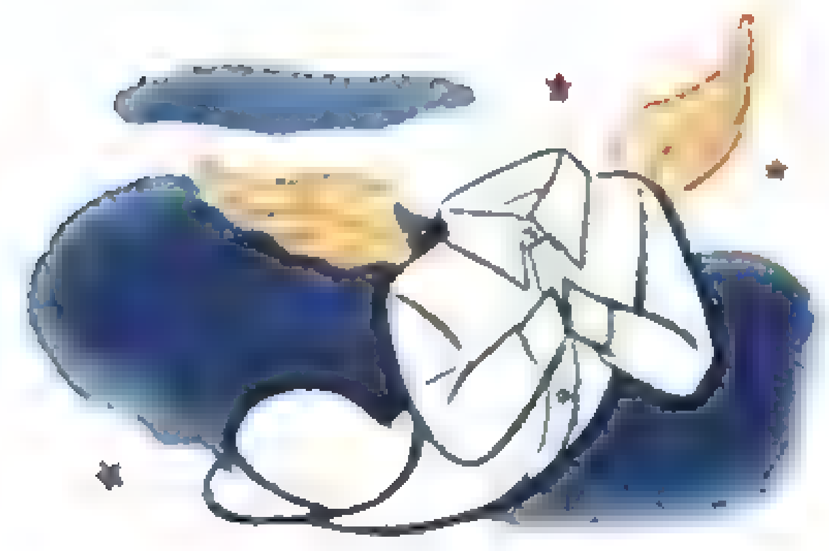
Does it stab you in the back? Is it stiff, starched, uncomfortable? That's no way for a collar to treat your neck. You shouldn't put up with it!

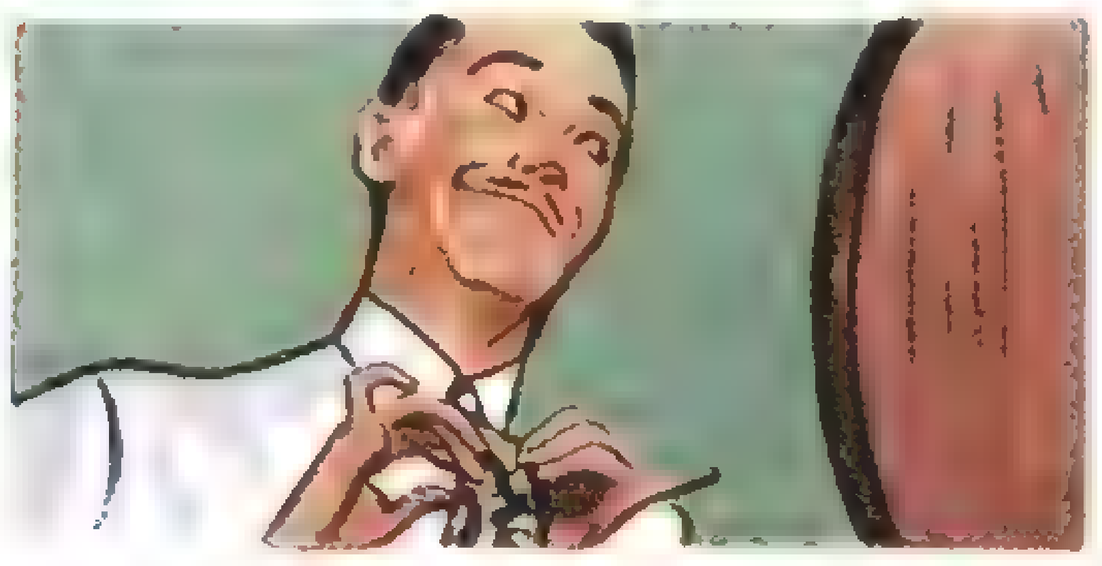


Does it flutter in the breeze? That's what happens to ordinary shirt collars when starch is sacrificed for comfort. Must this be? No!

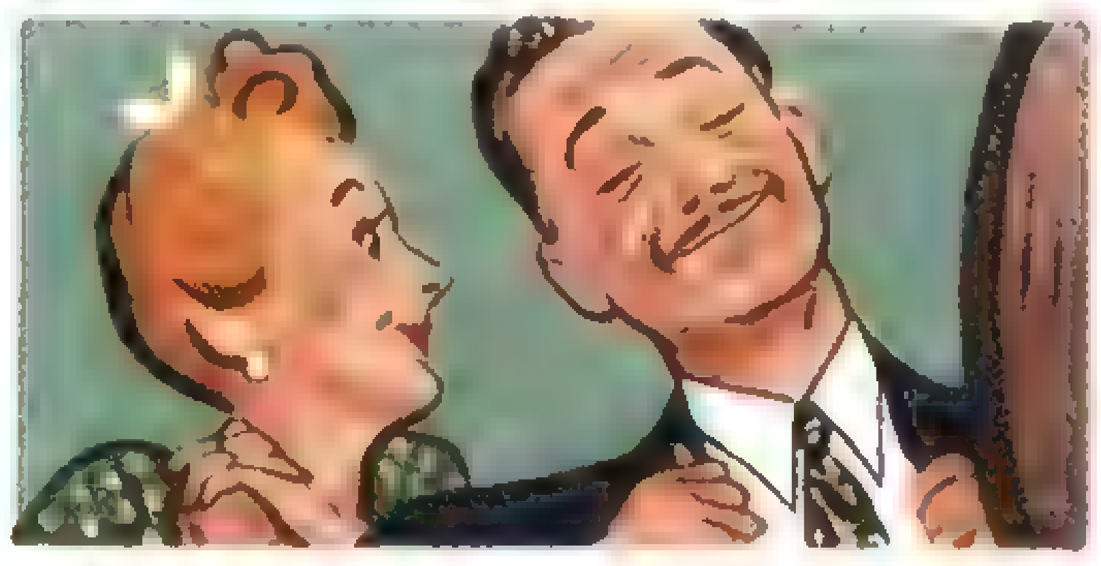


But why continue to let a shirt lead you around by the collar? Life's too short, brother. Learn about Van Heusens—saints among shirts!

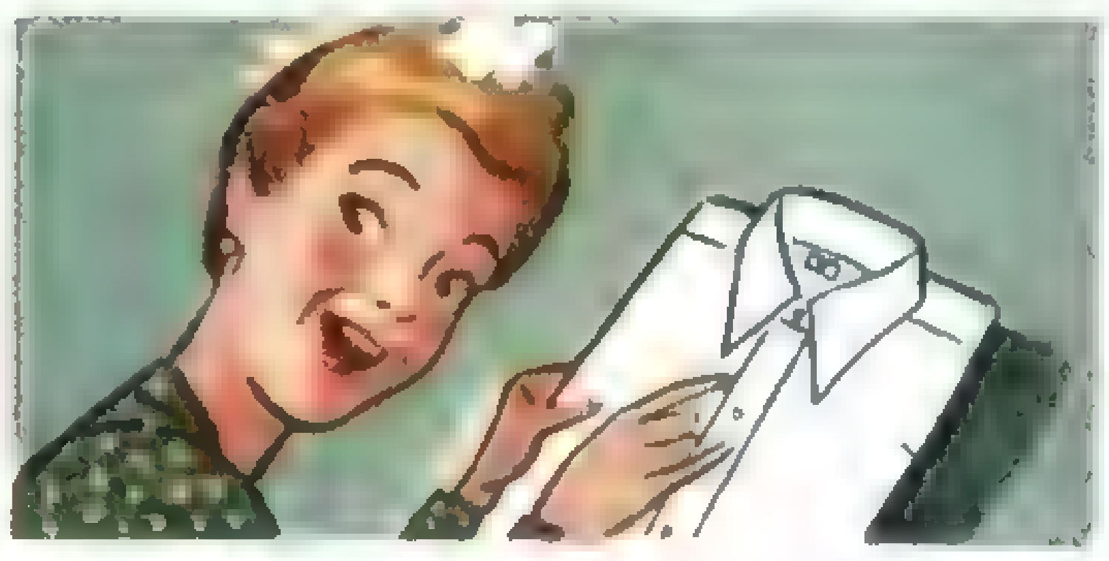




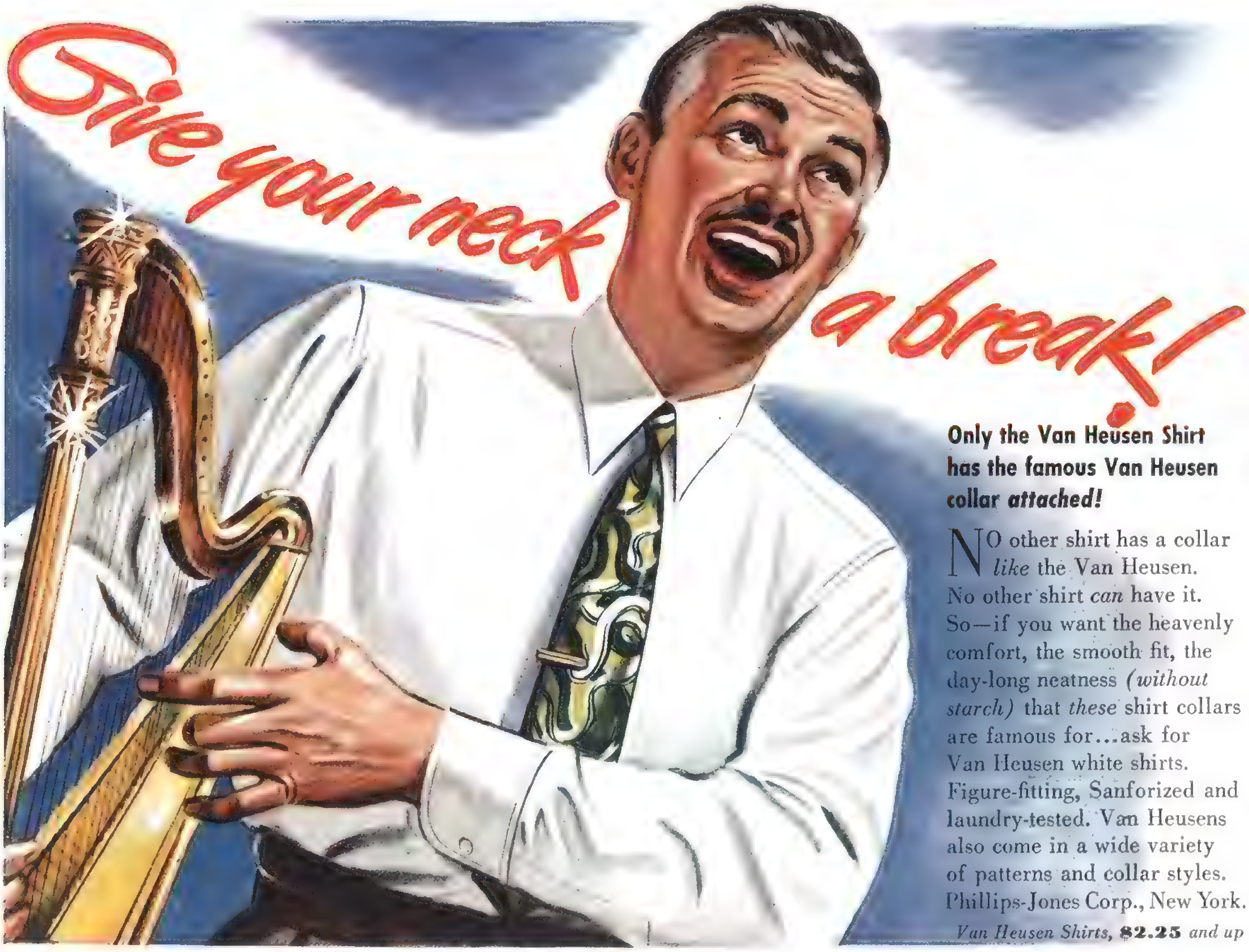
Feels like a halo—and just as neat. Can't wilt, can't wrinkle, stays fresh *without* starch. *That's* real collar comfort with the Van Heusen Shirt!



Smooth as a Cherub's cheek—this collar's woven—not just sewed—to fit the human neck. Woven in *one* piece with no lining to buckle.



Launders like an angel—even the collar's foldline is woven in, can't be ironed wrong. Van Heusen Shirts are Sanforized and laundry-tested too!


Give your neck a break!

Only the Van Heusen Shirt has the famous Van Heusen collar *attached*!

NO other shirt has a collar *like* the Van Heusen. No other shirt *can* have it. So—if you want the heavenly comfort, the smooth fit, the day-long neatness *(without starch)* that *these* shirt collars are famous for...ask for Van Heusen white shirts. Figure-fitting, Sanforized and laundry-tested. Van Heusens also come in a wide variety of patterns and collar styles. Phillips-Jones Corp., New York.

Van Heusen Shirts, **$2.25** *and up*

Van Heusen Shirts

SHIRTS • TIES • PAJAMAS • COLLARS • SPORTSWEAR

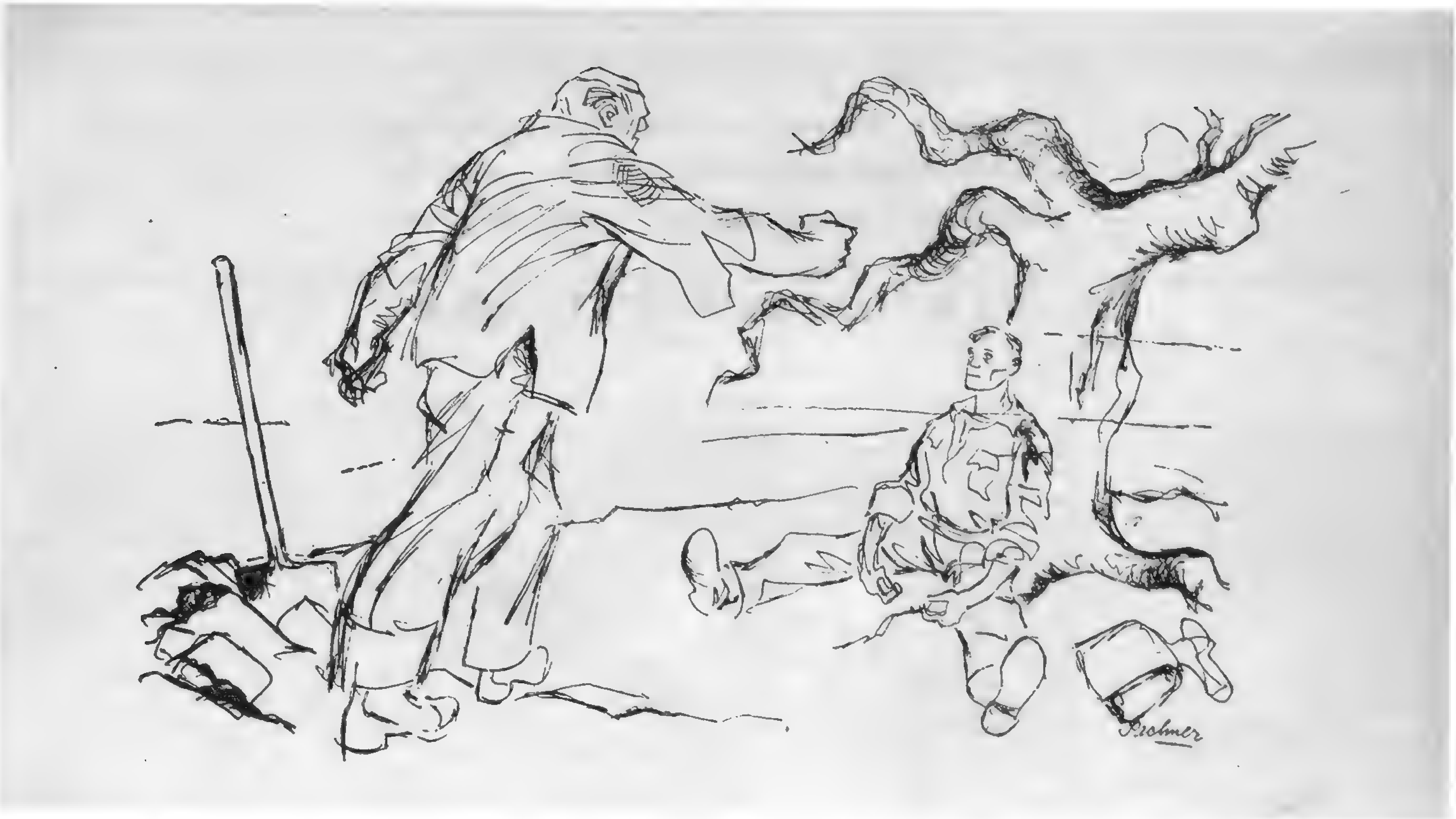
For the most delicious Gin Rickey in the world, make one with the gin that for nearly a century has been the world's favorite

GILBEY'S
the International
GIN

GILBEY'S
DISTILLED
LONDON DRY
GIN
THE INTERNATIONAL GIN
ENGLAND, AUSTRALIA & CANADA

THE "INTERNATIONAL GIN" DISTILLED BY GILBEY IN THE UNITED STATES—AS WELL AS IN..ENGLAND..AUSTRALIA..CANADA

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York—90 Proof—Distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits—Copyright 1943



The Sergeant's Reprimand

He had always warned Grannick if he disobeyed orders in battle he'd be shot, that he'd never make a Marine

by D. L. CHAMPION

• FICTION •

The machine guns had stopped when the night came down. A cloud hung over the face of the moon as if she veiled herself from the sight of the blood, the stench of death which littered the island. The heat had not gone with the sun. The jungle was fetid, humid and sticky.

The sergeant bent down, peered at the earth and said abruptly, "This is one hell of a foxhole. It ain't even big enough for a Jap."

He picked up the shovel, put his foot on the side of the blade and pushed it into the earth. His body was bathed in sweat. His eyeballs pained sharply and there was an aching weariness in his flesh that gnawed at the small reservoir of strength in his muscles.

He flung a spadeful of earth from the hole, then drove the shovel in again.

Ten yards away, etched eerily in the clouded moonlight, sat a man, his back against the bole of a huge misshapen tree. He appeared even more exhausted than the sergeant. His uniform hung in filthy tatters. There was a smear of blood upon his shoulder, and his eyes, fixed on the sergeant, were filled with dazed weariness.

The sergeant deepened the foxhole by six more spadefuls. Then, leaning on his shovel, he rested. He looked over at the man against the tree. There was anger in his gaze, anger in his voice.

"Grannick," he said, "I told you back there on Parris Island. I always said you'd make a lousy Marine. You always was a wise guy—an' plenty dumb. A boot who'd never learn to obey an order. Left face instead of right. Order arms instead of port. I aged ten years each time you stood inspection. A Marine? My God, I don't see how you missed Bakers' School."

There was a faint sound beneath the tree. Perhaps the clammy breeze had stirred a twig, perhaps the man had cleared his throat. But he did not answer. He seemed too utterly exhausted to make the effort of speech, too utterly exhausted for any effort at all.

The sergeant cursed, wiped the stinging sweat from his eyes and bent his back. He widened the hole by five spadefuls and rested again.

He said loudly, "Grannick, you'll never learn soldiering. Orders is the difference between an Army and a mob. They ain't something to obey if you feel like it, to ignore if you don't like a bucket shop operator. I told you that a million times. You get shot, Grannick, for disobeying orders on a battlefield. But you never learn, Grannick. God, I'd sooner soldier with WAACs than you—WAACs with lady officers."

He paused and thrust his chin pugnaciously in the direction of the tree as if challenging the other to answer. Grannick stared silently back at him through the thin white mist which swept in from the sea.

The sergeant bit his lip, closed his eyes and drew on his last reserve of strength. He dug steadily for three long minutes. He straightened up, breathing hard, and water ran down his face as if from a shower.

Panting, he crossed the ten yards to the tree trunk. He stood there for a moment staring down fixedly at the seated Marine.

"Damn you, Grannick!" he yelled and his voice echoed eerily through the jungle. "You fool. You dumb, pig-headed soldier. Will you *never* learn? When your sergeant orders you to jump into a foxhole, JUMP! It's a military order. Don't charge a Jap machine gun with your bayonet fixed. I don't care whose life you save. Not even if it was mine. Wars aren't won that way. You're one lousy Marine, Grannick. I told you that often enough."

Out of breath, he broke off. The moon came from behind the cloud and shone full in Grannick's face. Mockery seemed to gleam in his eyes.

"I told you often enough," said the sergeant, very quietly and with an odd break in his voice. "Okay, son, I was wrong. You're one hell of a fighting Marine."

He flung the shovel from him. Swift welling tears washed the sweat from his eyes. He picked Grannick up, carried him to the foxhole and in the damp, blood-stained soil of Guadalcanal, he buried him. ###

The Demise of the Little Moron

The little moron stories were growing and multiplying like the Jukes and the Kallikaks until Science did its stuff

by RUDOLPH UMLAND

▪ ARTICLE ▪

NOTE: *During the Winter of 1942-1943, little moron stories were current on every tongue in the U. S. Always, when you started your day's work, your fellow-workers had several new stories to tell you. The stories made you laugh and forget for a moment the world at war. Then something happened. Think back; can you remember when you last heard a little moron story? Do you know what killed these stories? Just after the stories had started to lose their popularity, I chanced to be a passenger on a plane flying to California. Seated beside me in the plane was a big pompous man chewing the end of an unlit cigar. The tips of three other cigars stuck from the breast pocket of his coat. I immediately guessed the fellow to be a super-salesman of heavy machinery or something of the sort. Aggressiveness was written all over him. Following is this man's story of what actually happened to the little moron stories.*—THE AUTHOR.

MY name is Joe Smyrka. I haven't been given a medal for anything and I don't expect any. A word of praise from my boss is worth as much to me as any medal bestowed with ceremony. My boss builds ships. All up and down the West Coast he has shipyards where tens of thousands of workers are busy day and night. The government needs ships, ships, and still more ships to win this war. If the boss contracts to build a certain number of ships in six months, those ships will be built in six months! The boss gets things done. He pays me to help see that there are no delays in production. Materials must move either on schedule or ahead of schedule. I do all I can to expedite production; that's my job. I am an expediter.

Well, sir, about the first of the year, I returned to the West Coast after visiting several dozen factories over the country where I had been speeding up some orders for materials we needed. The boss called me immediately into his office. "Smyrka," he said, "statistics for the last couple of weeks show an unexplained loss in production at the yards. Same number of man-hours but a loss in production; understand? Find out what's causing this loss and eliminate it!"

First, I went to the yards in the Bay area. Bolton, the production superintendent, couldn't offer anything to account for the loss in production but he took me by the coat lapel and asked, "Smyrka, have you heard this one? Why did the little moron lock his papa in the icebox?"

Of course, I couldn't think of an answer to that, so Bolton said, "Because he wanted cold pop!"

Bolton took me down to the yards to let me discover in my own fashion what was causing the production loss. I always like to seek out causes at their source. I made my way carefully over the deck of a Liberty ship that was nearing completion. Little cranes whizzed about carrying plates, girders and pipes to scattered groups of workers. I saw two welders push back their hoods and heard one shout to the other, "Say, Bill, do you know why the little moron took some hay to bed with him?" Bill thought a moment, then shook his head negatively. "Because he wanted to feed his nightmare, ha-ha!" explained the other.

"That's a good one, Jim!" laughed Bill, "but can you tell me why the little moron took his clock to bed with him?"

Jim said he was stumped, so Bill told him, "Because it was fast!"

Bill came back with another one: "What did the little moron do when he was told he was dying?"

"I don't know," said Jim. "What did he do?"

"He moved into the living room!" roared Bill.

The two welders dropped their hoods over their faces and resumed their work. I made my way to another section of the deck where some riggers were unhooking shell plate from a crane.

One of the riggers suddenly started laughing and his companions eased the load to the deck. "Well, let's hear it," they demanded. "I just happened to think of this one," said the rigger. "A little moron was on a ladder painting a ceiling. A second little moron came along and asked, 'Have you got a good hold on the brush?' The first little moron answered, 'Yes.' So the second little moron said, 'Then I can take the ladder away.' "

"Ha-ha, that reminds me of one," said one of the other riggers. "A little moron went to a show. The usher asked him, 'Would you like to sit down front?' The little moron answered, 'I'm sorry, sir, but I don't bend that way.' "

I continued my way to a section of the ship where the deck had not been completed. I looked down into a compartment where a flanger and several fitters were conversing and laughing. Even before I got near enough to distinguish the words, I had a feeling about what I was going to hear. The flanger was saying:

". . . And did you hear about the little moron who stayed up all night to study for his blood test? And the little moron who took some sugar and cream with him to the movie because he heard there was going to be a serial? And the little moron who saved burnt-out light bulbs to use during blackouts? And the little moron who took some pepper out with him because he heard it was hot stuff? And the little moron who ate some dynamite so his hair would grow out with bangs? And the little moron who put a chair in the coffin for rigor mortis to set in? And the little moron who slept on the chandelier because he was a light sleeper? And the little moron who went to a football game because he thought a quarterback was a refund? And the little moron who took off his knee cap to see if there was any beer in the joint? And the little moron who sat up all night on his wedding night gazing out of the window because his mother had told him it would be the most wonderful night he ever saw? Oh, ho, ho, ho!"

All over the yards, whenever I found two workers with their heads together, it was the same; they were exchanging little moron stories. I visited the other yards in the Bay area and found the same stories circulating among the workers. I visited the yards at Seattle and other cities up the coast and found the stories circulating there, too. Well, it was easy for me to see what was causing the loss in production; it was this craze of little moron stories. I determined that a conservative fig-

CPL. Ned Hilton

"He calls it contour plowing, but I think he's been at the jug again"

ure on the time loss per worker caused by the exchange of these stories was ten minutes a day. This would total 100,000 man-hours a week for the boss's workers, or it would mean a loss per week of what 12,500 men would do in one day. I prepared some figures on the matter and reported back to the boss.

The boss went up into the air when I told him. "Little moron stories!" he snorted. "Man alive! it's silly to think anything like that should be delaying production on our ships. Tell me one, Smyrka." I thought a moment and then told the boss one of the stories I had heard at a yard in Portland:

"There were two little morons who were waiting for a streetcar. One asked the other if he thought the car had already gone. 'Yes, it must have gone,' the other exclaimed. 'There's its tracks!' "

The boss did not laugh. "Tell me another," he said grimly. I told him another, but it brought not a chuckle. "Smyrka," he said, "if it's such stories that cause our workers to lose time from their work, then it's really serious business." He pressed the buzzer on his desk and shouted into a transmitter: "Send Dr. Chaney in!"

Dr. Chaney was a psychologist whom the boss had enticed from one of the largest universities in the country. The boss explained the matter to him and asked, "What's the best way to stop this nonsense, Chaney? Post the yards with warnings telling of little moron stories will not be tolerated hereafter?"

"No," said Chaney, "that wouldn't be a good thing to do. It might have a bad effect on the morale of the workers. Some of them might resent it as a restriction on the right to freedom of speech, one of the freedoms for which we are fighting this war. In my opinion, the best thing to do is to stop these stories at their source. Somebody is thinking them up. Find that person and give him something else to think about."

"You hear that, Smyrka?" said the boss. "Find where the stories are coming from and cork the source. I don't care how you do it but do it! This country is at war, and we can't let such a silly craze hold up the production of our ships."

That was more of an assignment than I realized at the time. I started out by going to the yards and seeing my friend Bolton, the production superintendent. "Bolton," I said, "last week, when I was here, you told me about a little moron who locked his papa in an icebox. Do you know any more such stories?"

"Ha, ha, Smyrka," Bolton laughed. "I sure do! Did you hear about the little moron who cut his arms off?"

"No."

"He wanted to wear a sleeveless sweater. Did you hear about the little moron bride who sat down and cried bitterly when her husband went out to shoot craps?"

"No."

"She didn't know how to cook them. Did you hear about the little moron who went strolling along the beach and saw a nude woman come out of the water?"

"No."

"He said, 'Boy wouldn't she look good in a bathing suit!' Did you hear about the little moron bride who slept with her Army husband's picture for ——"

"Stop, stop, Bolton!" I exclaimed. "Who tells you these stories?"

"The waitress who serves me my breakfast," said Bolton. "I always eat breakfast at a little roadside café called 'Forty-forty' on Highway 40. The waitress knows a couple new ones every day. Sometimes, too, a worker at the yards here will tell me one I haven't heard before."

"What's the name of that waitress?" I asked.

"She's a redhead called Harriet," Bolton said.

I thanked Bolton, got into my car, and drove to the café for a talk with Harriet. I found her behind the counter frying hamburgers. There were only a few patrons at the counter. When Harriet brought me my order of coffee, I asked her how many little moron stories she heard a day. She laughed and said she supposed twelve or fifteen new ones a day, that only a few minutes before she had been told a new one. She told me the story and I asked her who had told it to her. She pointed out of the window at a large truck just moving away from the front of the café. "That trucker, Mister!" I ran outside and called to the trucker. He stopped the truck obligingly and I asked him who had told him the story. "Joe Davis who runs a filling station at Reno, Nevada," he said. Since this story seemed fresh off the griddle, I determined to follow it up. I put several investigators on the job tracing it.

Oh, we traced it all right. But if I were to tell you all the details of

Continued on page 154

TRY
OUR
CHOCOLATE
PISTACHIO
JUMBO

"Hey, stranger—look! two straws!"

THE JAP ERADICATO

by John Falt

The How and When of a Hero

His citation for giving everything he had in the presence of the enemy denotes only part of the valiance of this young Marine

by PAUL GALLICO

Everyone is agreed that Corporal, formerly Private Al Schmid, of the United States Marine Corps, is a hero. He wears the Navy Cross to prove it. And sweeter than the Navy Cross, he has left memories in the hearts of his comrades and officers who were at the fight and saw and attended him afterwards. They, heroes themselves, carry in their minds a picture of Al Schmid as a *real* hero. There is really only one point about Schmid open to discussion. When exactly was it that he became a real hero?

In one sense, you are close to the moment in what John Falter's brush has depicted. In another, it happened much later.

You are looking at Private Schmid, firing his machine gun from a jungle nest on the bank of the Tenaru River, in the first battle of Guadalcanal. The time, one o'clock of a bright moonlit morning, August 21st.

Schmid was originally the loader of a three-man team. But you see him at the trigger, because the firer, Johnny Rivers, already lies dead in the jungle underbrush. On the other side of the gun is Corporal Lee Diamond, a Brooklyn boy, in command of the gun. He moved over to "loader," when Al took Rivers' place. But he isn't loading, because the Japs put a bullet through his arm. He can do little but spot and direct.

And so it became a one-man fight of a raging, battle-crazy Marine against hordes of Japs trying to cross the shallow river in batches of fifty, with machine gun and grenade support. Schmid killed more than two-hundred before he was put out of action.

His weapon got red hot because a Jap machine gunner shattered the water jacket. The gun should have quit, but somehow it didn't. Schmid could have quit at that point too, but he didn't. He killed the Jap who hit his gun and went on pouring fire, stopping only long enough to feed in another belt of bullets.

A Jap got across higher up, crept close and threw a grenade. It hit against one of the supports of the gun and exploded. It blew out the gun and the light of the tropic moon. When, after the shock had passed, the darkness remained, Schmid put his hand to his face and found out why.

Lee Diamond saw his blinded comrade haul out his pistol and thought he was going to kill himself. He yelled: "Hey nix, Smitty! Don't do it!"

But Schmid wasn't thinking of that. He reacted like a game prizefighter who, with his eyes closed, gets up and instinctively faces towards his advancing opponent. Al turned his sightless, bleeding face in the direction of the splashing and the crackling and said to Diamond:

"You tell me which way the bastards are coming from and I'll get 'em."

But the Japs had had enough. The long, dark trip began—dressing station, base hospital, hospital ship, the mainland and finally the Naval Hospital at San Diego, California. Return of a hero, blinded, from the wars. One eye was gone. It would be months before the doctors could tell whether sight could be restored to the other.

Hero enough for any saga was Al Schmid. And yet there are those who know the day he became a real hero. It was when he wrote a letter to his girl back home in Philadelphia, breaking their engagement because he didn't want to be a drag on anybody. If his fate was to go through life in darkness, he elected to go alone, rather than be a burden to a gay, sunny girl he had met and learned to love before the war.

The story has a happy ending, as romantic as any fiction. Shadowy sight is slowly returning to Schmid's eye. He and his girl are together again. But the letter, the intent and the sacrifice remain as a monument to the lofty heights to which the human spirit can soar.

Who was the man capable of such superb bravery and understanding? Just a happy-go-lucky, twenty-one-year-old American kid who used to work in a foundry in North Philadelphia, and enlisted two days after Pearl Harbor. The country is full of them, lighthearted, laughing, inarticulate with girls.

Schmid met Ruth Hartley at a party and they went around together for a year, just having fun. They never talked about love or about marriage. They just understood that they were to belong to one another. Laughter was a deep bond between them.

If there had been no war, some fine day, apropos of nothing, and with studied casualness, Al would have said—"Hey, Ruthie, whaddya say we get married—right away, next week . . ?"

There would have been friends and flowers and a new dress and a party. A new family would have been born. To a man there would have come in the course of time his greatest fulfillment.

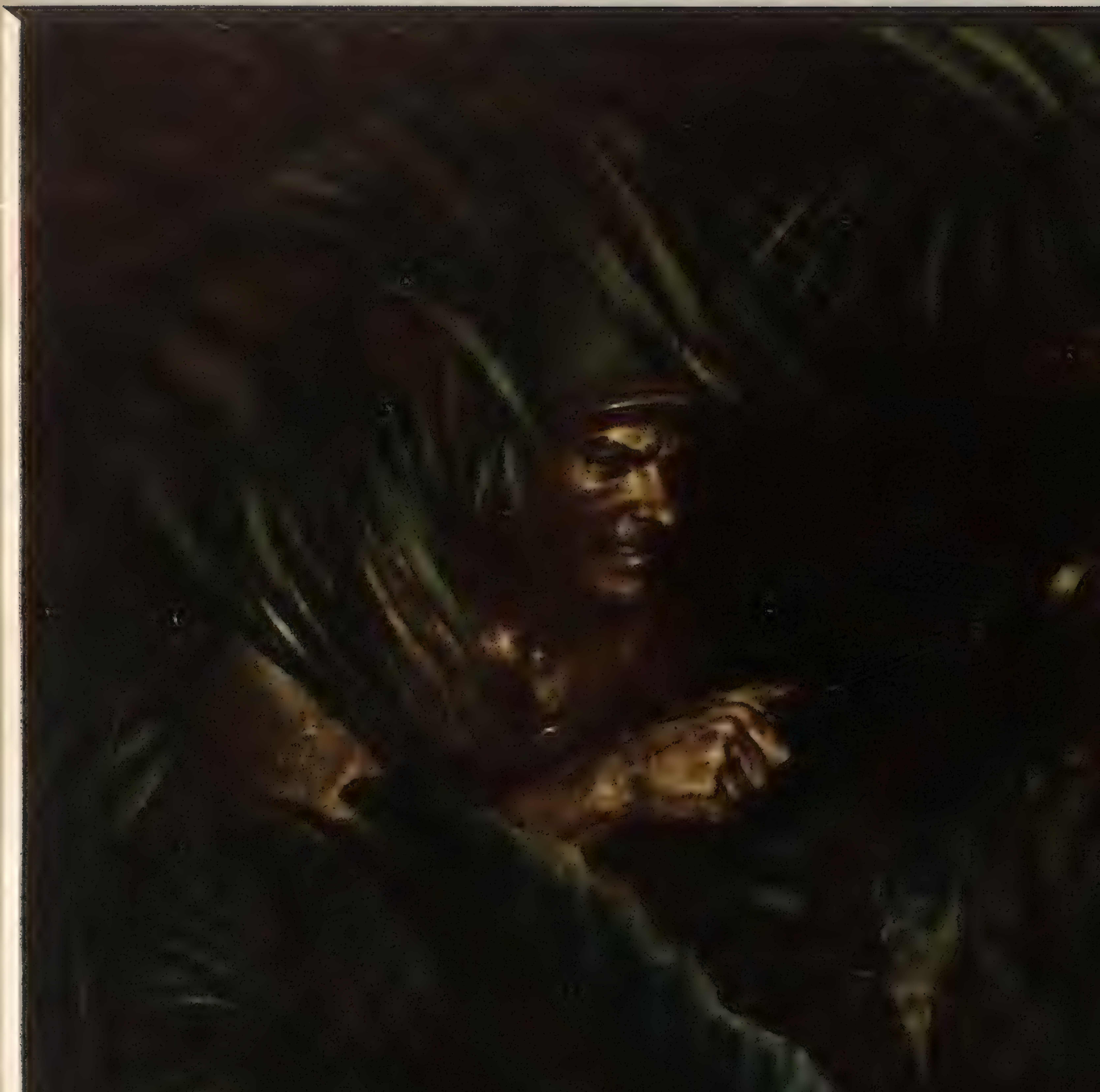
The war made it different. Schmid sent Ruth an engagement ring from training camp. It was not until he found himself blinded, on his hospital cot, that he had time to think again. And then his thoughts were not of himself, but of his girl and the wretched life she might lead with a sightless man.

Quietly, in a dictated letter, he gave up all the sweetness that leavens the bitterness of living, the home-coming, the pressure of arms about his neck, the softness and fragrance of young hair pressed to his face, the warmth of human love and admiration, the strength and tenderness of possession. For here was a boy become all a man, a man who rejected pity, a man who had no pity for himself, who did not believe that he "deserved" anything because of what he had done. He had got a bad break. Okay. That was that.

But he got good breaks too, for which, reading his story, one experiences a warm sense of gratitude. One was a Red Cross girl named Virginia Pfeiffer, who nursed him and wrote for him his brave letter. To it she appended a postscript to Ruth Hartley back in Philadelphia, denying the necessity for the destruction of the years they were to have shared. She wrote: ". . . with his intelligence, personality and humor, there is no reason why you can't build something pretty fine out of life."

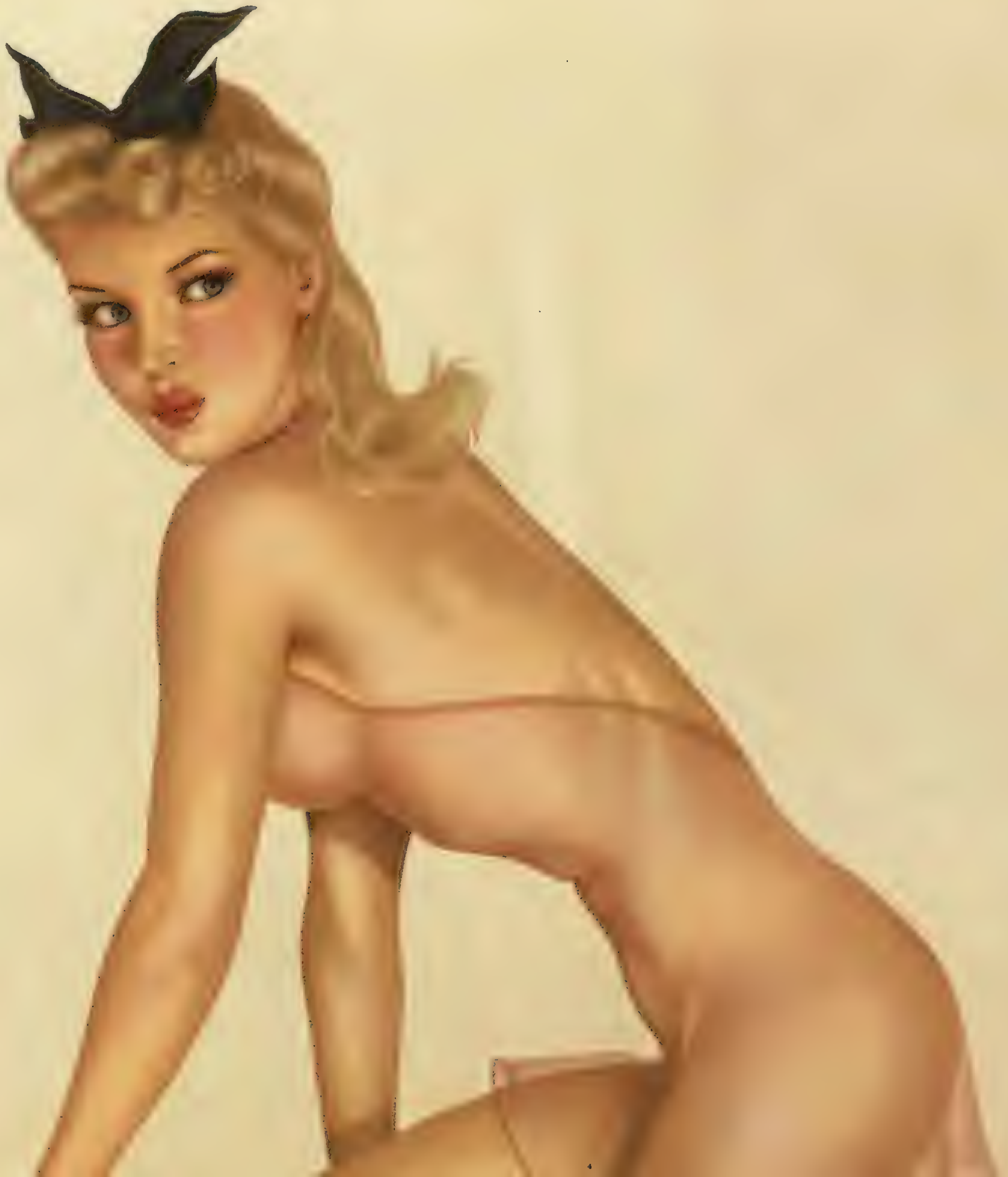
The other break was Ruth herself. With tact and courage and understanding worthy of the man for whom she was fighting, she kept their correspondence going and saw their crisis through to their reunion.

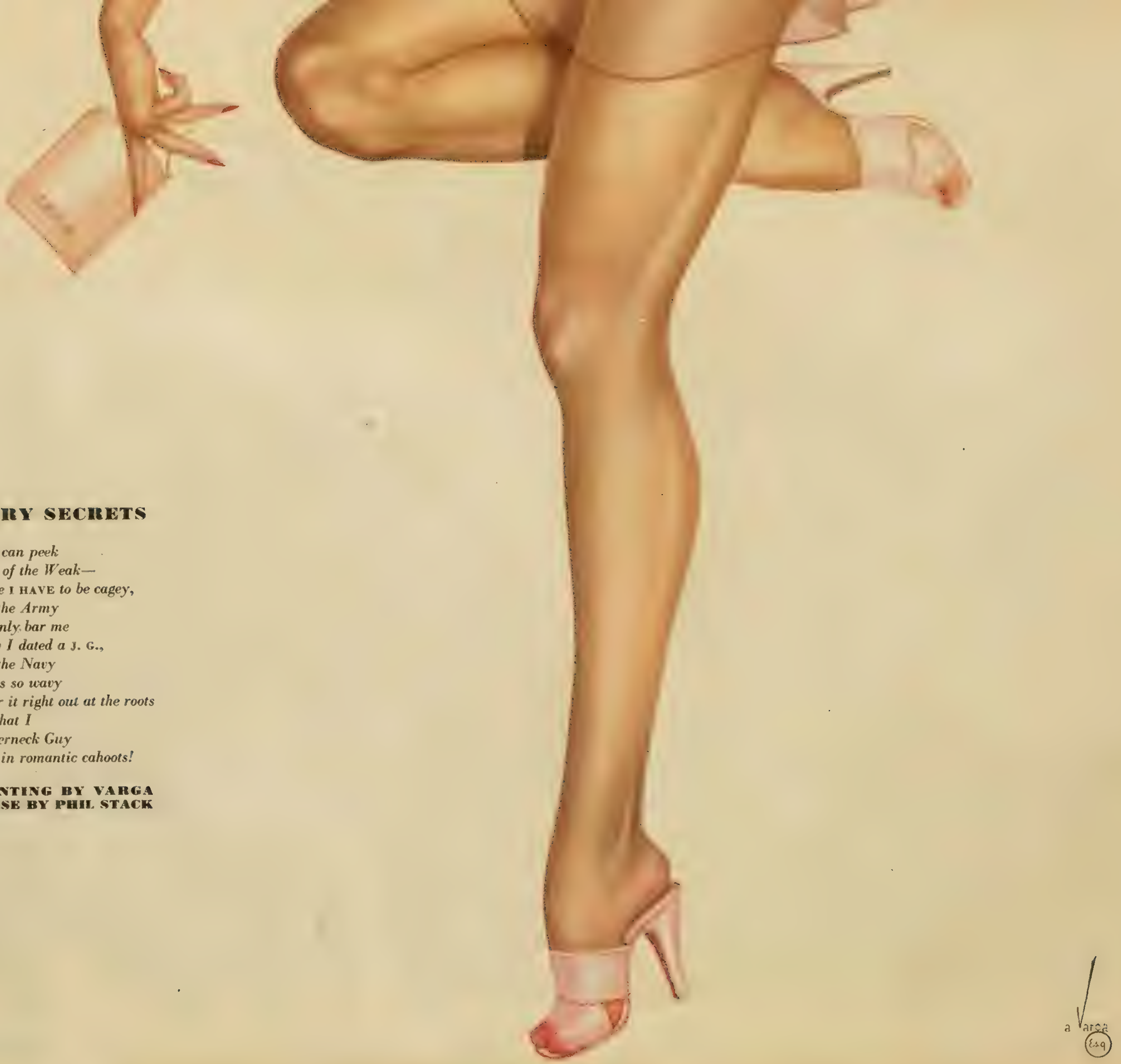
The citation for Al Schmid's Navy Cross reads that in the presence of the enemy, he gave everything he had. It does not mention that higher, sweeter courage—that in the presence of life he asked for nothing. #


JOHN FALTER

THE JAP ERADICATOR, *painted especially for Esquire by John Falter*

THE VARGA GIRL





MILITARY SECRETS

Now, no one can peek
At this Book of the Weak—
In wartime I HAVE *to be cagey,*
That boy in the Army
Would certainly bar me
If he knew I dated a J. G.,
That boy in the Navy
Whose hair is so wavy
Would tear it right out at the roots
If he found that I
And a Leatherneck Guy
Were now in romantic cahoots!

PAINTING BY VARGA
VERSE BY PHIL STACK

Professor D., Alias Runyon

His many pals love being immortalized in those expensive slick stories, afterward invariably sold and canned in Hollywood

by SIDNEY CARROLL

■ ARTICLE ■

R

It is a well known fact that the characters, or guys and dolls, in the short stories of Damon Runyon are very tough characters indeed. There is, for example, a gentleman named Little Isadore. He takes gefüllte fish off other people's plates and nibbles at it with his raw fingers. There is Rusty Charlie. He goes around punching horses in the nose. There is Big Butch, who takes his infant baby with him when he goes blowing safes in Brooklyn. There is Frankie Ferocious. The only time Frankie ever smiled was when he discovered he had guzzled his own ever-lovin' doll. There is also Ropes McGonigle, who is an expert at tying people up in sacks in a manner so ingenious that when the sacked parties attempt to extricate themselves, they choke to death. And Big Jule, who gets to be an expert marksman by shooting at rats in a warehouse. All in all, these aren't the kind of citizens you ask around to dinner, unless, of course, you happen to move in their set.

Now the unsavory character of Mr. Runyon's guys and dolls presents a peculiar puzzle to the observers of the American literary scene. Every editor and publisher of a popular magazine with a circulation in the millions knows that his public wants children, dogs, home, and love in the short story department. Mr. Runyon's characters have no homes, they are baffled by children and dogs, and their kind of love is not condoned by church, law, or Kathleen Norris. Yet, Mr. Runyon is the most popular writer of short stories in America.

There are various explanations for this strange situation, and most of them are embarrassing to the time-honored dogma of the editors of the magazines with very large circulations. One explanation, however, is considered quite consistent with their beliefs. It holds that though Runyon writes of mugs, lugs, and gorillas, his touch is so gentle that they all come out as sweet and docile as children and pets, and it is hard to tell the difference. Runyon feels about a gorilla the way Albert Payson Terhune felt about a collie.

Runyon is very fond of his characters and the reason he is so fond of them is that he knows them, and anybody he knows he likes. His characters bear some remarkable names, but it is known in literary and horsy circles that these names are mere disguises and that each of the Runyon characters has a living counterpart. Runyon knows just about every citizen of any prominence on Broadway, and a great many non-prominent ones, and he likes them all and they all like him. Runyon has a taste for ringing in his pals in an obvious but offhand way. Sometimes he writes about Waldo Winchester, a Broadway columnist. If you are very good at guessing games you might guess who he means. During the Prohibition era he often wrote of "Missouri" Martin, a night club hostess. Her resemblance to Texas Guinan was something more than coincidental. He wrote one story about *The Brain*, whose real name, he said, was Armand Rosenthal and who was Broadway's biggest dealer in gambling operations. The Brain was killed by assailants unknown—unknown to the public. You fit the pieces together and you come up with Arnold Rothstein. These are a few of the more obvious parodies. The others are better disguised under such names as Big Nig, The Lemon Drop Kid, Sorrowful, Professor D., Nathan Detroit, Philly the Weeper, and many others. It is a mark of some distinction to recognize yourself in a Damon Runyon story and many guys and dolls on Broadway place the honor above all others. There is, for example, the authenticated tale of the heavy-set gentleman who charged into Lindy's restaurant one evening and, with ecstasy in his voice, shouted, "Hey—in the new Runyon story—the character who kills three guys! It's me! ME!"

Runyon's acquaintanceship on Broadway is a tremendous one. It extends from the top of the social ladder to the bottom.

The variety of his acquaintances may be gleaned from the autographed photographs that hang on the wall of his study. One is from William Randolph Hearst and one from Franklin Delano Roosevelt. It is an omniverous acquaintanceship, for Runyon is never too busy to hear anyone out. He knows bookies, prizefighters, waiters, actors, jockeys, and scrubwomen. He knows street cleaners, politicians, beggars, brokers, bankers, cops, crooks, window cleaners, clerks, dips, dopes—and he knows them well enough to call them by their first aliases. If Runyon ever kept an address book, it would look like the New York telephone directory. His circle of friends has grown with the years and continues to grow. It got its start in the fabled years when Runyon was working for the newspapers.

Among other things, Damon Runyon is often called the greatest of the old-time newspapermen. He claims he is nothing of the sort. He claims he does not know what an old-time newspaperman is. "There's a new generation of old-time newspapermen coming up every day," is the way he puts it, and he is one who should know. But though he professes a certain ignorance of the subject, those of us who go to the movies know exactly what an old-time newspaperman is, and we can understand Mr. Runyon's disavowal of the breed.

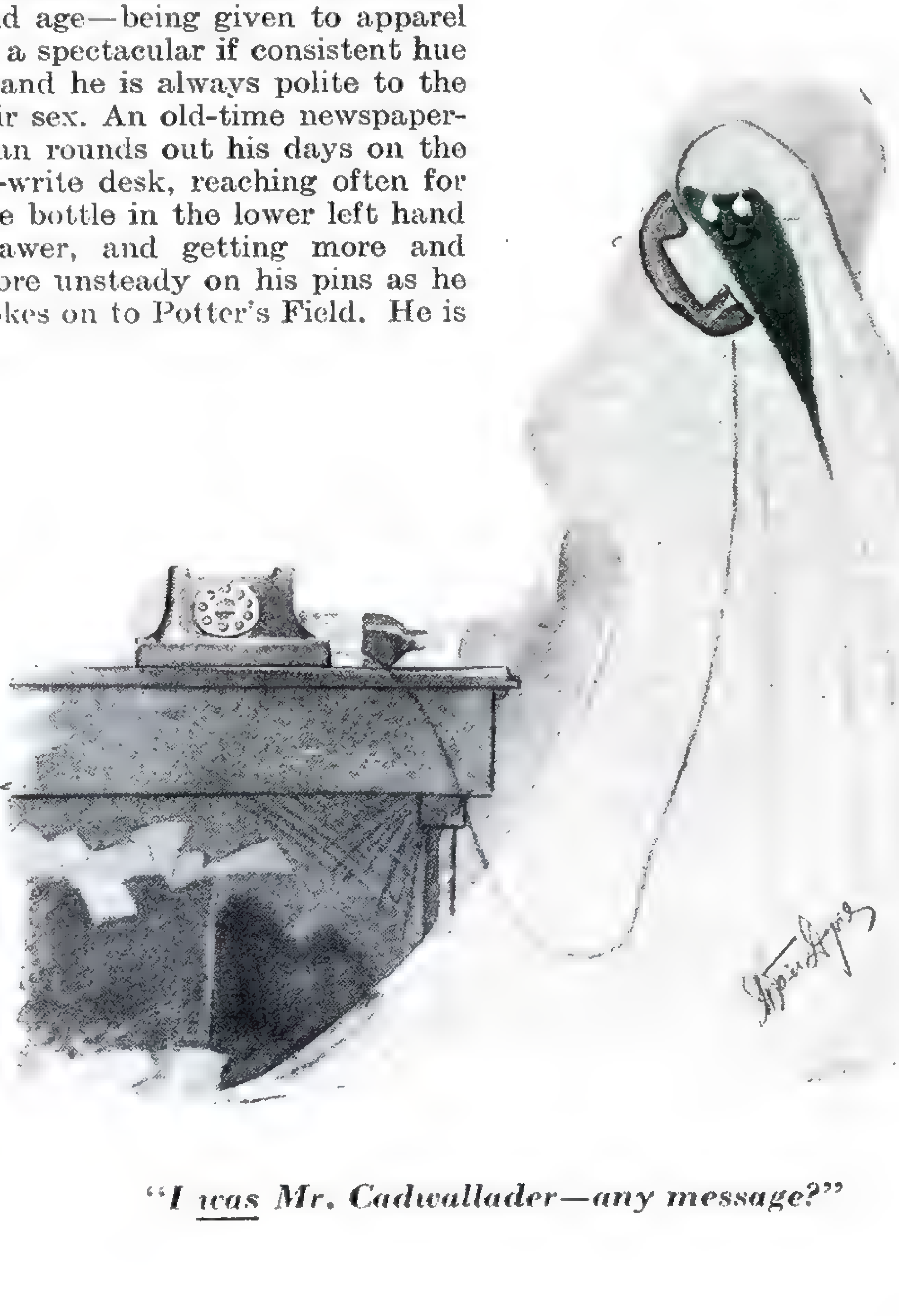
An old-time newspaperman (the cinema is our authority here) always sneers at the very idea of a haberdasher and always wears his hat on the back of his head, even in the presence of ladies. Mr. Runyon is one of the two best-dressed newspapermen of this day and age—being given to apparel of a spectacular if consistent hue—and he is always polite to the fair sex. An old-time newspaperman rounds out his days on the re-write desk, reaching often for the bottle in the lower left hand drawer, and getting more and more unsteady on his pins as he pokes on to Potter's Field. He is always reminiscing of the days when he scooped the town on the Pflugelheimer case.

Mr. Runyon gave up any extensive use of alcohol a long time ago. Also, he is the picture of health. Also, he writes a column which is syndicated in 250 newspapers, and what Mr. Hearst pays him for that column will undoubtedly keep him out of re-write and back room reminiscences for the next two or three hundred years.

"Old-Time Newspaperman," then, is obviously all wrong for this man who is something of a living legend to several dozen million people. He himself prefers "newspaperman."

The proudest title he bears is the one pinned on him by Arthur Brisbane. That was—"the greatest reporter in the world." Runyon laughs that one off, but, naturally, he likes it. He may laugh it off because it is second hand—"the greatest reporter in

Continued on page 160



"I was Mr. Cadwallader—any message?"

Alien in the Big League

The way Mexican Jess Flores has taken to pitching suggests that baseball may some day be the international pastime

by ARTHUR MANN

• SPORTS •

JUAN FLORES had been a hard-working watchman for twenty years in Guadalajara, Mexico, but he quit the job and traveled North across the border with his wife and growing brood—Teofilo, Refugio, Sara, Carmen, Ignacio and little Jess. California wanted fruit pickers, and there was a good camp for laborers at La Habra, just outside Los Angeles. A man could earn more money and live better there than anywhere else in the world. An ordinary worker, they said, might even own property.

At La Habra the father, mother and older children went to pick fruit in the sun-bathed orchard. The younger boys, Ignacio ten, and Jess six, went to learn the mysteries of a new language and customs. But it wasn't the lessons that produced most amazement in their first day at public school. A strange game fascinated them. One of the American children would throw a ball and another would try to hit it with a stick. There was much running, and no end of yelling and loud laughter.

The happy and impressive sight was still in their minds when they left school and stopped at the grove to watch the rest of the family hustle to pick enough oranges and lemons for a decent day's wages. The Mexican brothers exchanged glances and said, almost in unison:

"Bolas!"

Little Jess snatched an orange from a low limb and threw it at his older brother. Ignacio put up his hands in self-defense and the orange clung to them. He threw it back and it stuck to little Jess' hands. With a Mexican whoop they began to throw and catch, just as they had seen at the American school. Ignacio picked up a wide slat from an old fruit crate and smacked the next throw, producing a delightful squish that sprayed him with liquid vitamins. But the oranges were plentiful and Jess grabbed another missile from the limb. The grove was a paradise of new-found joy until the irate foreman spied them reducing golden fruits and profits to pulp. The two Mexican pioneers were chased from the orchard and the cost of the spoiled fruit was deducted from the family's hard-earned pennies.

Twenty years later the same Jess Sandoval Flores is throwing real baseballs with enough skill and accuracy to be the prime topic of an otherwise drab major league baseball season. Toiling for the Philadelphia Athletics, he has confounded American League batters in general and particularly the officials of the Chicago Cubs who let him slip from their grasp in the costly belief that he couldn't win in the big leagues. While the Cubs were waiting in vain on Dick Barrett and Ray Prim, numerically the best pitchers in the Pacific Coast League last season, the discarded Mexican was pacing the Athletics to early success by beating all seven American League clubs within the first few weeks of the current season. He allowed an average of one run and five hits every nine innings, even after tough luck caught up with him and he lost two in a row by a single run.

This is terrific for a Mexican ball player, or any other, including the Scandinavian. There have been a couple of Mexicans in big-league baseball, plenty of Cubans, Canadians and others, but Flores is the first alien with skill enough to suggest that the game might eventually be called the international pastime. His success parallels that of a Yankee going to Mexico and becoming a ranking bull fighter, for only one, Sidney Franklin, of Brooklyn, ever got away with it.

Flores is more of a surprise because few people in baseball expected him to justify any kind of selling price. Last year, Manager Jimmy Wilson returned him to the Cubs' farm-club, Los Angeles, with expressed contempt for his "dinky screwball." The majority having worshipped too long at the shrine of fast ball and home run, accepted this as final appraisal. Not even Flores' fourteen victories in the Coast League last year, all scored after July 1, could erase the stigma of Wilson's comment.

But Connie Mack, now eighty-one years old, has been around long enough to understand all kinds of young players. He has been around as far as Mexico City, where he trained his A's one Spring, and he knows that the peculiar personality of a poor Mexican is traceable to laziness or oppression. Since Flores had conquered a game wholly foreign to his nature, Connie Mack decided that the young man was worth a trial. He remained silent while Clarence Rowland, President of the Los Angeles Club, peddled Flores in vain to several other big-league clubs. When the asking price matched his purse, Connie paid 1,500 dollars down, with another 7,500 dollars to be shelled out if the player was not returned within a month.

"I'm afraid Flores is here to stay," Mack said recently. "He is more than a good pitcher. He is a great pitcher because of abilities that you can't see from the grandstand. He is not terribly fast, though he has a good fast ball. He isn't big—only about five-ten and a hundred and seventy pounds. You must look below the surface to understand Flores' good qualities, but I guess that's true of anybody. A quick estimate of talents is unfair to any man, and it's been unfair in the case of Flores.

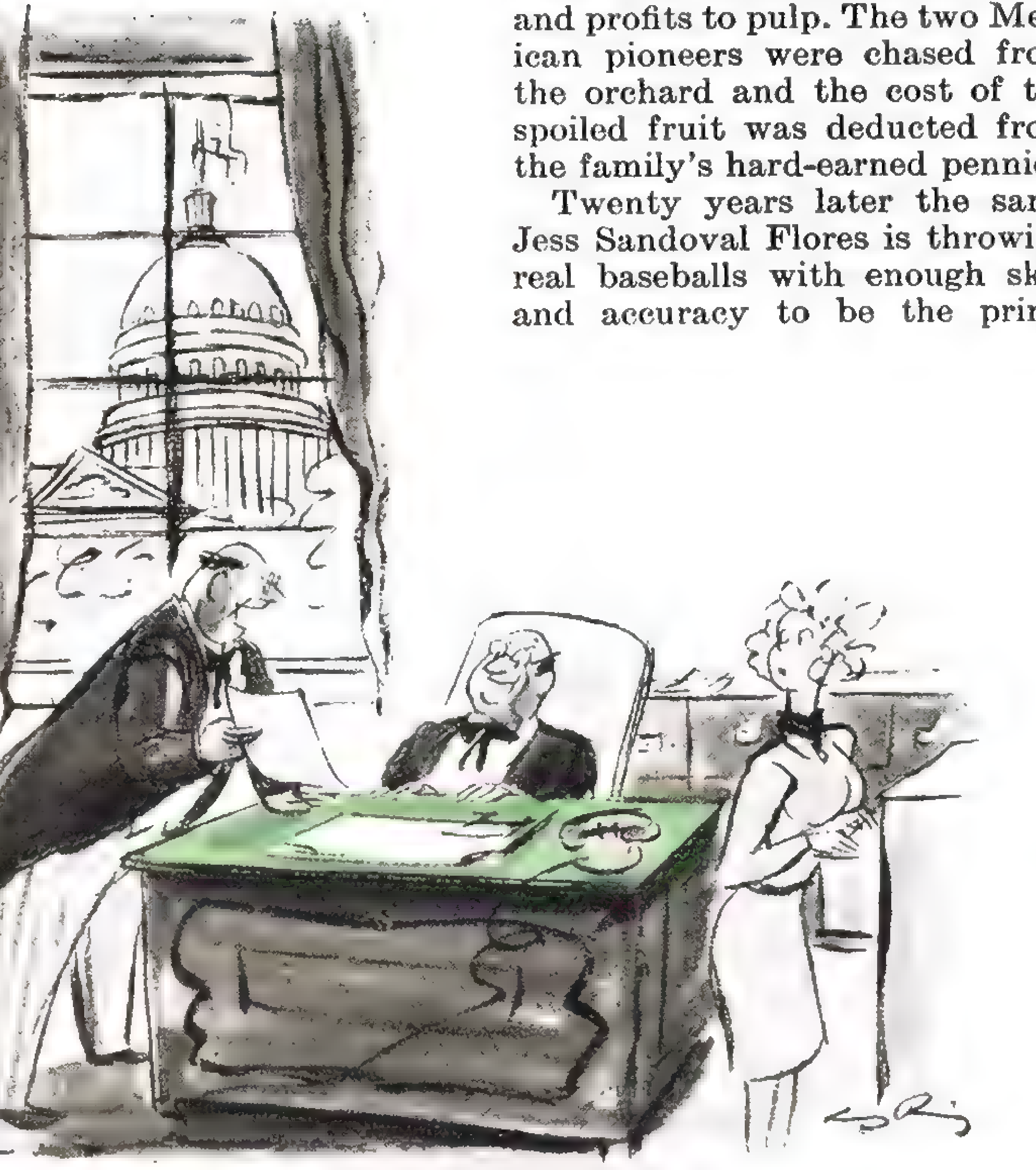
"I like the way he remembers what kind of pitch a batter hits or fails to hit. I like the way he believes in what he throws, putting it exactly where he thinks it will go best. I like the way he takes setbacks and victories—both in silence. I tell you, it makes a man feel great to have a hard-working boy like this come into his life."

Hard work became a habit early in Flores' life, for plenty is required to eke a livelihood from fruit-picking, no matter how many of the family snatch the citrus. Before he was through grammar school at La Habra, he had decided that baseball would provide the only escape for all concerned from the treadmill of the fruit groves. He played the game in every spare minute and he dreamed of the day when he would earn enough money to take his parents from the sun-kissed orchards. But it was a long haul.

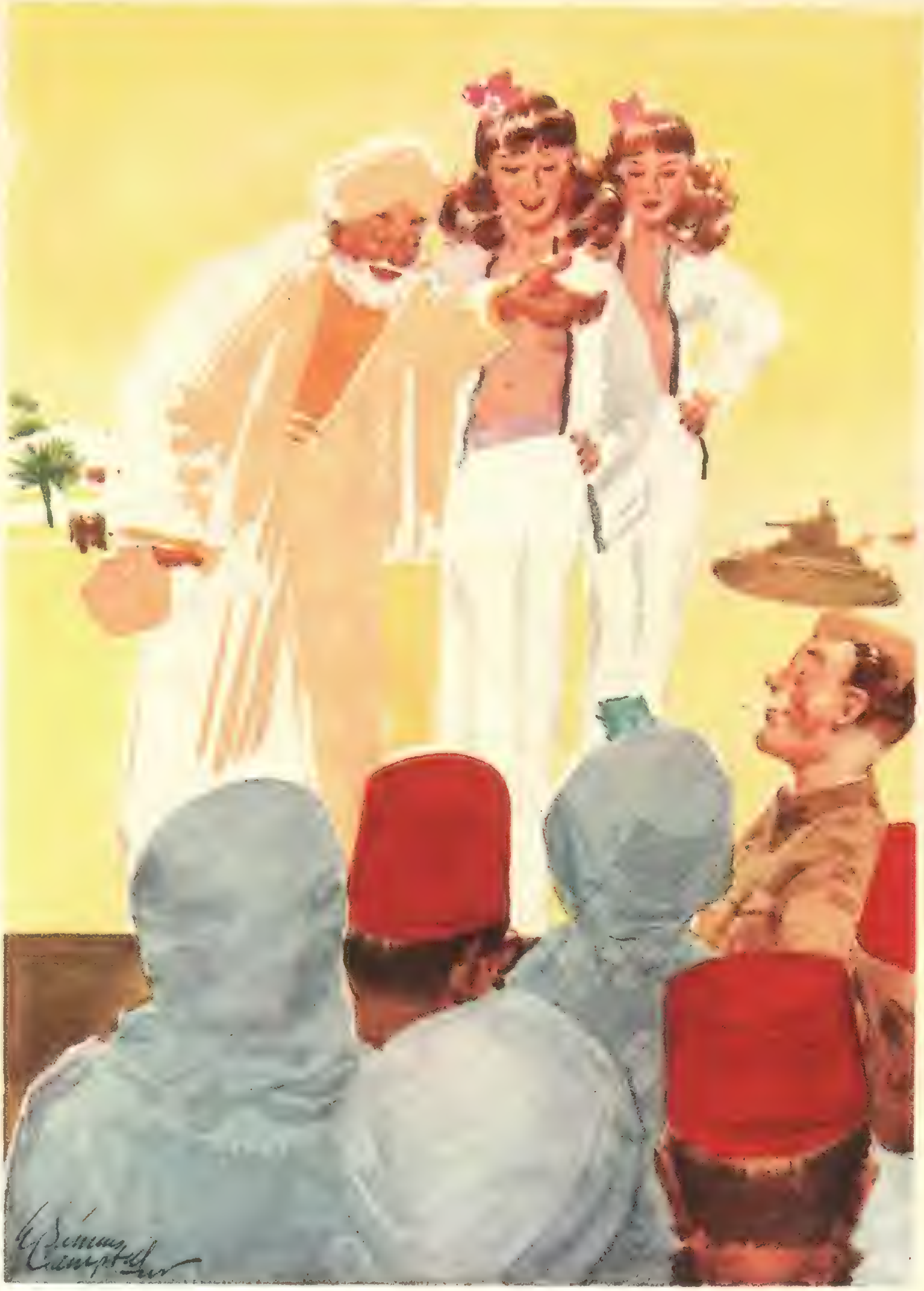
In grammar school at La Habra he won medals in track and field meets for the high jump, shot put and throwing the baseball for distance. He could have helped any high school track team, but he waived the chance and went into the groves as a picker to help the family. After work, he and Ignacio hunted up sand-lot ball games and earned extra dimes as an All-Mexican battery. Ignacio was quite a catcher. Jess says he had more natural ability, but the long hours in the groves left him with less margin of power.

"Ignacio had plenty," Flores explains with deepest pride. "Next to Bob Swift, who catches me most of the time on the A's,

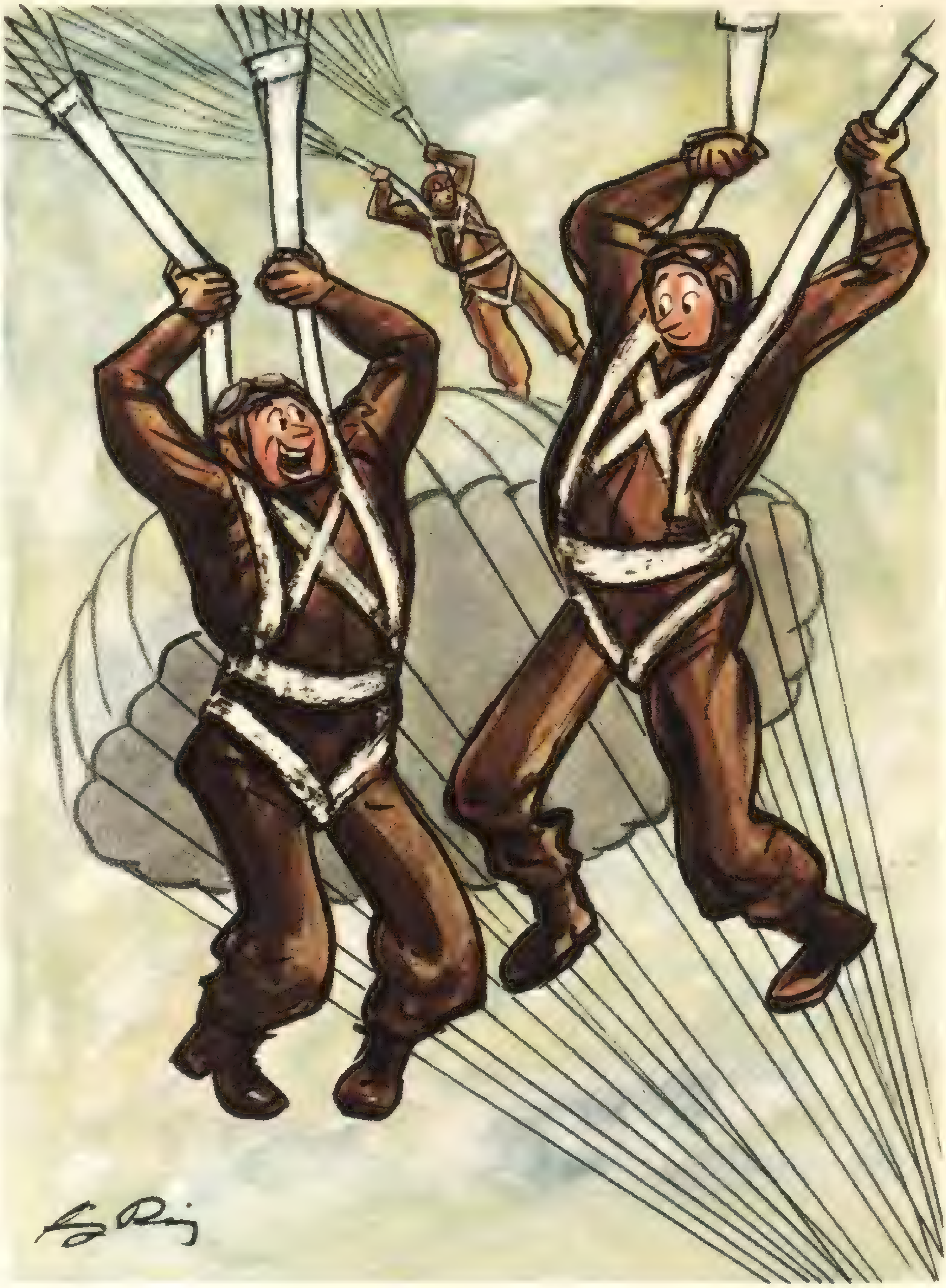
Continued on page 163



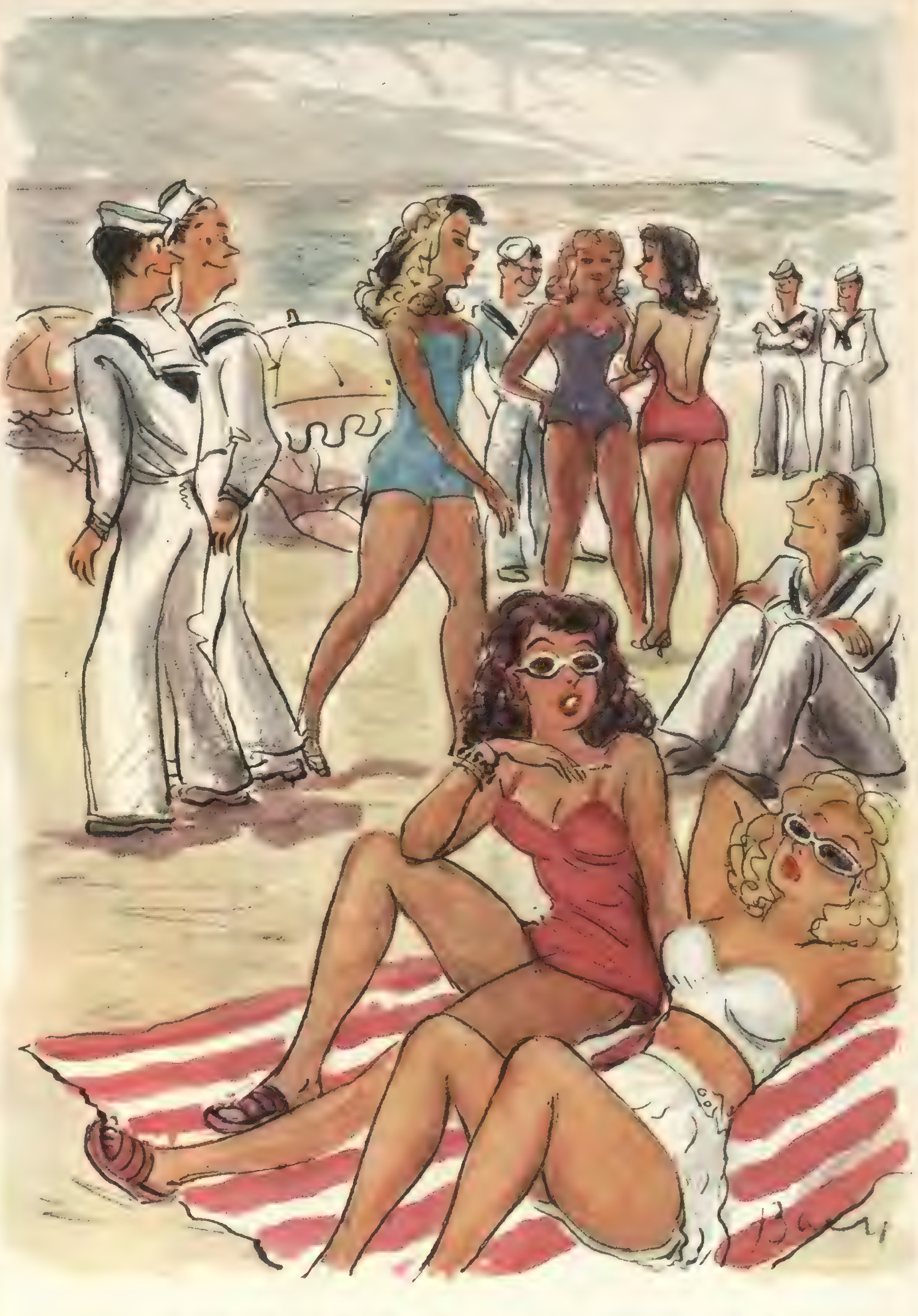
"Hampton, here's a capital suggestion—why don't we freeze taxes instead of prices?"



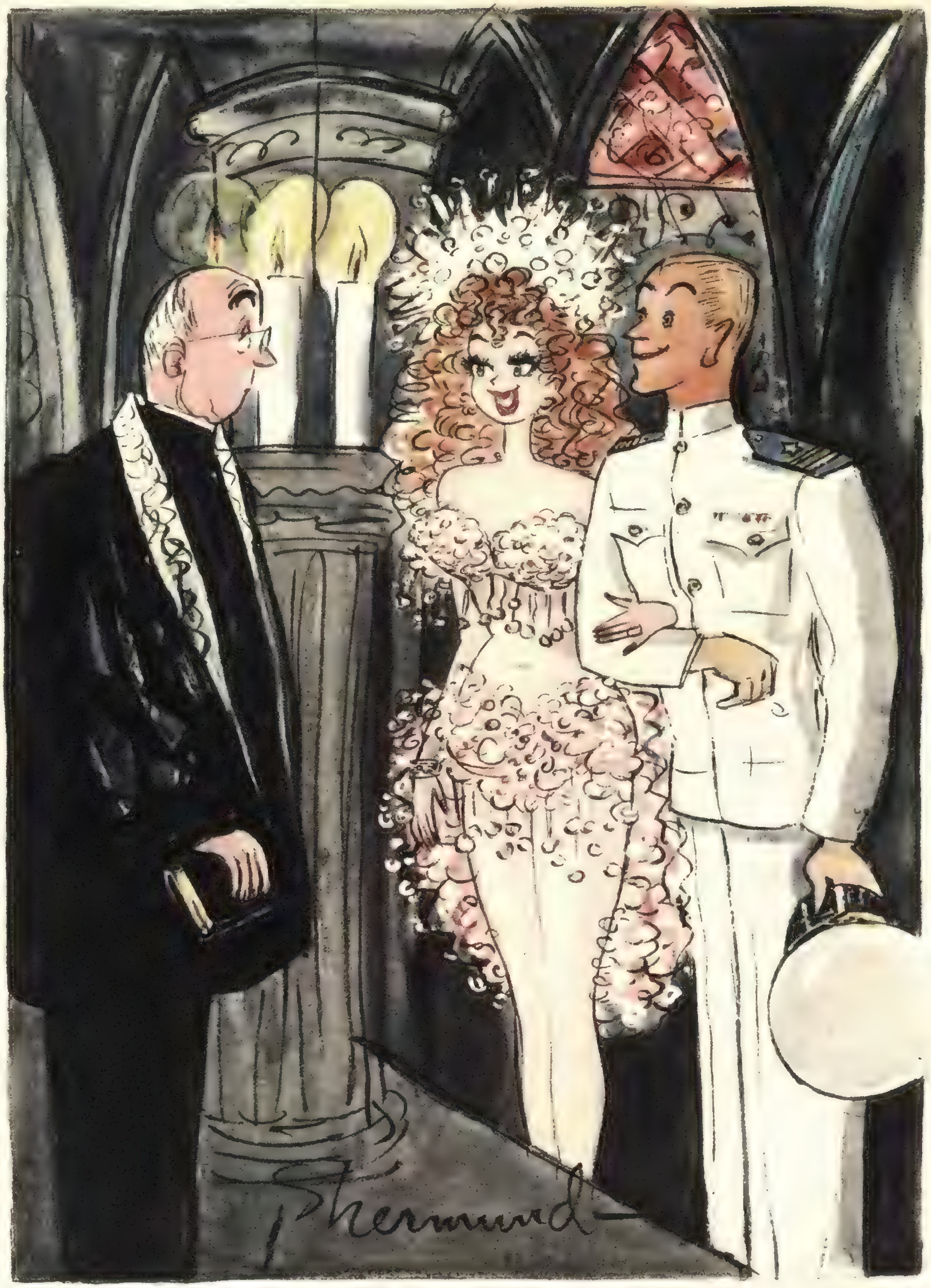
"Sold American!"



"Oh, boy!—it's the same feeling I get when I kiss my girl"



"Sailors just can't stay away from the water, can they?"



"Lt. Kent just got orders to report for sea duty so we dashed right over during intermission"

Hell in the South Atlantic

It's a galling experience to have to sail one of his Majesty's ships for the Nazis, but this mariner got away

by A BRITISH MERCHANT SEAMAN

• ARTICLE •

I AM an oiler in the British Merchant Marine. I've been on the sea all my life, and my father and grandfather before me. But two years ago, I became a Nazi seaman.

Not willingly, nor could I have changed any part of my story even by giving my life to do it. But I will start at the beginning, in Dundee.

In October of 1940, I shipped out of Dundee on the British ship *S. S. Marlborough.* Most of the boys—Mavers, and Scott, Thomas Manclark and Packy McPike—were Scots, like me. And Captain Parker was as fine a sea-going man as ever packed a duffle bag.

The *Marlborough* was a trim 15,000 tons, with refrigeration space below. We were taking automobiles down to Buenos Aires; we would bring the food back. She was a lucky ship; she'd been the last vessel to leave Le Havre before the fall of France, and had been struck by a bomb in the Tidal Basin in London. The bomb turned out to be a dud, and Captain Parker kept half of it on display in the ship. The other half he gave to the company office.

The weather was fine going down. At Buenos Aires, we unloaded the automobiles and took on frozen beef and eggs. We went on to Montevideo for more of the same. As we were loading, a wireless came in from a British Auxiliary Cruiser at sea, telling us she was fast on the heels of a German raider. Next morning we heard that the raider had given her the slip. But there were rumors that there was a nest of them out there somewhere, playing hob with the shipping along the coast. Where the raiders were based was anybody's guess. Our navy had been searching for them for months.

It would have been wiser, perhaps, if we'd laid over for a few days. But we had a job to do. We sailed out of Montevideo that day.

Fourteen days out, within 300 miles of Freetown, we sighted a scouting plane.

She flew over us, wheeling and dipping gracefully in the noon sun, as innocent as the flowers in May. She carried no markings and there were no bombs on her. I remarked to Packy MacDermott, my watch mate, that it was a queer thing, because there wasn't a ship to be seen on the horizon.

"Aye," said Packy. "Queer, but we're out of the running of them raiders. She must be one of our planes on patrol duty."

Captain Parker was watching her from his bridge, calm as usual. We kept on, full steam ahead.

And then it came, the first salvo—out of nowhere! The six shells struck in the water all about us, none of them near enough for damage.

"Boat stations," said Captain Parker quietly, and the mates took it up; there was the usual ordered scurrying about the decks, and we waited for what was to come. When I reached my station I looked up for the scouting plane, but she'd disappeared.

Lookout was at his post with the telescope; he could report nothing. Whoever was firing at us was doing it by radio location, just beyond the horizon.

After the second salvo, we saw her. After the third (and the shells were still landing over and around us), we saw she was a pocket battleship, flying the British Ensign aft.

A cheer went up. But I looked at Captain Parker, and saw his face set. It was a common trick for Jerry to fly the emblems of any country he chose. The Captain's problem was a mean one. If he scuttled ship, Britain would lose a valuable cargo. If he didn't, and our attacker was German, we'd be in for it.

Captain Parker, still smoking calmly, decided on the middle course. He gave an order to the gunner.

"Over the side with the antiaircraft," he said. "And throw over the hammer and breech block from the four-inch. Telescope sights, too."

We were taking no chances. If the ship was a Jerry, she'd never use our arms, what of them we had.

Another salvo burst over our bow, churning the water around us.

"Heave to," commanded Captain Parker. We slowed down and wallowed gently in the calm sea.

The ship was approaching us at about 26 knots. We could see her armament as she grew nearer. Our crew quieted. I saw Captain Parker grip the bridge rail. There was bitter disappointment in his face.

She was no British ship. The sun glinted on her 11 inch and 5.9 inch guns, and they were all trained on us.

The Jerries lowered away four motor launches. In them were a Commander and two more officers (later I saw they were Oberleutnants), and about eighty ratings carrying revolvers and machine guns. There were even a couple of publicity men along too, in civilian dress, completely outfitted with cameras and film.

Through the German commander's megaphone came the command in perfect English: "Lower the gangway; we're coming aboard! All hands forward, away from the lifeboats!"

What could we do, with those machine guns aimed right at us? The assistant steward burst into song as they came aboard. "Are we downhearted?" he sang. And there was a loud chorus of "NO!" from our crew. We got some dirty looks from Jerry for that.

The German ratings waved their guns at us. We retreated, but there were grins on our faces. The publicity men lost no time.

"Fine!" they yelled. Cameras clicked. "Hold it! Smile some more! Look happy! You're glad! Glad!"

But Jerry took no smiling pictures. By the time the shutters fell, our faces were of stone.

The German commander questioned Captain Parker, and then signalled him to fall in behind for an inspection tour of the ship. The first thing he saw in the salon was the bomb fragment, and he was quick to ask about it.

"Some of the dead ammunition you dropped on London," replied Captain Parker, with a wide grin.

"You're too smart," said the German. "Kindly step into the launch. We'll return you to our ship."

"May I have permission to say a few words to my crew before I go?" asked Captain Parker.

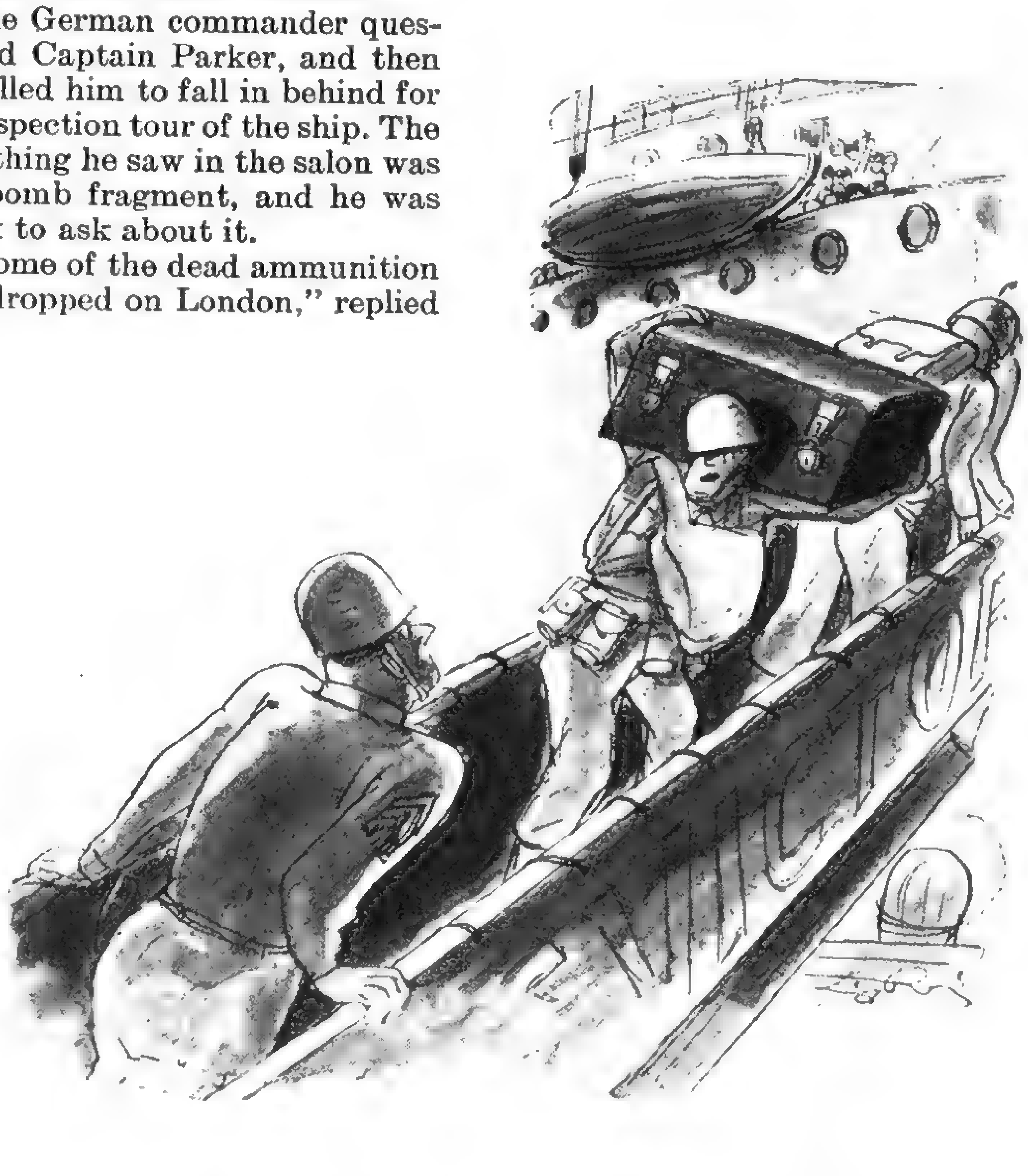
The German laughed. "You'll have plenty of time to address your men in Germany," he said.

So Captain Parker stepped down the gangway, proudly and serenely. He gave us a wave of the hand as the launch swept away from the *Marlborough.* And that was the last we saw of him.

With Captain Parker went our four navigation officers, the gunner, and the radio operator.

Then the German gave his attention to us. He ordered the below-decks watch up, put us in line, and made us take our turns standing on the forward hatch, where we were searched and stripped of anything we might use for sabotage. We were then sent

Continued on page 169



"Just some glass beads and trinkets for the native girls"

"You Are Welcome!"

As the Captain had not known his late friend had a wife, her invitation to tea struck him as a charming surprise

by C. S. FORESTER

• FICTION •

Captain John Partridge, R. N. was walking along Fifth Avenue, and that afternoon everything was right with his world. He was in New York, and before him was the imminent prospect of returning to England—and to an Englishman there is probably no condition quite as blissful as to be in New York with the reassuring certainty that he will not be away too long from his own fog-ridden and bomb-battered island. Nor was this all; a U-boat wolfpack had been satisfactorily disposed of off the Atlantic seaboard two weeks before, largely through Partridge's agency. Partridge was at that moment waiting for the permission of his King to accept a decoration from the United States Government; there would soon be another ribbon to add to the gaudy row on his chest. He ambled blissfully along Fifth Avenue. He let his eye roam appreciatively up and down the beautiful lines of the group of buildings of Rockefeller Center and addressed himself without any misgivings to walk the further nine blocks which would take him to the Torricelli Hotel where Mrs. John Desmond was waiting to give him tea.

That was one more thing to be pleased about. He had not realized before this that Jack Desmond—Commander John Desmond, who had been killed at his side in Narvik fjord—had left a widow. But undoubtedly he had, and she was now here in New York and in the British Government Service as the letter in Partridge's pocket had told him—

Torricelli Hotel,
New York City

Dear Captain Partridge,

I was so pleased to hear the news that you were passing through New York. I never had the pleasure of meeting you, but I remember so often my late husband, Commander John Desmond, speaking about you, and I believe you were with him when he died.

I happen to be passing through New York myself, during a flying visit on the business of the Ministry of Economic Warfare, and I would be so pleased if you had a little time to spare when we could meet. Perhaps I could give you a cup of tea here—would you telephone and tell me if you could come?

Yours very sincerely,
Dorothy Desmond.

So he had telephoned, and now he was on his way to tea with Jack Desmond's widow at the Torricelli Hotel on Fifty-Ninth Street—and the fact that the Torricelli was one of the half dozen most expensive hotels in the world convinced him that Mrs. Desmond must be here in a very high official capacity indeed. And her voice when he telephoned had sounded simply charming.

It was just as charming over the desk telephone when he called her from the lobby. At the door of her suite she held out her hand eagerly to him; it was a momentary surprise to find that she was tall and blonde and beautiful—her voice and her letter had somehow, ridiculously, caused Partridge to expect a medium sized brunette—but the shock passed away rapidly under the charm of her personality.

"I've already telephoned for tea," said Mrs. Desmond in her quick, charming voice, "but perhaps you prefer a whisky and soda?"

"Well—" began Partridge. It was perfectly ridiculous that because a pair of blue eyes were looking at him he could not decide whether he would prefer tea or whisky and soda. He brought himself back to reality with a jerk by thinking very hard of the last time he had seen John Desmond, and of the sewn-up hammock with the twelve-pounder shells at head and foot in which John Desmond lay now at the bottom of the North Atlantic.

"I'll have a whisky and soda, if you please," he said, at length.

Mrs. Desmond asked for Room Service on the telephone.

"This is Mrs. Desmond in room ten-fifteen," she said. "Send me a Scotch highball, please. Yes, one. Yes, make it one order of tea. You are welcome." She put down the telephone, and turned back to a quietly waiting Partridge.

"Well—" she said, but it was not the dithering, doubtful 'Well—' that Partridge had used. He was suddenly calmer now, too.

"How long have you been in the States, Mrs. Desmond?" he asked. That was as good an opening as the weather for a tongue-tied Englishman to start a conversation with a stranger.

"Just three weeks," said Mrs. Desmond. "Most of the time I've been in Washington."

"And how do you like America?"

"It's a great change from England," she laughed suddenly. "That's a trite thing to say, but it is, isn't it?"

"This is your first visit, I take it?"

"Oh yes, I've never been here before. I had just been given a job with the Ministry when poor Jack was killed, and I've been with them ever since. I was staggered when my chief—do you know Sir William Brown?—suggested I should come over here. But somebody had to come—you can't imagine what it's like carrying on a complicated correspondence with cipher cables—and so I jumped at it. I think I'll be able to go back next week."

"Flying?"

"Oh, no, I'm not nearly so important as that. I came by sea in the *Merivale*, in convoy, and I suppose I'll go back the same way."

The entrance of the waiter with the tray interrupted them for a moment. Mrs. Desmond poured herself tea, and saw to it that Partridge's whisky and soda was convenient to his elbow.

"Did you have a good passage?" asked Partridge.

"Oh yes, but don't let's talk about me. My work is so unimportant. Let's talk about you."

"That's nothing much to talk about."

"Oh, but it is. There's such a lot I want to hear. In fact I don't know where to begin. I want to know what brought you over here. And there's that Detector that Jack was working on before he died—I know you were helping him with it because he told me so. Have you gotten it into shape at last?"

They were looking into each other's eyes—her frank blue ones with the smile in them and his steady grey ones. It must have been the enthusiasm which all inventors feel for their inventions

GEORGE WOLFE

"Do you ever catch yourself not thinking of dames?"

which caused Partridge's expression to harden a trifle. The brief hesitation before he replied could be ascribed to the natural momentary doubt he experienced regarding whether he could mention the secret device to the widow of the man who first suggested it, even though she was also a trusted official of the British Government.

"I didn't know Jack had told you about that," said Partridge.

"Oh, Jack used to tell me everything. You know I never saw him once after the war began before he was killed, but up to then I was always up to date on how the invention was coming along. Those iridium points that he used to worry about—did you manage to find a more efficient substitute?"

"Oh yes. That was the turning point of the whole development. We started using a nickel-vanadium alloy that made the whole thing practical instead of just theoretical. Of course, it had its disadvantages. Like this—"

Partridge felt in his pocket and brought out the envelope of Mrs. Desmond's letter and a stub of pencil, and in a few bold strokes he illustrated the theory and practice of the Desmond-Partridge Submarine Detector. Mrs. Desmond nodded sagely over the technical details. She could clearly follow him up to a point.

"I hope there are lots of them in use," she said. "The Admiralty told me that I should have to wait until after the war before I could receive any patent royalties—Jack left all his share to me, you know."

"No, I didn't know that. But I shouldn't bank on too much because any day they may be superseded. You see, if Jerry—"

Partridge went into a further disquisition regarding how the German submarines, if once they realized the nature of the instrument that was detecting them, could take counter-measures that would cover their tracks.

"Luckily Jerry hasn't tumbled to it yet," concluded Partridge.

"And let's hope he doesn't," said Mrs. Desmond, fervently, "and I suppose you've been over here working on this with the American Navy against submarines?"

Partridge nodded. With a deliberate gesture of his powerful fingers he tore the envelope into four pieces and he walked across the room and dropped the fragments into the wastepaper basket.

"I hope it went all right?"

"Pretty well."

As Partridge said the two words his eyes met the frank blue ones again in a steady gaze. It was almost as if he was looking for something—some change of expression or flicker of anticipation.

"What about that submarine captain—what was his name, now?—We heard a lot about him in the Ministry at one time—was it Bronheim?"

Partridge was not in the least surprised that Mrs. Desmond in some way should be acquainted with the name of Bronheim.

"We got him all right," he said, and after a further moment's hesitation he gave a vividly colored account of how the wolfpack had met its end. Mrs. Desmond listened to him with shining eyes. It was as if the old romance of Othello and Desdemona were being re-enacted. A man as sensitive and as human as Partridge could hardly fail but be aware that the surest way to Dorothy Desmond's regard and affection was to tell her more of these tales of derring-do. But if Partridge was conscious of this he made no effort to trade upon it. He finished his whisky and soda and stood up.

"This has been such a pleasant afternoon," he said, proffering his hand. "I hope we shall meet again. Perhaps you will dine with me some evening?"

"That would be very nice. Will you call me? Of course you will remember that I'm all packed and ready to go at a moment's notice—you know what convoys are."

When Partridge came out of the Torricelli Hotel he did not seem to be in the mood for further sauntering. Instead, he stepped briskly into a taxi-cab and gave the name of his hotel loud enough for the doorman to hear. But when the cab had gone no more than a couple of blocks he apparently changed his mind and redirected the driver to another address. The four broad gold stripes on his shoulders took him quickly past the guard at the door and into an inner office, where the man sitting at the desk took one look at Partridge's face and abruptly sent out of the room the secretary to whom he was dictating.

"Something's up?" said the man behind the desk.

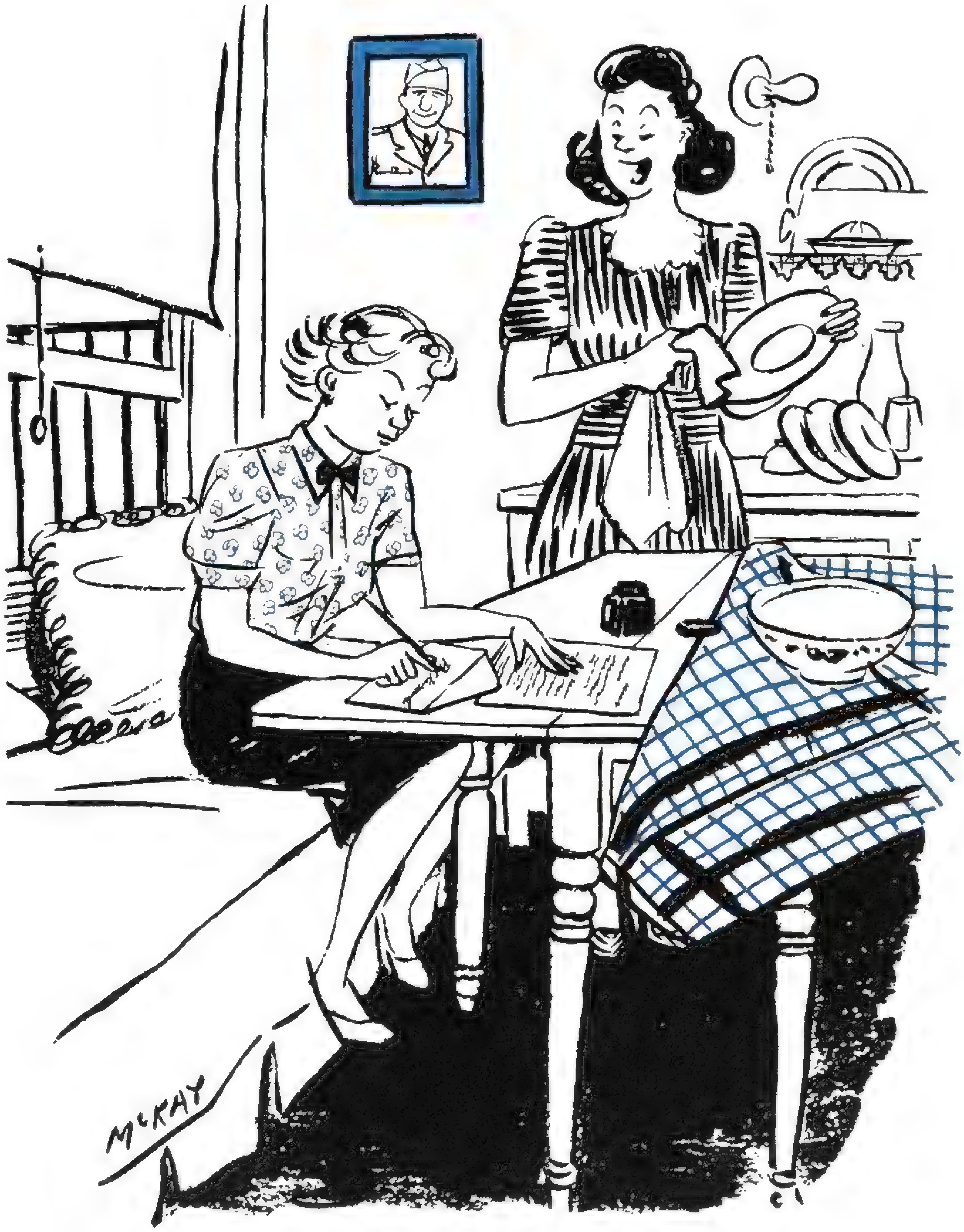
"Nothing very much," said Partridge, "only a spy."

The man behind the desk caught his breath sharply. It was his business to deal with spies.

"Where?" he asked.

"You'll find her in room ten-fifteen at the Torricelli Hotel," he said, tersely, but then, as the man behind the desk reached to press the button of his buzzer, Partridge

Continued on page 123



"Be sure to put Company B, 3rd Battalion—there may be two Pvt. Townsend Kasmanskis there"

Twelve Records and Exile

Having answered the question himself, our jazz sage asks other fans which dozen records they'd take if banished

by ROBERT GOFFIN

• ARTICLE •

The Bible tells us that when Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed, God saved the innocent and allowed them to flee the cities. Three years ago something of the kind happened in Belgium—though when Hitler took over not all the innocent were able to flee. Luckily, I escaped. The penalty I paid was to lose my collection of 3,000 phonograph records.

I have never bought a phonograph record since that day. But I've often wondered, if I were able to go back for, say, twelve records, without turning into a lump of salt, which ones I would chose. Could I choose twelve jazz records which I would listen to fifty years hence without shuddering? And how would I choose them—for the tune itself, for the arrangement, for the solo artist?

Taste in jazz music is as personal as the contents of a man's trousers pockets. This list of mine may be "expert," but it could cause another expert acute pain.

Original Dixieland Jazz Band—*Tiger Rag, Ostrich Walk.*
New Orleans Rhythm Kings—*Shimme-Sha Wabble, That Da-Da Strain.*
Original Wolverines—*Shimme-Sha Wabble, The New Twister.*
Louis Armstrong—*West End Blues, Fireworks.* Columbia.
Louis Armstrong—*Shine, Just a Gigolo*
Louis Armstrong—*Confessing.* Decca.
Duke Ellington—*Tiger Rag* (Parts I & II).
Duke Ellington—*It Don't Mean a Thing, Rose Room.*
Chocolate Dandies—*Got Another Sweetie Now.* Columbia.
Chicago Rhythm Kings—*I Found a New Baby, There'll Be Some Changes Made.*
Mound City Blue Blowers—*One Hour, Hello Lola.* Victor.
Eddie Lang-Joe Venuti All Star Orch.—*Beale Street Blues.*

I asked six jazz specialists—both men who make music and men who tear it apart—what twelve records they would take were they fleeing from this or that wicked city. The first to be questioned was the urbane Duke Ellington.

"Well," said the Duke thoughtfully, "I'd take Ravel's *Daphnis and Chloe;* Delius' *In a Summer Garden;* Debussy's *La Mer* and *Afternoon of a Faun;* and the *Planets Suites . . .*"

On closer questioning he admitted he would take a few jazz records. "One of Art Tatum's records—*any* one"—and the rest would be:

Coleman Hawkins' *Body and Soul.* Bluebird.
Berigan's *I Can't Get Started.* Victor.
Artie Shaw's *Nightmare.* Brunswick.
Fats Waller's *I'm Gonna Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter.* Victor.
Sidney Bechet's *The Mooche.* Victor.
Willie "The Lion" Smith's *What Can I Do with a Foolish Little Girl Like You.* Decca.
Duke Ellington's *Something To Live For.* Brunswick.

"About that record of my own," Duke explained. "I like it for the singing by Jean Eldridge."

Art Hodes, the noted pianist, took just five minutes to make up his list. Though he's a Chicago pianist, not a single Chicago style record is included. Hodes likes the blues, and the old style of the men around King Oliver:

King Oliver—*Canal Street Blues, Dipper Mouth Blues.* Brunswick.
Ma Rainey—*Black Bottom, Georgia Cake Walk.* (Collector's Item)
Bessie Smith—*Yellow Dog Blues, Soft Pedal Blues.* Okeh.
Louis Armstrong—*Strutting with Some Barbecue.* Decca.
Louis Armstrong—*Lonesome, All Alone and Blue.* Okeh.
Sippie Wallace—*Have You Ever Been Down, Dead Drunk.* (Collector's Item)
Pinetop Smith—*Boogie Woogie, Pinetop's Blues.* UHCA.
James P. Johnson—*Snowy Morning Blues.* (Collector's Item)
Albert Wynn—*Down by the Levee, Parkway Stomp.* Vocalion.
Johnny Dodds—*Weary Blues.* Vocalion.
Jelly Roll Morton—*Black Bottom Stomp, The Chant.* Bluebird.
Jelly Roll Morton—*Kansas City Stomp, Grandpa's Spell.* Gennett.

Both Hodes and Leonard Feather, radio emcee of WMCA's "Platterbrains" jazz quizz, swing critic for *Look, Metronome* and other publications, chose their records-for-exile with an economical eye. They selected not so much the best records ever made, but the best couplings. Most of Feather's list below are more or less obtainable and all are stand-outs on both sides:

Louis Armstrong—*West End Blues, Muggles.* Columbia.
Barney Bigard—*Minuet in Blues, Barney Goin' Easy.* Vocalion & Okeh
King Cole Trio—*Sweet Lorraine, This Side Up.* Decca.
Duke Ellington—*The Flaming Sword, Warm Valley.* Victor.
Duke Ellington—*Portrait of Bert Williams, Bojangles.* Victor.
Duke Ellington—*Crescendo and Diminuendo in Blue.* Columbia.
Duke Ellington—*Battle of Swing, Jazz Potpourri.* Brunswick.
Benny Goodman Quintet (with Lionel Hampton, Teddy Wilson)—*I Cried For You;* Goodman Trio—*Where Or When.* Bluebird.
Billie Holiday (with Artie Shaw, Bunny Berigan)—*Billie's Blues, Summertime.* Vocalion.
Jimmie Lunceford—*Uptown Blues, Put It Away.* Okeh.
Metronome All Star Band (with Harry James, Cootie Williams, J. C. Higginbotham, Benny Goodman, Benny Carter, Coleman Hawkins, Count Basie, etc.)—*One O'Clock Jump, Bugle Call Rag.* Victor.
Muggsy Spanier—*Relaxin' at the Touro.* Bluebird.
Teddy Wilson Quartet (with Harry James, Red Norvo)—*Just a Mood* (Parts I & II). Brunswick.
Art Tatum & Band (with Joe Turner)—*Wee Baby Blues, Battery Bounce.* Decca.

Feather apparently planned to greet Manhattan with a couple of extra records under his tunic. And if they'd relax the rules, he would include Pete Brown's *Unlucky Woman,* with Helen Humes. (Decca).

Tenor saxophonist Eugene Sedric never heard of Sodom but he did know twelve good records. Sedric formerly played with Fats Waller and is rated by Panassie as second only to Coleman Hawkins. His list is no amateur's catalogue; Sedric is a technician and though a wonderful improvisor, he prefers organized jazz to the pure jazz of improvisation:

Louis Armstrong—*My Sweet.*
Casa Loma—*For You.*
Tommy Dorsey—*Lonesome Road.*
King Cole Trio—*Honeysuckle Rose.*
Duke Ellington—*Slapping 7th Avenue with the Sole of My Shoe.*
Fletcher Henderson—*Whiteman Stomp.*
Jimmie Lunceford—*I'm Nuts About Screwy Music.*
Paul Robeson—*Water Boy.*
Fats Waller—*A Million Dreams Of You.*
Paul Whiteman—*Rhapsody In Blue.*
Teddy Wilson—*Don't Blame Me.*

George Frazier, who has written on jazz for music magazines but is currently working for *Life,* said "No arrangements. No modern-style swing. Just sentiment and spontaneity." With these twelve examples of pure jazz Frazier would be banished, smiling:

Louis Armstrong—*No One Else But You.* Columbia.
Louis Armstrong—*Tight Like This.* Columbia.
Mildred Bailey—*Honeysuckle Rose.* Decca.
Bix Beiderbecke—*Sorry.* Columbia.
Bunny Berigan—*I Can't Get Started.* Victor.
Chicago Rhythm Kings—*There'll Be Some Changes Made.* Brunswick
Eddie Condon—*Ballin' The Jack.* Commodore.
Duke Ellington—*Jungle Blues.* Brunswick.
Earl Hines—*A Monday Date.* Columbia.
Bessie Smith—*Give Me a Pigfoot.* Okeh.
Count Basie Quintet—*Lady Be Good.* Okeh.
Jess Stacy—*Barrelhouse.* Decca.

Charlie Barnet, a bandleader whose popularity blooms like a hardy perennial, spoke for modern swing. A glance at his list of "twelve records I would take from Sodom" tells where Barnet's band

Continued on page 128

THE ESQUIRE CANTEEN

The Kraft Sisters Go Indian on Boogie-Woog

Evelyne and Beatrice Kraft, the beautiful and bizarre dancing sisters of Manhattan's talent-scouting nightclub, Café Society Uptown, are examples par excellence of how far you can go when you come from Englewood, New Jersey. Bringing Hindu and Afro-Cuban rhythms to an emporium of Bach-to-Boogie-Woogie is no small achievement; yet veteran nightclubbers, soldiers with sufficient pocket lettuce, and weary playboys are genuinely affected by the girls' strange dances.

Evelyne, the young lady on the left, is taller and robuster than her sister. She is 21, and Beatrice 22. They both have exquisite oval faces, soft voices, and they smile often.

After Englewood, came private school, then the Rudolph Steiner School for Secondary Studies, then the Andrebrook Finishing School at Tarrytown. The girls decided that was enough of that and took a flyer in the theatre under the direction of Leo Bulgakov, late of the Moscow Art Theatre. Before you could say Taj Mahal, they were up to here in Hindu and Spanish dancing under La Meri. Next the sisters moved on to
Cole's dance group, toured
country, and ended in a bla
glory at the Rainbow Room.

Authentic Hindu dances
queer hand movements, fasc
ing to the eye, which the si
have mastered to an extraordi
degree, and each dance tells a s
sometimes gay and light-hea
again quite tragic. They sa
their art, "It requires cons
study and long hours rehea
new routines, but we love it.'

On the personal side, the si
are quiet, sweet, soft-spoken.
seem to like to get eng
Beatrice likes older men. Last
son she was engaged to a colo
the Canadian Army, whom she
in Montreal and from whom
has not heard since. Evelyn
cently broke an engagement
Pietro di Donato, author o
best-selling *Christ in Concrete*

The sisters live with their mo
spend some of their spare
going to museums. They
beautifully, designing their
clothes. They can look quite
or very exotic, according to
time, the place and the ma

ANTON BRUEHL PHOT

Anton Bruehl

M G M's

EVE WHITNEY

Hurrell Photograph

Squirrel Night at the Brewers

Billy Veeck built up attendance for the Milwaukee Brewers on the assumption that people like surprises and a hearty laugh

by JOHN C. HOFFMAN

• SPORTS •

ONE morning early this summer some 3,500 Milwaukee baseball fans, many of them war workers who had just come off the job, paid their way into the home of the Brewers of the American Association. Once in the ball park, they were startled to find ushers, clad in nightgowns and stocking caps, showing customers to their seats and serving cornflakes and milk, free of charge. A swing band, similarly attired, was giving out with breakfast jive.

Milwaukee's first morning game and its attendant trimmings were products of the fertile mind of William L. Veeck, who is the most energetic and uninhibited baseball magnate of modern times. If the war doesn't ration baseball down to the last base hit, Billy Veeck is going to have usherettes in short skirts and shapely sweaters. He will also continue to give away pigs, horses, geese, pigeons, ducks, cakes of ice, white mice, live eels, squirrels, codfish and lobsters to lucky ticket holders.

Billy Veeck is running the greatest baseball show on earth and making it pay dividends. On his program are such things as retaining the fantastic funny man, Charley Grimm, as manager of the team, and besides, the game, offering fun and frolic for all with the unbelievable didoes which have set new attendance records in Milwaukee.

There is never a dull moment in the full life of this twenty-nine-year-old dynamo. Last year he was voted the outstanding minor league magnate. He is ten years ahead in the delicate art of luring customers to his ball park and only a few years ago he was an office boy earning seventeen dollars a week with the Chicago Cubs.

In less than one year Billy Veeck put the heavily indebted Milwaukee club back on its financial feet. He missed winning the 1942 American Association championship by an eye-lash. He outdrew the second most appealing team in the league by 75,000 paying clients. Total attendance for the Brewers was 267,000, which was 180,000 more than came into the park the year before. And from the day, June 23, 1941, that Veeck took over the Milwaukee team, there never has been a nickel added to the organization's indebtedness. Today the Brewers' baseball team with its added carnival features owes nothing to anybody.

Billy Veeck is a streamlined version of his late father, William L. Veeck, Sr., who six times broke attendance records as president of the Chicago Cubs.

The story of the elder Veeck's rise to presidency of the Cubs is legendary. He was a baseball writer with the Chicago *American*. His pen name was "Bill Bailey," and he pulled no punches when he lashed the Cubs.

There was a day when William Wrigley called "Bailey" into his office. "Bill," began Wrigley, "You've been giving us hell in your paper. Do you think you, yourself, could run the club better than it has been run?"

"I do," replied Veeck, with conviction.

William L. Veeck Sr. did do a better job of running the Cubs. He had a knack for the spectacular and knew the game with admirable thoroughness.

Then, in the Summer of 1940, when William Wrigley's son, P. K. Wrigley, was seeking a general manager to run the Cubs, there, in his own front office sat Billy Veeck, son of the man who had made such a great success at the task. It was Billy's age that was against him. He was only twenty-six. His talents for getting things done were still latent.

But young Billy Veeck was already thinking of the Milwaukee ball club.

"I felt sorry for the people of Milwaukee," he said, later. "They weren't having any fun."

The Brewers were going to seed. The grandstands were falling apart. The fans of the city preferred listening to the radio, a good movie or anything to being bored by the Brewers.

In June, 1941, Veeck went to Wrigley.

"I'd like to run the Milwaukee club," he said to the Cub owner. "Do you want to buy it for me?"

"No," snapped Wrigley, "I've got one ball club now and that's one too many."

"Then," said the effervescing young Veeck, "will you do just two favors for me? First, I want you to release me from the Cubs' personnel and, second, I want you to use your influence so I can have Charley Grimm."

"Where are you going to get the money to buy the club?"

"I've practically already financed it," said Veeck.

He always was able to get money. After the death of his father when he went to work for the Cubs at seventeen dollars a week he said, "I made more than that in school, but I just thought I'd better be working after Dad died."

With Wrigley's permission to go ahead, Veeck lost no time. The Veeck-Grimm regime in Milwaukee was instantaneously a wow. They had 4,500 fans out for their first game and 13,000 showed up for the first Sunday game, which was more than half the total attendance for the season thus far.

Of the 17,500 who came out to the ball park the first two days of the new management, probably 17,000 were bill collectors.

There was no music at the train to greet Veeck and Grimm when they arrived in Milwaukee June 23, 1941. Instead, they were hailed by a veritable rush of creditors who demanded anything from forty-eight cents due on telegrams to thousands of dollars for ball players the club had not paid for.

"I don't see any band here to welcome us," Veeck said to Grimm. "Let's get up our own band."

In his first few days on the job, Billy organized a gutter band for the amusement of the customers, bill collectors and himself. Grimm could play the banjo and sing. Mickey Heath, team coach, could beat a drum. Lou Novikoff, the "Mad Russian," who had been farmed out to the Brewers by the Cubs, could play a mouth harp and sing. Aubrey Epps, outfielder and catcher, was appointed to perform with his yo-yo, coated with phosphorus so it could be seen in the night. Veeck's contribution was a dime store whistle. Music lovers present on his first night in Milwaukee were entertained by Billy with a soulful rendition of *Rhapsody in Blue*, accompanied by the Brewers' symphonic group.

That was only the beginning. Veeck was determined, as well, to give the town a good ball team. When he and Grimm took over, the Brewers were 21 games out of seventh place. The team had but 33 games to play. The 1941 season was a hopeless proposition.

But during the first few weeks of their regime, Veeck and Grimm made forty-six player transactions. They bought and sold players so fast that Grimm cracked:

"We have one team coming into town and another leaving. Who is on the team today?"

Veeck was full of his scheme to needle up interest by such frolics as poultry night, squirrel night, codfish night, lobster night, white

Continued in center of page 140

AMERICAN BEAUTIES, WESTERN STYLE

The face and fortune of Eve Whitney

HE MGM hawkshaws found her
where they are finding so much
their talent these days — in the
deling agencies of New York.
e Whitney is another one of the
wing army of still-life lovelies
ng wired for sound by the gal-
ing tintypes. For, subscribing
the Aristotelian premise that
female who can be beautiful
one twenty-fifth of a second
be beautiful for a mile or two
film, the talent-hungry Holly-
od scouts are raiding and loot-
the larders of the Messrs. Pow-
and Conover. This is "M" Day
Hollywood—"M" for model.

Eve Whitney was a New York
del and a going concern when
decided to make a musical
led *DuBarry Was a Lady*. As a
rt of this extravaganza the
estros of MGM were inspired to
ng a Varga calendar to life—
een life—and they imported the
am of the model crop to pose
it. Then they invited Mr. Varga
nself to select the girls for the
nematic version of his calendar.
represent the month of August
selected Eve Whitney. A forth-
ht fellow by nature, he selected her, he said, because she has the trimmest waistline in the world.

The Varga calendar for *DuBarry Was a Lady* was what is known in fashionable film circles as a "stunt." Most of the twelve peacherinos who posed for the calendar's various months, having had their moment of glory, have quietly returned to the limbo whence they came. Not so Eve Whitney. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has decided that there is more than a trim waistline adorning that heavenly body and she has been signed to a long-term contract. They intend her for light comic roles.

Whitney on Men: "I prefer the worldly, slightly-tired-around-the-eyes type. He doesn't necessarily have to be handsome, but I am not, on the other hand, prejudiced against handsome men. He must be an able conversationalist. No date is a success unless talk comes easily. Give me an interesting talker and the rest of the evening will take care of itself."

Vital statistics: *Weight:* 118; *Height:* 5', 8"; *Hobbies:* swimming, dancing; *Status:* single; *Born:* Lincoln, Nebraska; *Waist:* 21.

TOGRAPH BY HURRELL

Robinson Crusoe: Army Style

Boiled beetles are not for the squeamish but these and other suggestions in their guidebooks help soldiers lost in jungles

by SIGMUND SAMETH

•ARTICLE•

℞

His flight togs hung in ribbons where the *kunai* grass had sliced through. He was sunburned like a Kanaka and he wore a five weeks' beard. Except for his signals on the beach, the searchers might have passed him up as a native—a poorly dressed one.

Yet the lieutenant's bars on his shoulders still glistened when they picked him up and he had a right to wear them proudly. By his own unaided efforts he had wrested shelter and food from the jungle and hacked his way a hundred miles to the seacoast. He even had fresh fish and meat at the time of his rescue—which was more than the crew of the PBY could offer.

"Howdja do it?" a newsreel man asked.

"It was easy," he said. "I had a book."

* * *

The "book" is a comprehensive guide to jungle and desert survival, issued by Army Air Forces through their Flight Control Command. In words and pictures, crisply and concisely, it tells the grounded flyer what to do and what not to do until rescue comes. How many of these guides have been issued is a secret known only to the War Department, since such a figure is a giveaway of troop disposition. However, every American flyer who might need a copy has a copy. This eighty-eight-page lifesaver, if and when the time comes, reads better than a letter from home.

Leave it to your Uncle Samuel to think of the tremendous little things that count. Long before most of us had even heard of Pearl Harbor, much of the exhaustive and exhausting research for "Jungle and Desert Emergencies" had already been done. No idle hobby prompted the War Department years ago to begin an index of the edible and poisonous plants of both hemispheres. Members of G-2, the far-flung Intelligence Branch, travelled to strange corners of the globe. They hobnobbed with natives to learn how a traveller might best live off the country. Reports filed by these military missionaries make Baedeker seem tame in comparison. In addition, world travellers, explorers, big-game hunters, ethnologists, plantation owners and mining engineers all contributed notes and jottings. Every word in the Army's guide is a sifting of first-hand expert knowledge.

Captain Chester E. Grigsby, USA, who hails from Baltimore, Maryland, is typical of the Army's plant hunters. Right now he's wandering on a South Pacific island engaged in one of the most unusual military jobs that exists. He tests strange plants by *eating* them. He has discovered six new varieties of jungle food plants and before his mission is accomplished he will test twenty-four more. Many of the likely looking plants he has spotted grow on trees. To get his dinner, the captain has had to shoot the fruit down with his service revolver. On one occasion he was ill for eleven days as a result of "something he 'et, no doubt." Another time he had picked a berry from a plant at the side of the trail and was about to sample it when a native snatched it from him exclaiming, "Big sick, you die." Yessir. The Army's guide to jungle and desert survival is strictly non-armchair stuff.

The physical book itself has a bright red cover—which gaudiness is premeditated but not for aesthetic reasons. Airplane crack-ups sometimes strew objects over a mile-wide landscape. The bright red book, if thrown clear, is readily distinguishable. A strip of cloth ripped from its cover and impaled on a fish hook also makes a good artificial bait. It would be a lump and a sot of a fish who would refuse to investigate anything so vivid. Moreover dunking won't destroy the Army's guidebook. Its pages are made of waterproof paper. Neither will tropical insects attack it. The glue used in binding it contains insect-repellent powder. Inside the book this same painstaking preparedness is evident. With a copy in your pocket in darkest Africa you're practically as safe as in your own back yard.

The Army's textbook for amateur Tarzans is packed in the bail-out kit. Along with it go emergency "K" rations, medical needs, signal flares, waterproof matches, mosquito netting and an all-inclusive Etcetera. The exact make-up of the kit is something you have to be an Army flier to find out. It is restricted military information. To some extent the items in the kit reflect the location of the theatre of operations. Some kits contain a fishing outfit. Others include drinking water in cans. The pilot who needs one seldom has any use for the other.

"Don't rush. Think things out; then act. Sleep and food are important. Don't forget them in your eagerness to get out."

That's the advice shouted in boldface type on the very first page of the book. The guide also reiterates a caution to stick with the plane. Only when absolutely necessary should you abandon ship and hit the silk. Over isolated jungle or desert regions a controlled crash landing is preferable.

In this way the intact outline of the plane helps guide searchers. A shelter is provided. Residual fuel and oil can be drained and burned for warmth or signal fires. The wrecked plane supplies material for improvised sun helmets, fish spears, bush knives, snares for game, etc. Sometimes, as with Captain John D. Felthman in New Guinea, a plane which has been crash-landed in the bush can be made to fly again.

Shrewd psychology is apparent on every page of the book. "A man can live for weeks in the jungle if he avoids panic and uses his head," we are assured. In another place the grounded flyer is advised to "part the jungle; don't try to push through it."

One cannot look through the jungle but sometimes one can look under it. The heavy growth of foliage generally ends about foot off the ground. Often by getting flat on your stomach you can see more of the surrounding country than you can by standing up

Most birds and all animals travel towards water holes at dawn and dusk. This clue towards locating water is pointed out by the jungle guide. Purification by boiling or by adding a chemical is noted as a "must." Where no natural source of water can be found, the stems of lianas, jungle grapevines, and large rattans contain a potable substitute. Cut them near the ground and drink the sap. Rainwater can be caught by scooping a hole in the ground and lining it with parachute cloth. Also the large lower leaves of trees collect dew each morning. It can be drained off, drop by drop, into a container. No one dies of thirst in the jungle.

For guidance in desert emergencies, it is stressed that water is far more important than food. If it is a question of leaving a crashed plane and carrying either one or the other—take the cans of water. Life in the desert depends on them. Protect and conserve your supply. Water is to be sipped, never gulped. Moistening the mouth will lessen the cravings. To consume water rapidly is

Continued on page 167

WARNERS SCOOP WAXMAN

Dorothy Patrick, one of the nebulae of Hollyw

Dorothy Patrick was New York's "Gateway to Hollywood" winner over some 2,500 contestants. All this was back in 1939 when she was chubby sixteen. But what seemed glorious and glamorous to the 2,499 losers of the contest seemed stuff and nonsense to the parents of only child Dorothy. So she was whisked back home to Winnipeg, Canada.

Her birthplace was more impressed than her parents by her achievement and ran full page pictures of its ash blonde (her hair is authentic) native daughter.

Dorothy didn't weep, wail or pull out her hair at the turn of events. She was practical enough to know that a delay in the launching of a celluloid career would be to her advantage so she made a bargain with her family. If she finished school and learned how to cook Canadian bacon, could she study dramatics, and if, when she was nineteen, she still wanted to be an actress, could she trek to New York again and see what her chances were? She could.

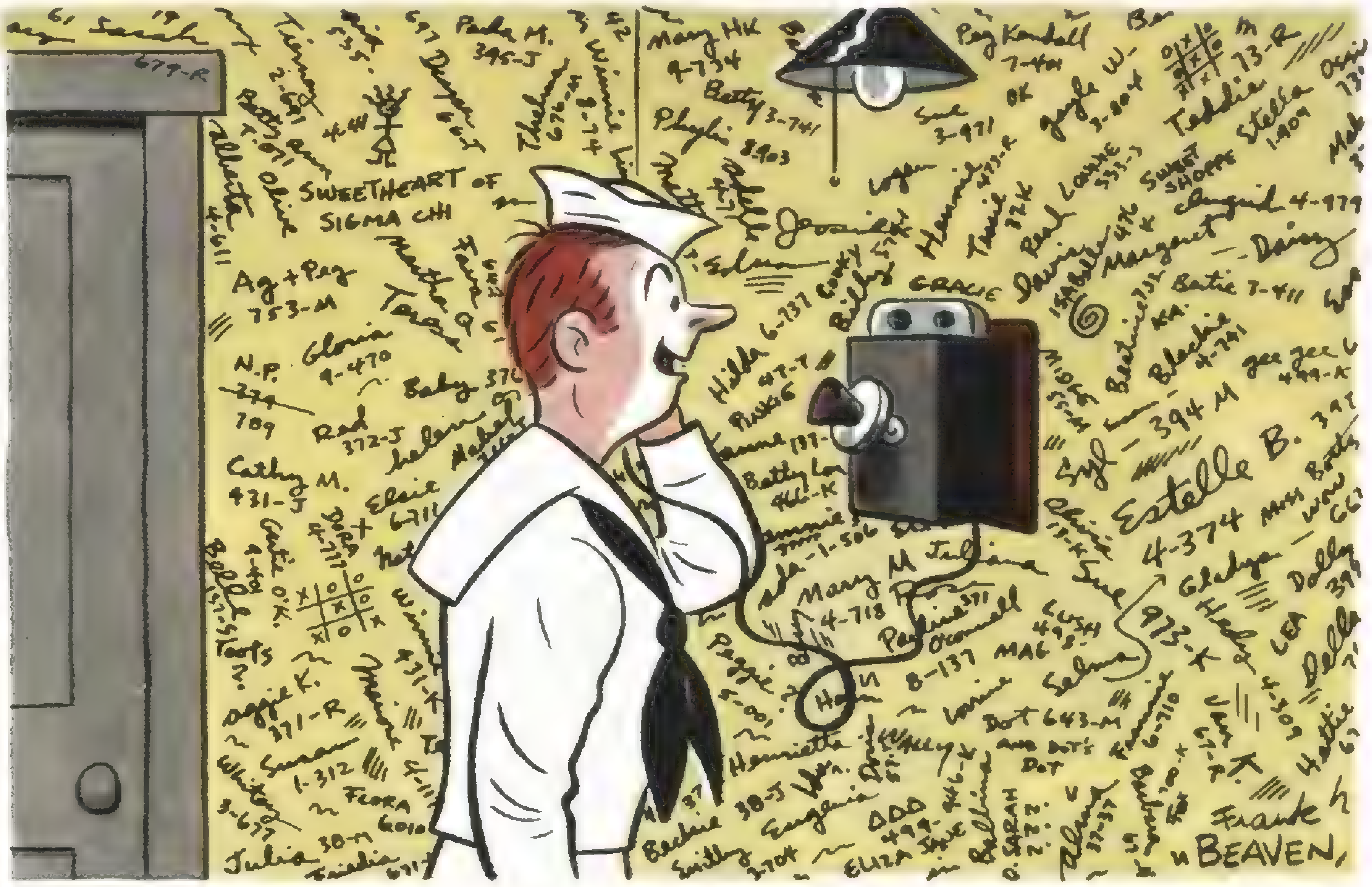
She kept her word and so did her family. And three years later the same agent who had ste her into the Gateway contest a look at grown up Dorothy, made reservations on the Chie Mama and daughter.

The scene shifts, and H Waxman gets mixed up in a tr jam at Hollywood and Vine. cause—a divine natural bl sitting on a bus bench. "My discovery," crows Henry bu crowed too soon as Dorothy that very instant en route Warner Brothers to take a sc test. So by the time this pic breaks, the gal from Canada have broken into pictures.

Dorothy has an honest res for the dollars. By way of pro THE big day in her life—the of the test, she was waiting f bus, not a taxi, to take her to studio. And Dorothy is home ing—to-wit: she brought the cherished of her worldly good the way from Canada to C fornia—a fireplace! "Beca as she explains, "Home is w the hearth is."

Vital Statistics: *Bust:* 34; *W* 24; *Hips:* 33; *Height:* 5′ 5″; *W* 110; *Age:* 19.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY W


Sarah
679-R
Paula M. 395-J
Thelma 676-M
Mary HK 9-734
Betty 3-741
Phyllis 3.903
Peg Kendall 7-401
Sue 3-971
OK
Gayle W. 3-804
73-R
Teddie
Stella 1-409
SWEET SHOPPE
Angie 4-979
Margaret
Daisy
Batie 7-411
Joanie
Elsa
Billy
GRACIE
Louise
ISABELLE
Beatrice
Blackie 4-741
Hilda 6-737
PLUGG
Betty Lou 461-K
Estelle B.
4-374 Miss Betty
394 M
Gee Gee 499-K
Mary M 4-718
Julianna
Pauline 371
O'Connell
LUSH
8-137 MAE
Selma
973-K
Gladys
Hedy
LEA
Dolly
Della
Hattie
Peggie
Henrietta
Dot 643-M
AND DOT'S DOT
SARAH
Eugenia
Bechie 38-J
ELIZA
DDD
SWEETHEART OF SIGMA CHI
Ag + Peg 753-M
Alberta 4-611
Olive
Betty
Tarza
Gloria 9-470
N.P. ~~779~~ 709
Red 372-J
Baby 376
Helen
Mabel
Cathy M. 431-J
Elsie 6-711
DORA
Catie O.K.
Belle
Toots
Aggie K. 371-R
Susan 1-312
FLORA
Whitey 3-677
Julia 30-M
Freddie
Frank Beaven,

"Oh, pardon me—I must have the wrong number!"

STAGE DOOR ESQUIRE

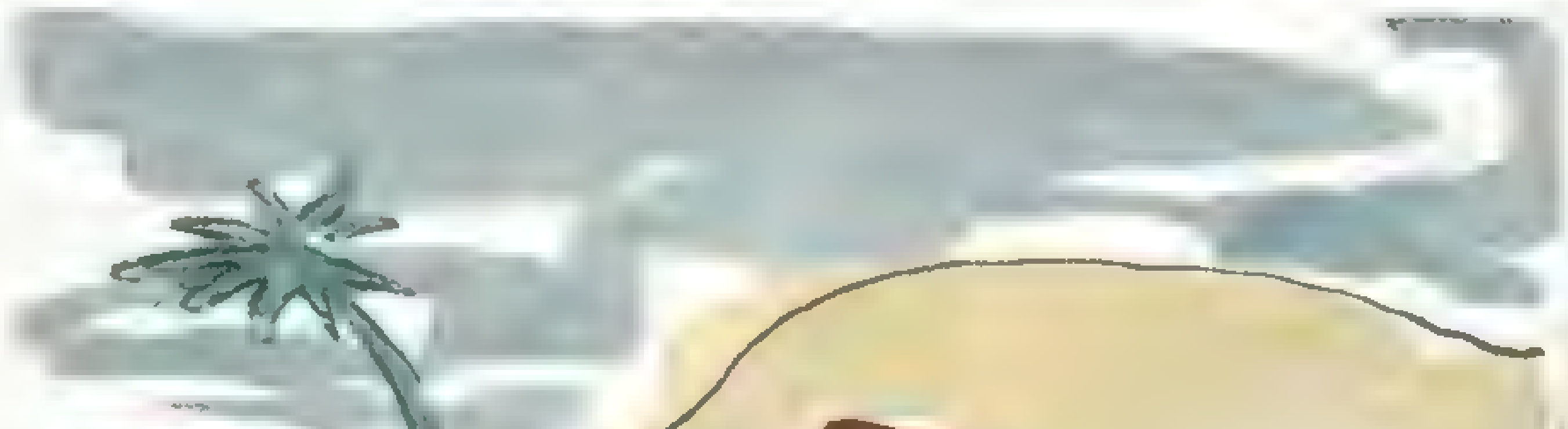
Behind the scenes at the Ziegfeld Follies

ST because Christine Ayres is
holding gardenias in her hands
sn't mean that this is the most
ensive gift she has ever re-
ved. Miss Ayres receives five-
nd tins of coffee and is treated
steak dinners. There's a reason
ind all this munificence. Chris-
e is the something special that
been added to that national
titution glorifying the Ameri-
girl, more formally known as
Ziegfeld Follies and currently
ghtening assorted spirits at the
nter Garden on Manhattan's
oadway. More specifically,
ristine is the answer to Director
n Murray Anderson's quest
"the girl who has everything."
Backstage, they call Miss Ayres
haracter. Here are some of the
ts. She is six feet tall, wears her
nde hair in a shoulder length
, and is a shining example of
far you can get away from
roit. It wasn't always steak
gardenias in the trek from
curity and Detroit to becoming
mber One Girl in the Follies.
s Ayres got her first job in
w business when she was fifteen
going to see a manager of a
lesque theatre in Detroit who
advertised for a dancer. He
rviewed her, told her he couldn't give her a job right off the reel, but he would let her audition at the theatre. He put her through the motions of dancing, and Miss Ayres subsequently discovered that for several months she had been giving four performances a day for free.

John Murray Anderson contends that Christine exemplifies the ultimate in feminine loveliness, and so far no one has contradicted him. He saw Christine first in South America where she was dancing at the Casino in Rio. When he began to cast for the Follies, she came back into his mind, and he wired her in every city where she had toured, only to find her lunching at Sardi's. He had learned, meantime, that the word "unforgettable" exists outside the dictionary.

The standing creature is Doris Brent—lithesome, svelte and unmarried. She used to be a model, her home town is New York City, and her weakness is collecting bathing suits. She has all colors and varieties on hand, wears them only once or twice, then gives them away. For you curious people, the extra pair of legs there in the corner belong to Veronica Barns.

OGRAPH BY GEORGE SEREBRYKOFF


SNAPIES
BE-RIE
FOOD
SNAPS
POPS

Brief for Daylight Bombing

Aerial thinking has zoomed into a new phase, thanks to smashing blows dealt by our Liberators and Flying Fortresses

by JOHN A. WARD

• ARTICLE •

R

SPEAKING at Cairo in January, within the shadows of the Sphinx and the Pyramids, emblems of immortal time, Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur William Tedder, one of the most astute intellects of the RAF, unveiled some new ideas on aerial warfare that have received but scant attention among the belligerent intelligentsia of this distraught world.

The aerial reconnaissance of Sir Arthur, when ranged alongside of that of General Douglas MacArthur of the United States Army and Vice Admiral F. J. Horne, Vice Chief of Naval Operations of the United States Navy, forms a sophisticated melange of scintillating phenomena, which has come of age since the remarkable exhibition over the fields of Kent, that has been rightly termed the Battle of Britain.

Following that sensational cumulus, strato-cumulus and cirrus engagement between the RAF and the Luftwaffe, there occurred the pitched battle in the azure skies above Lille, which marked a complete turnabout in the mental cloudscapes of modern warfare. Now we find our Air Marshals splitting the recently gained heights of aviation wisdom into a thousand atoms of infinitesimal skybeams, as we plunge onward into the nebulous arena of an entirely new pattern of aerial stratagems.

With the spectacular victory of El Alamein serving as a background, Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur William Tedder delivered one of the most brilliant exposés of an airman that has come out of this global aberration.

"I want to stress the new nature of air fighting in this war," declared Sir Arthur in his Cairo speech of January 9. "Air fighting has changed warfare and made it three dimensional. It has never been seen before and cannot be described in the terms of the old warfare, such as 'long range artillery.'

"We have learned this new kind of warfare and the Americans are learning it. The Hun and the Jap have yet to learn it.

"The command of the air determines what happens on land and on sea, whereas armies and navies cannot affect the command of the air. Air supremacy will win the war. Empire Air Forces have now grown to equal status with the land and sea forces, and are commanded by men who have specialized in air work for over a quarter of a century, unlike the Axis Air Forces, which are ruled by soldiers. The importance of the work of these men and the position of the Air Force as a service should be related to the fact that the war will be won by air supremacy.

"The air striking force in the Middle East has pointed the way to the future of the Royal Air Force. The desert squadrons have not blazed but blasted a path to the ultimate determination of what the Air Force can and must do. The essential lesson learned in the Middle East is that an air force is a separate offensive entity striking at the enemy in cooperation with the army.

"Today, because of that lesson, Britain alone of the embattled nations can look to a striking force in the air unshackled and untrammelled by parochialism and preconceived ideas, free from glib phrases like 'air support' and 'fighter assistance'—an Air Force which commands the air.

"Bit by bit the jigsaw puzzle of attack is sorted out; the operations are then coordinated both strategically and tactically and are carried out a thousand miles away from the troops on the ground. Enemy supplies are attacked at their source.

"The effect of sinking an enemy supply ship bound for Tripolitania is not an immediate one. It may take ten days before the man in the field is aware, that through a shortage of fuel or ammunition, the enemy has been forced to withdraw. One bomb on a storage building at Naples may affect the destinies of an entire enemy division.

"From being a puny, shrunken limb, the air arm has grown in the Middle East to a vigorous strong flail smashing at the enemy with determination and untiring effort. Clearing the skies of opposition, it has gone on to administer punishment on the Axis ground forces where such attacks would most benefit the army, not by chance or luck but by planning.

"The enemy has been driven back in a series of well-timed blows from two forces until Tripoli is threatened.

"At some places like Jedabia, Marble Arch or Nofilia the army has supported the Air Force by cleaning up landing grounds, removing mines, levelling ground, and co-operation between Montgomery and Coningham has been the order of every battle day.

"Before a shell of the opening barrage had been fired, during the Battle of El Alamein, the air forces had struck at the vitals of the enemy. For days before, his landing grounds had been blasted and swept until he was forced to withdraw his aircraft to the West. Now he could no longer give protection to his troops from the death that came to them by day and night from the skies, nor could he attack our ground forces as they remorselessly attacked his positions. Outgeneralled on the ground and in the air, he had to withdraw. The trickle of his retreat swelled into a torrent of rout and we advanced.

"The cobwebs have not been shaken away from the old ideas of air support—they have been blown away and shattered by the guns and bombs of the air striking force."

This masterful appraisal by Air Marshal Tedder was delivered to representatives of the press in Cairo, before the RAF leader left to assume the important post as head of all Allied Air Forces in Africa.

But it was the battle among the cloudscapes over Lille, France, on October 9th, 1942, that marked the turning point from the aerial dark ages to the enlightened period of our present era of planetal splendor. Before Lille, dismal sophistries had been built up amid the cumulus and strato-cumulus during the Battle of Britain. Between the 8th of August, 1940, and the 31st of October, the Luftwaffe had lost 2,375 aircraft in daylight.

The general scheme of the Luftwaffe was to overwhelm the RAF by the sheer weight of numbers. It didn't work. The bombers were without armor. Their armament was inadequate. RAF Spitfires and Hurricanes took a terrific toll of Goering's best planes and pilots. Hitler's chance to blitz the world faded out in the airscapes above Kent.

As America's Army Air Forces prepared to engage in the aerial tournament over the Continent, their brazen recklessness was the object of outspoken criticism from many of Britain's ablest aviation intellects. American airmen proposed to bomb Germany and occupied Europe by day. Ever since the Battle of Britain, both the RAF and the Luftwaffe had confined their chief bombing thrusts to the secrecy of night. The big bombers were too much of a target to be exposed to the deadly peril

Continued on page 151

THUNDERBOLTS SPELL HITLER'S DOOM

REAKING through the strato-
sphere at thirty thousand feet,
e P-47's leave a feathery trail
ch reminds the spectator of the
blackout era when pilots were
n to such pleasant and frivo-
occupations as sky-writing.
those days of peace at any
e, summer vacationists were
t to float idly in the surf, guess-
what message the heavens
ld divulge, and whether this
e it concerned Pepsi-Cola or
Heart Dog Food. Gag writers
he day devised elaborate car-
ıs about pilots whose misspell-
was grossly apparent, and
ple laughed while they con-
ed to rationalize about the
ace of Hitler. But now that
ericans are taking the offensive,
three Thunderbolts painted
, as surely as the Three Fates,
tell the destruction of the
. Reports of these planes'
light raids tell the story:
ied fighters, including Ameri-
high-altitude Thunderbolts,
ed Adolf Hitler's Atlantic
positions yesterday in the
ng air offensive," says an A.P.
atch. "American Thunderbolts'
ts destroyed two German
es and damaged several others
in two sweeps across the Channel." Another release describes a raid on Antwerp, in which Thunderbolts escorted Flying Fortresses and provided an impenetrable umbrella of protection by shooting down Nazi Focke-Wulf fighter craft. These snub-nosed, powerful looking Thunderbolts are powered with 2,000 h.p. Pratt & Whitney engines. Eight .50 caliber guns are mounted in the wings, outside the sphere of the Curtiss propeller. Aided by a supercharger and with an installed oxygen supply for the pilot, the P-47 penetrates the stratosphere at 40,000 feet, and has been known to dive at 725 miles an hour, faster than the speed of sound at the height where the dive was made.

The New York *Journal-American* stated: "The speed, might and power of the sword of Gabriel, who drove Lucifer from Heaven, has nothing on the Americans' sensational plane, the Thunderbolt, which is now driving Axis fliers from the skies. At 400 miles per hour, the U. S. P-47 is now roaring like an avenging angel over Europe—protecting our Flying Fortresses; dropping Messerschmitts like wounded quail."

Corporal Ortwingle's Secret

There are more ways than one to kill a toothache, but the Army infirmary might not approve Copenhagen snuff

by LOUIS PAUL

FICTION

"THIS here toothache is about on the verge of killin' me," groaned Corporal Ortwingle. "I figger I am liable to lose my mind if this keeps up."

"Anything that will make you lose your mind is bound to be a fine thing in the end," declared Corky Smith, "because with the kind of a mind that you have, you'll be at least one hundred per cent better off without it."

"You kin easily see the kind of a mind I got," said Ortwingle, "if I ever thought I would git any sympathy from you guys."

Harrison Hyler and Corky Smith and Smoot, who didn't have toothaches, were only slightly interested in Ortwingle's sufferings. They were relaxing in their quarters after a difficult day of recruit training.

"I think perhaps the thing to do," said Hyler, "is to go over to the dental office at the infirmary and have the tooth extracted."

"All my teeth is wound around my jawbone," Ortwingle wailed, "and usually they haff to crack them with a hammer to git them out."

"Very sad," said Smoot, sighing contentedly. "Very heartrenting. I remember havin' a tooth extracted in which it busted off right in the middle and had to be knocked out the rest of the way with a chisel. This was by a blacksmith back in the ole days. But," he added encouragingly, "I guess they is invented some improved methods since that time."

"A toothache is bad enough to have," said Ortwingle tearfully, "without also bein' tortured by you guys."

"What do you want us to do about it?" Corky demanded. "A achin' tooth is a private matter between a person and hisself. The last time that a holler cavity started to bother me I got a bottle of ole Kaintuck bourbon and kept holdin' some mouthsful of it in my mouth to deaden the pain. After swallerin' about twenty-five or fifty mouthsful of that bourbon, the ache not ony went away but I forgot why I started swallerin' that whiskey. There is ony one disadvantage to this method of curin' a toothache. The next mornin' the ache hadn't changed only by movin' up."

"Is this a howlin' toothache?" asked Smoot.

"Certny it is a howlin' toothache," Ortwingle asserted.

"Well, the one best thing in my experience to git some relief from a howlin' toothache is Copenhagen snuff."

"What is this, some funny remark of a humorous nature? My mouth hurts, not my nose."

"You don't sniff it," said Smoot. "Copenhagen snuff is probly one of the most powerful things there are. Them Norwegian and Danish sailors all puts it under their lips like chewin' tobacco, and accordin' to hearsay it genrally winds up by eatin' a hole right through their faces, it is that strong."

"I wouldn't especially care particularly to have a hole et through my face," Ortwingle objected.

"Well, it is you which is got the toothache, not me," said Smoot. "In the case of a howlin' toothache it is considered to be the one and ony sure cure."

"If my advice is worth anything," said Hyler, "I still think you ought to go and have it yanked out. It's the straightforward and manly thing to do."

"All right," said Ortwingle. "I can't stand this much longer. Where kin I go to buy this Copenhagen snuff at?"

"Over in the P.X. they got lots of them little round cans of it," said Smoot.

"That's one thing about a Army post exchange," observed Corky Smith. "It is a one million to one shot of a Norwegian sailor ever goin' into one to ast for a can of Copenhagen snuff, but still and all if one ever happened to do so they would be prepared."

"I wished it was a Norwegian sailor that had this toothache," said Ortwingle. "It is got me so that I don't even remember just which direction the P.X. is in."

"He's from the South, sir, and won't have anything to do with a General Grant tank"

"To show that friendship still means something in this cruel world, and that underneath everything I am got a heart of gold," said Corky, "I will go over for you personally and buy this Copenhagen snuff if you will fork over six bits to cover my incidental expenses such as a bottle of coke and a slab of cherry pie."

Half an hour later Corporal Smith returned from the post exchange with the precious can of snuff. Ortwingle was holding his pounding jaw in his hands. "If lettin' a guy sit here and go crazy is havin' a heart of gold," he moaned, "no wonder the U. S. of A. went off the gold standard."

"Awys kidden, ole Ortwingle," said Corky gaily. "Here's your Copenhagen snuff, and three cents change."

"I am still of the opinion that you need the attention of a dental surgeon," declared Hyler.

"I think I would feel better if I took a bayonet and committed hairy caro," muttered Ortwingle. "I wish I was into the front lines with bullets whizzin' all around me so that I might have the good luck to git hit by one."

"Don't be so pestimistic," said Smoot. "This stuff will fix you up in less than no time. Gimme that can." He pried off the lid. "All you do," he instructed his friend, "is to take a good big pinch and place it between your lip where this tooth is hurtin', an' presto chango, your toothache will be gone."

Ortwingle picked up a healthy measure of the snuff and put it inside his mouth. "Wooo!" he yelped. "Uh is urnin' ell ow uh eye ouff."

"That's what it's supposed to do, burn hell out of your mouth," said Smoot. "Here. Come over and hold your face close up against the stove and that will heaten up that snuff and make it work."

Ortwingle sat alongside the stove, his face as close to the heat as he could stand it.

"This is nonsensical," said Hyler. "After two thousand years of medical progress and scientific research, a man sits alongside a hot stove with a mouthful of snuff to cure a toothache. It would offend the sensibilities of a medieval alchemist."

Two minutes later Ortwingle let out a peculiar keening noise, and then fell flat on his face in a faint.

"I think," said Corky Smith,

"I think we forgot to warn him not to swaller that tobacco juice."

"Yeah," said Smoot. "I knew somethin' had slipped my mind."

Hyler was trying to drag the unconscious man onto his bunk. "He's as stiff as a board."

"I think we better send for the hospital," said Corky Smith. "Boy, he looks awful. Poor ole Orty, he's out like a light. A person couldn't possibly die from a little mouthful of snuff, could he?"

"There ain't nothin' a guy can't die from when you come right down to it," said Smoot funereally, shaking his head. "He should of knew better than to swaller that juice."

Hyler put his cap and jacket on. "He's beginning to turn green. I'm going for that medical lieutenant at the infirmary."

While Hyler was absent on his mission Corky Smith said to Smoot, "If they ever find out we give ole Orty a mouthful of snuff for a toothache we are liable to be court-martialed and convinced of tryin' to manslaughter a soldier in uniform."

"We did it for his best interests."

"I think the lease we say about what he is sick of, the better it will be for everybody concerned," said Corky.

"Yeah," Smoot agreed. "After all, it is up to the doctors to tell somebody what he is sick of."

They shook Corporal Ortwingle into a state of semi-consciousness. "Somebody," Ortwingle mumbled weakly, holding his head, "snuck up behind me and hit me with a baseball bat. The way I feel, I wished they would do it again and put me out of my mystery."

"Corporal Hyler has went for the doc, who he'll give you somethin' to fix you up with. Ony the best thing you better do, Orty, is not to tell this doc you took snuff for a toothache, because it is liable to be against the regulations."

Ortwingle turned over and groaned. "Don't worry. I would not bemean myself by admittin' that I am got so little sense as to foller the advice of guys like you. I bet you done this purposefully."

"That is the reward we get," said Smoot, "for tryin' to relieve a fellow-buddy of his sufferings. We risk court-martial—"

The medical officer came in just then with a couple of enlisted assistants, apparently having been convinced by Corporal Hyler of the grave nature of Ortwingle's condition.

"Hmm," said the doctor, looking under the sick man's eyelids. After taking his temperature and pulse, he went over him with his stethoscope. "Hmmm, *hmmm*."

Sergeant Smoot didn't like that last *hmmm*. "What," he asked innocently, "do you think is probly the matter with him, sir?"

The officer took Ortwingle's head in his hands and tried to move it, but it was fixed rigidly on the end of his spine. "I don't like the look of this."

"What happened," began Hyler, "is that he wanted to stop a —"

"He is our clostest buddy," Smoot interrupted hurriedly. "If there is anything we kin do, like givin' him a blood transmission, I like to be the first to volunteer."

Ortwingle glared balefully at Sergeant Smoot. His whole body had become rigid and he was unable to move his head, but his eyes spoke volumes. These volumes, in digested form, said clearly enough that he would prefer to die then and there than to have an ounce of Smoot's traitorous blood flowing through his veins.

"We've got to get this man to the hospital at once," decided the medical officer. "I'm not altogether sure of what we're up against here, but I certainly don't like the look of this stiff spine."

"You mean," said Corky Smith, "that there is a liability of our buddy bein' took down with spiral meningitis?"

"Better fetch your stretcher, men. I don't want to make any offhand diagnoses, but I'm going to have this man put in an isolation ward. That rigid back puzzles me."

Harrison Hyler thought this farce had gone far enough. "What happened, Lieutenant, is that—"

Smoot and Corky Smith both began talking loudly at once, drowning out the corporal's explanation.

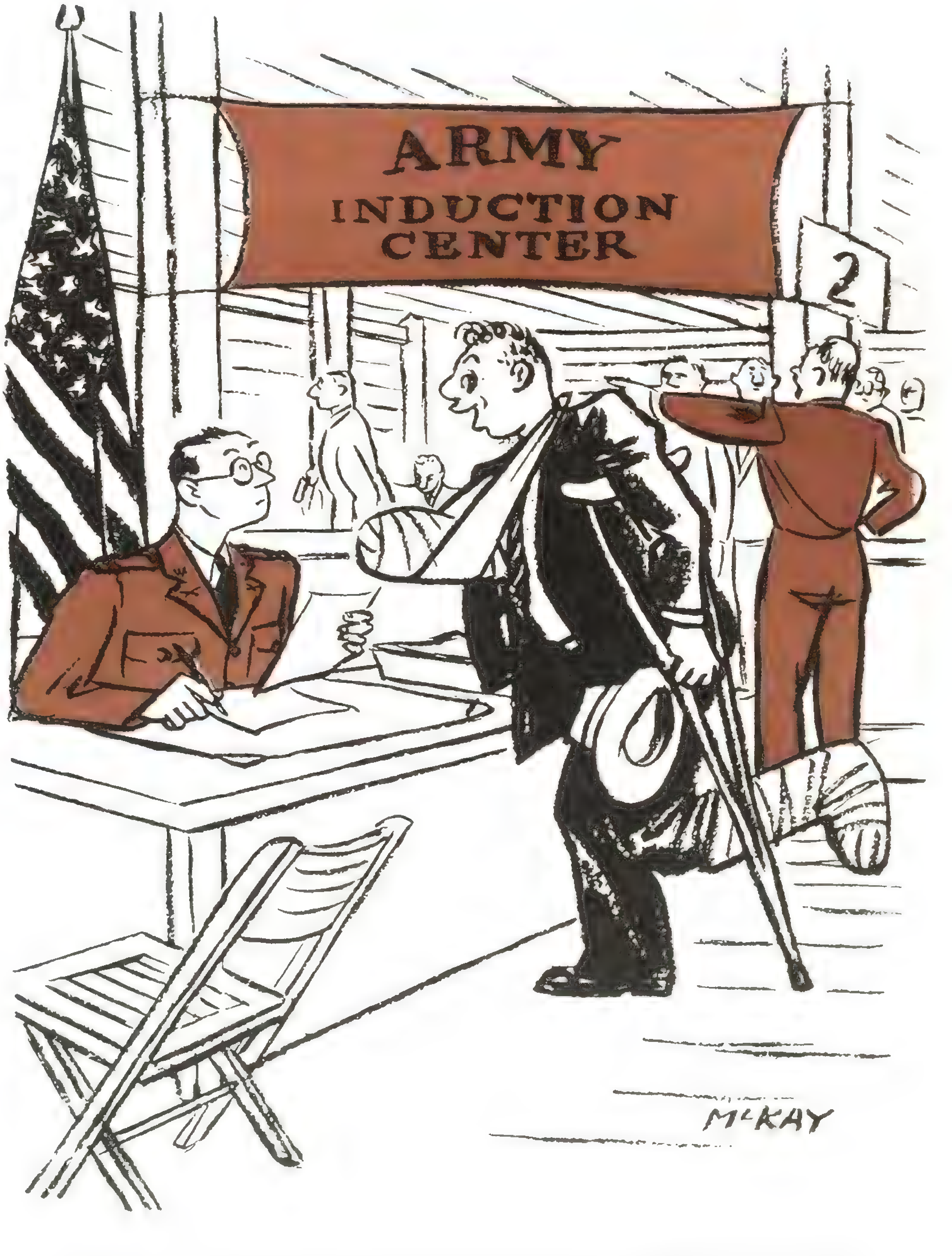
"There goes our best friend, maybe never to return, a casuality of this here cruel war," declared Corky Smith as the stretcher men bore Ortwingle off to the hospital.

"All he needs is a stomach pump," said Hyler. "This is utterly fantastic. Why didn't you let me tell the lieutenant what caused him to collapse? Even that doctor in the movies who can diagnose anything by just glancing at the patient would never guess what's the matter with Ortwingle."

"And git ourselfs court-martialed for destroyin' government property?" said Corky Smith. "After all, Ortwingle belongs to the Army jist like a pair of shoes or a G. I. can."

"Well, I told you over and over

Continued on page 150



"I'm ready to be inducted—I took care of my unfinished business"

Private Snailspace Wins the War

Finally emerging from the fog of his own prejudices and latrine rumors, he learns that war is the Army's business

by ED S. WOODHEAD

▪ ARTICLE ▪

Roland Snailspace is going into the Army. To him, he might as well be walking into one of those pleasure park revolving barrels because doing it with his eyes open doesn't mean he'll come out of it right side up.

According to the doctors who gave him his first physical examination, Roland is a triumph of corpuscles. So his next concern is the classification interview—the Army's attempt to determine what work he will do and what training he will receive while in uniform.

Although the corporal who directs this interview is experienced and undoubtedly will be able to extract the necessary information no matter how confused the dithery Snailspace, it would have been to Roland's advantage to arrive with a clear, concise idea of what he wants to say. As it happens, Snailspace is anxious to become a radio man, so he glosses over the six years he spent on his Uncle Si's chicken farm and mentions only his qualifications for the job he wants. No, he has never had formal training, but he has always "been interested in radio" and you should see the jobs he did on his neighbors' sets. . . . Of course Snailspace is also carrying a union card as an expert metal worker, but he does not mention this. . . .

So all the corporal knows is that it would take too long to train Roland for Army radio work—we are trying to win a war, not just educate or amuse the men in uniform. He nods "That's all"—and Roland, still trying to read his fate in the wrinkles on the corporal's forehead, plods into the next room. Confusion is the word for Snailspace.

Here he meets the Army General Classification Test head-on. He does arithmetic. Some of it is easy but that's not the part Snailspace will talk about later. He browses in a covert of unfamiliar polysyllables from which he flushes a few synonyms. Then the blocks begin. All he has to do is count one, two, three, four, and set down the total. But gradually he is expected to count invisible blocks, and then blocks change and regroup themselves and pile all over the paper, all over the printing and along the margins. Blocks have just begun to hang by their knees from the ceiling when the time is up, catching Roland somewhere in the middle of the exam. Months later he will be amazed to learn that he passed the test with a normal grade.

TELEPHONE
TELEPHO
O'Malley

"One is of the light cruiser type and the other is of the heavy class"

At the reception center, Snailspace receives an inspection for which the backroom has a name but which the drawing room does not refer to at all. He passes, for the instructions are graphic and his duty simple. Next he is squeezed through a double cordon of doctors carrying needles of various sizes, mostly large. The little yellow-haired fellow next to Roland faints away, and while he rests supine on the floor the nurses explain that it affects lots of them that way, and it doesn't mean a thing. When Roland tells the story later, the number of faintees will have grown to seven. . . .

II

Roland Snailspace is now just like every other soldier. He has nearly completed his recruit training and is firmly convinced that he is underrated and underpaid. He looks on himself as an old soldier and scoffingly refers to recruits newer than himself as "yardbirds." He is tired of training and thirsty for action. It is hard to convince him that he is not as good a fighter as the best trained and most experienced Japanese or German soldier. He reveres some of his superiors and says they are the salt of the earth, but others he regards as buffleheads and thinks it would be a benefit to the Army if he could trade places with them. He has learned to goldbrick and says, "It's not what you know in the Army; it's who you know."

For the past thirteen weeks Snailspace has been receiving his recruit training. He has had close-order drill until he can do "by the right flank" and "to the rear" in his sleep, and he doesn't like it. He has done guard duty in the heat of the day and in the black of the night, and he doesn't like it. He has done fourteen hours of K. P. under a sergeant whose only creed is, "Don't let 'em stop moving," and he doesn't like it. He has gone on long marches on blistered feet, and has ridden miles on the springless seat of a rocking G. I. truck, and he doesn't like those things either. He got something of a kick on the obstacle course and enjoyed the days that were spent on the rifle range. He has been learning to be a soldier, and he has not liked the learning. In fact, if you ask him at this time, Roland Snailspace will say that he does not like the Army; and his only interest in winning the war is so that he can go back to civilian life.

The funny part is that it doesn't much matter whether Snailspace likes the Army or not. The important thing is that he be a good soldier while he is in uniform. To this end, his non-coms and his officers have been driving him through his basic training. They have told him that there are three ways of doing things: the right way, the wrong way, and the Army way; and Private Snailspace has learned that the Army way brooks no argument.

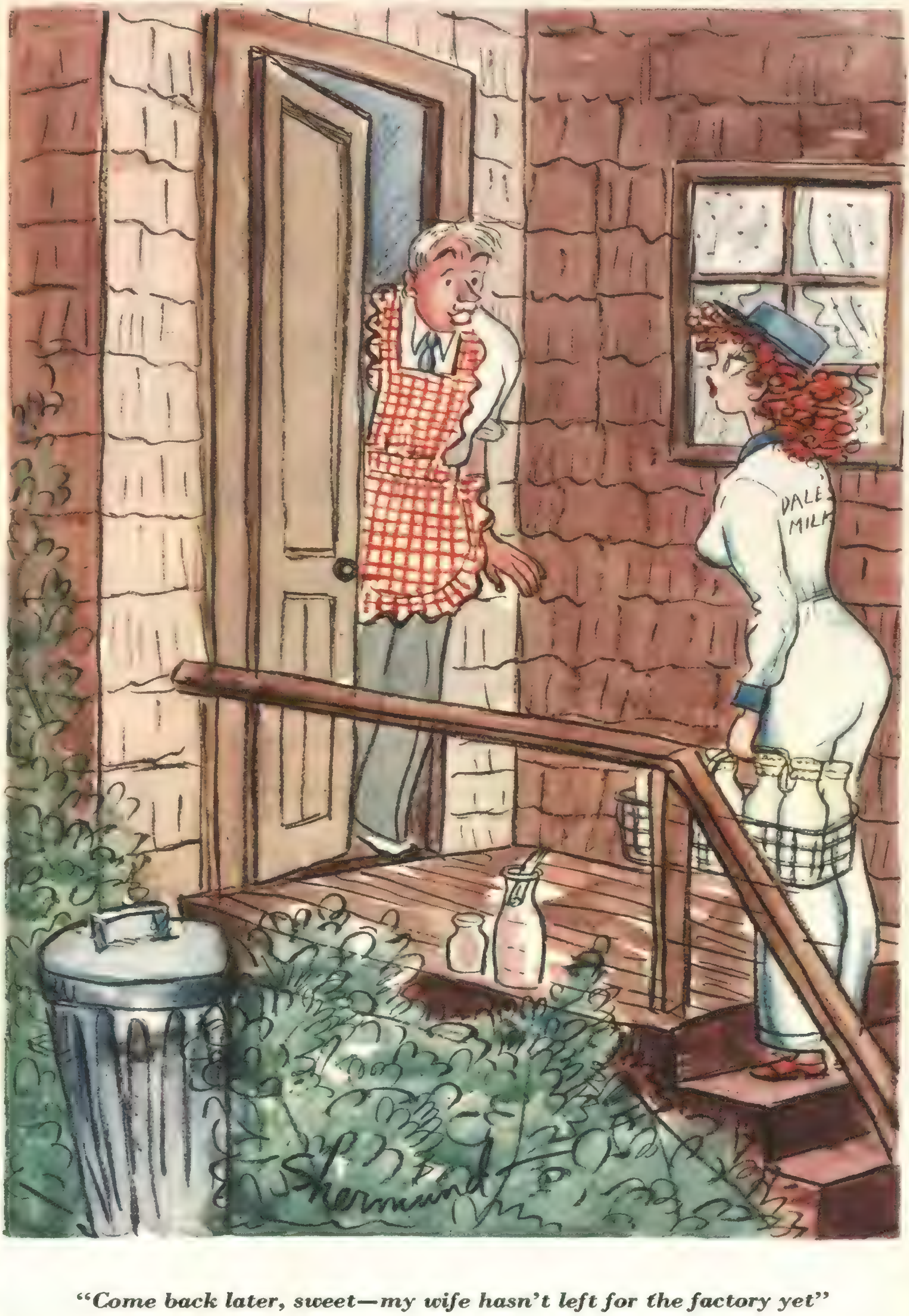
III

By the time Private Snailspace is assigned to a permanent station he will be thoroughly convinced *that whatever abilities* he possesses have been forgotten by the Army or only remembered in order to make sure that he gets no opportunity to use them. He knows that a soldier is first judged by the shine on his shoes and the smartness of his salute and is afraid that by this criterion his mental capacity is lost sight of. At recruit camp he heard about the skilled draftsman who is driving a truck, the certified public accountant who is in cooks' and bakers' school, the student with three years medical training who is in the quartermaster corps, and the concert violinist who is a basic soldier. For a while he believed these stories implicitly, and some military men even in high places still do, but Snailspace looked about him and began to see that the men who have specialized duties are by and large the men who have qualifications for those duties, though perhaps some of them would rather be doing something else, and he will find out further as he goes along that he has opportunities to take aptitude tests.

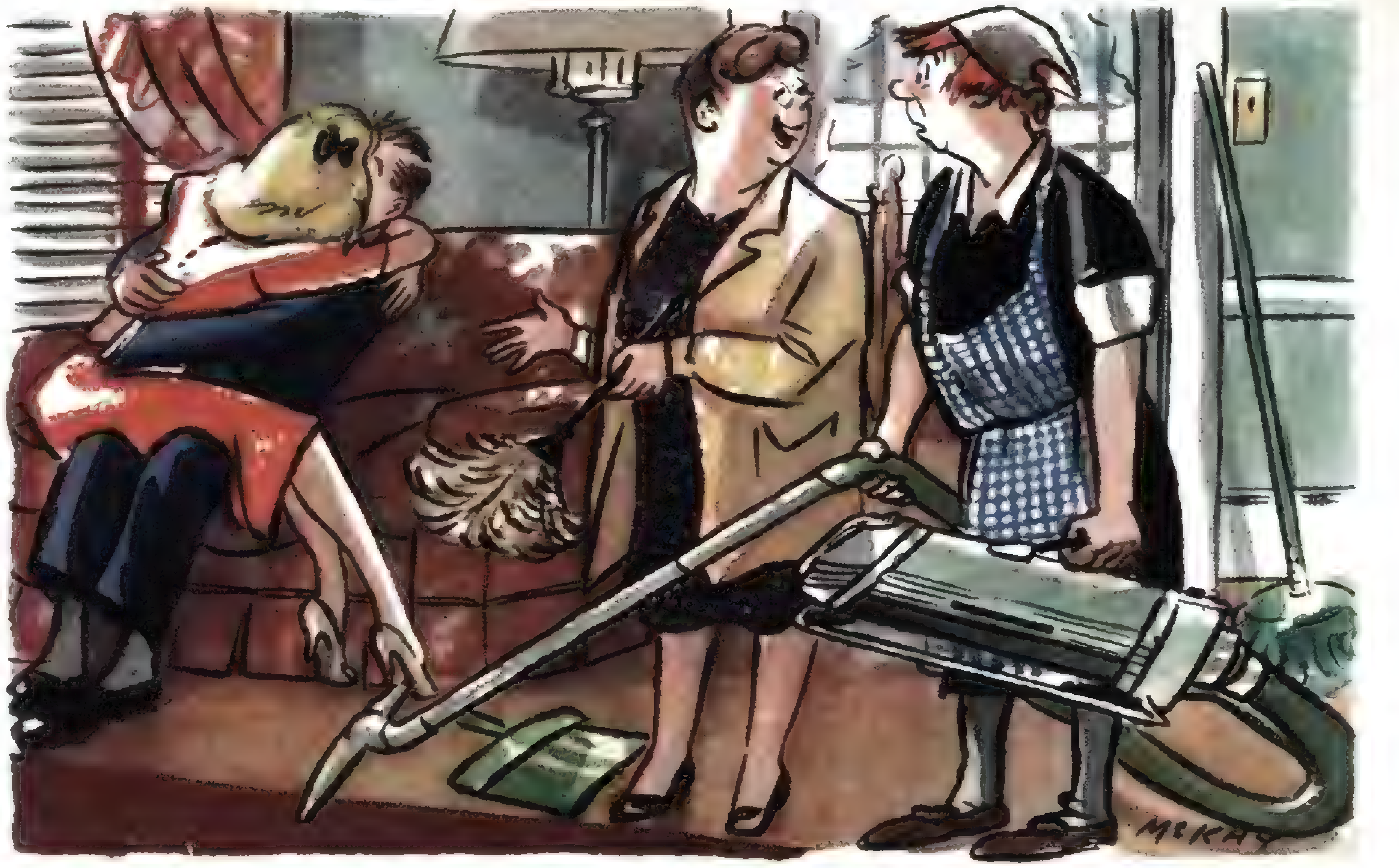
This transition from training to duty is the most critical time in Snailspace's Army experience, because his attitudes and impressions at this time have in them the germ of his military future, and whether he admits it or not this is important to him. He may believe the war will be over in six months, and he may intend to return immediately to civilian life, but now his principal desire is for some kind of promotion. He can look around him and imitate the men who have gained stripes, but if the attitudes of Snailspace are wrong he may draw faulty conclusions as to the reason for promotion.

He finds himself plunged into a

Continued on page 156


DALE
MILK
Shermund

"Come back later, sweet—my wife hasn't left for the factory yet"



"It's the only time daughter and her young man have for courting —they both work nights in a war plant!"

Army Kits Keep Them Fit

No means of entertainment is overlooked, from dominoes to football to Beethoven

by MARK COX

The United States Army has seriously set itself to be the best Army in the world in the care of its soldiers in the matter of recreation as well as in every other particular. Equipment for outdoor and indoor games, and for music and reading is as much a part of the soldier's commodities as are his barracks or mess hall.

Supplies for recreations have been organized into seven basic kits. Approximately 10,000,000 dollars was spent in the last fiscal year for this purpose and the Army plans to expand the program.

Following are the sport kit classifications:

1. A kit—Athletic equipment.
2. A-1 kit—Replacement and supplementary athletic equipment.
3. B kit—phonograph and radio equipment and paper-bound books.
4. B-1 kit—Replacement and supplementary books.
5. F kit—Small games.
6. Traveling library.
7. Internment kit—Athletic and educational equipment.

Lt. Col. Bruce E. Kendall, a former University of Arkansas athlete, is Director of the Procurement Division of the Quartermaster depot in Kansas City, Missouri.

The kit distribution, less than a year old, has outgrown its early bounds. More room was required than the Kansas City depot could spare, so a subdepot was established in St. Joseph. The staff headed by Capt. W. F. Hehman, includes Ed (Dutch) Zwilling, former manager of the Kansas City Blues, Oakland and Birmingham and now a scout on leave from the Cleveland Indians.

The allotment plan calls for 200 kits a day to be turned off the assembly line. Of the A kits, 8,432 were assembled in the first three months after Jan. 9, 1943. Of these, 6,512 were sent to the troops abroad. Packed in this 230-pound wooden kit, which measures 12.27 cubic feet, are:

Horseshoes, 8 baseball and softball bats, 12 baseballs, 12 softballs, catcher's mask, catcher and first baseman's mitts, 8 fielders' gloves including one left-hander, footballs, soccer balls, volley balls, inflator, 3 sets of boxing gloves with headguards and mouthpieces, 2 table tennis sets with 72 balls, volleyball net-tarred and treated for tropical use, and a dart game. Also an indoor outfit which includes bingo, backgammon, chinese checkers, checkers, dominoes, cribbage, chess and chuck-a-luck, as well as poker chips, poker, airplane spotter and pinochle playing cards, with a book of Hoyle to settle all arguments.

Supplementing this is the A-1 kit with the additional items to round out the action. Such as: Baseball bases, catchers' body protectors, leg guards and another mask, basketballs, 72 supporters, timer, repair box which includes every gadget necessary to fix equipment, and a half dozen books on sports games.

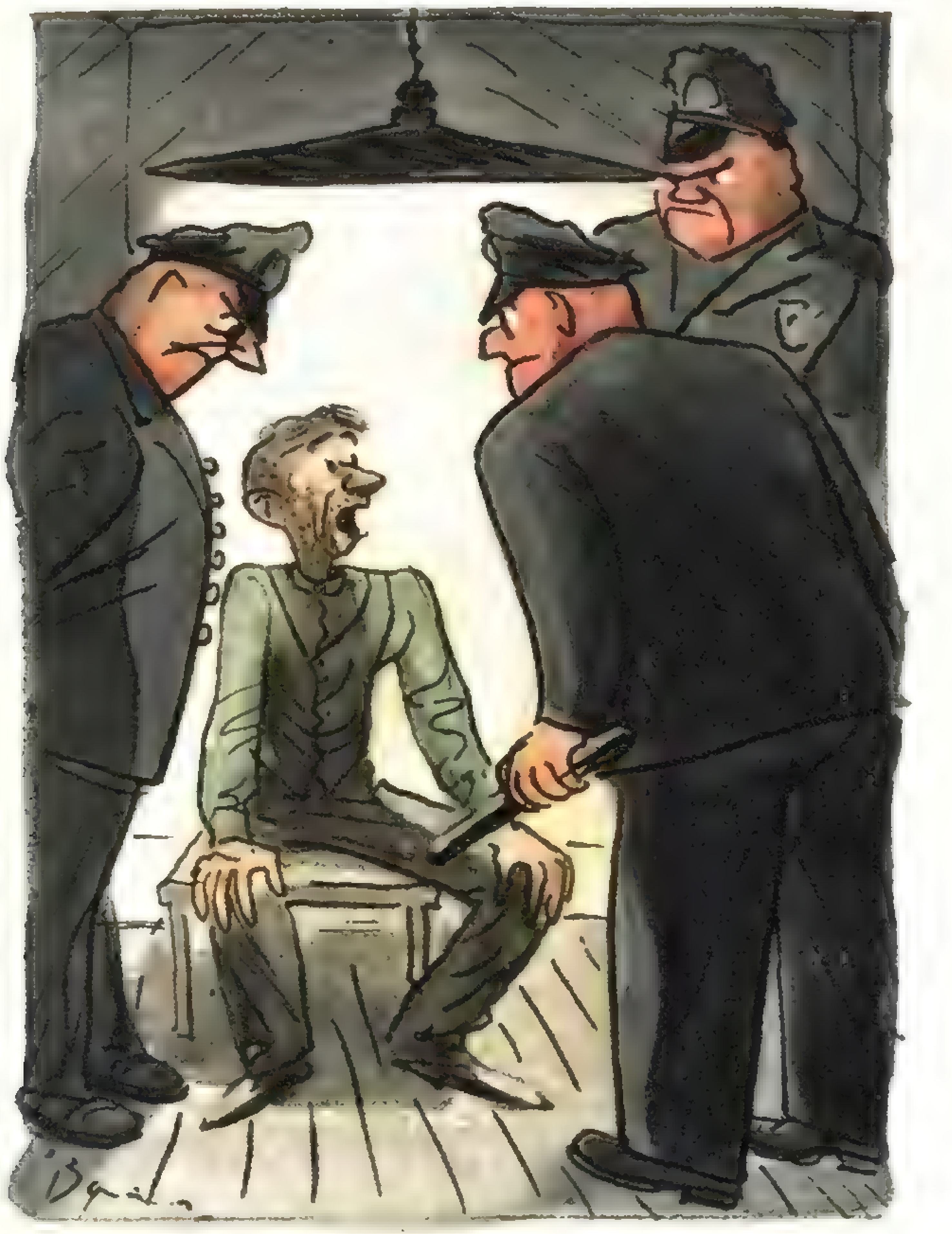
B kit is for indoors. Weighing 210 pounds and measuring 10.42 cubic feet when packed, the contents include: Phonograph, two dozen records, at least 12 hours of transcribed radio programs, portable radio receiver which can be hooked up for a public address system, extra sets of tubes and battery packs, tonettes and 100 paper-bound books.

Supplemental is the B-1 kit which includes a complete assortment of books, including fiction, as well as books on military tactics, geography, natural resources, hobbies and general articles.

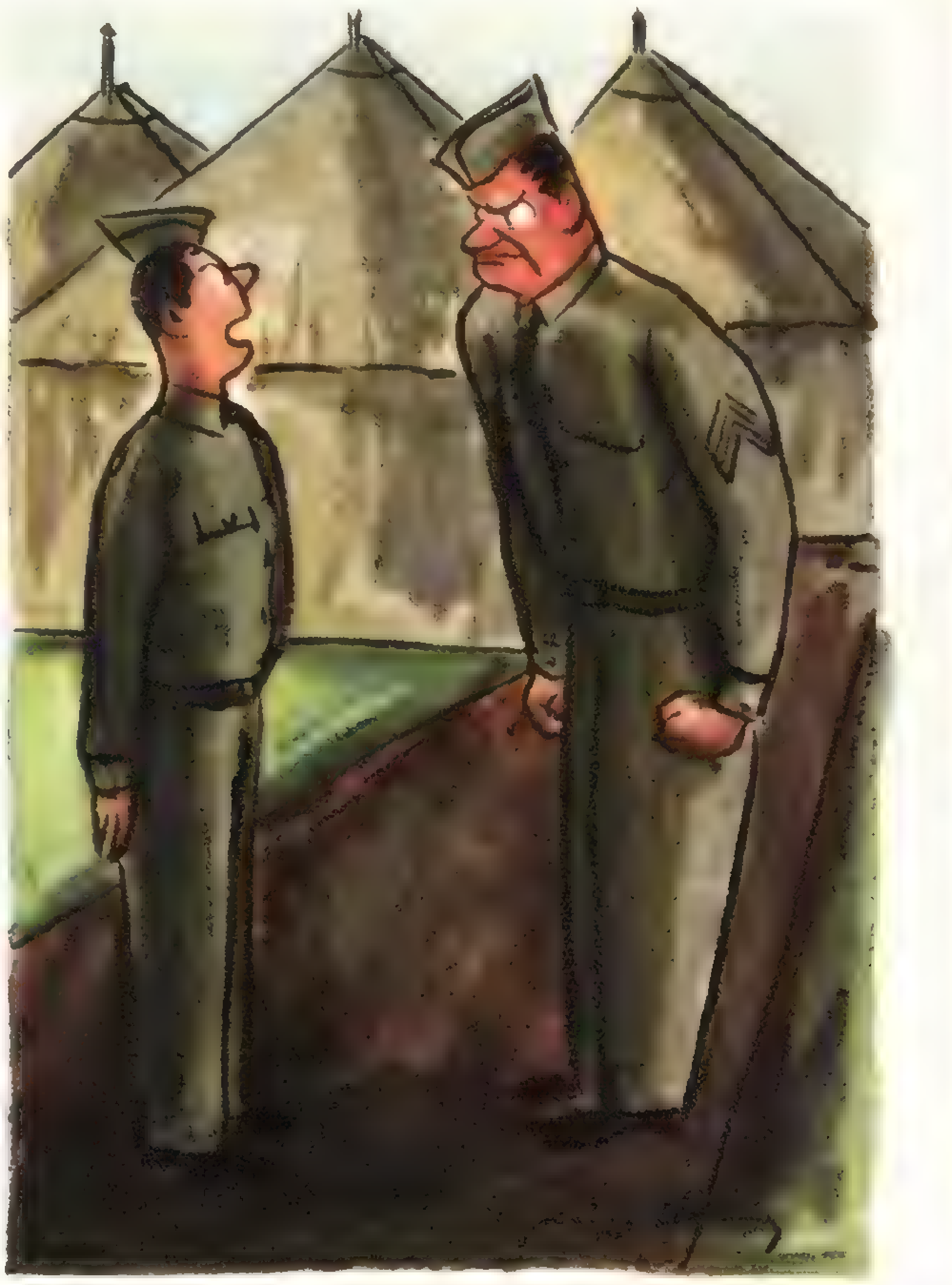
The F kit closely resembles the small game section of the A kit, but the traveling library contains 100 books entirely different from any of the others listed. There are four separate sets of 100 volumes interchanged between camps. The books are packed in an automatic set of shelves which forms a regular bookcase when the lid is removed.

The internment kit for the prison camps includes everything in the A and A-1 lists, plus other items, as badminton sets, croquet, striking bag and medicine ball.

The basic kits, however, are not the only recreation material dispatched to the fighting forces. Whenever a commanding officer wants specific articles that may aid the morale of his group, he may requisition for what are termed special directives. Examples are fishing equipment for the men in Alaska and the South Pacific, shotguns and shells, diving boards, fencing foils and masks, javelins, hammers, vaulting poles, and combination radio and recording machines. It is not unusual for the commanding officers to designate a specific list of records to accompany the radio and recording machines. ###



"Then suddenly I heard a stealthy tread behind me—my blood ran cold—I turned like a flash—steel grey eyes peered at me accusingly—it was Officer O'Flannigan, gentlemen, and you know the rest"



"It's, 'throw back those shoulders,' Sergeant, not, 'throw back them shoulders'"

The Fatal Spell of Upepo

The enemy made his plot and in the night the death charm found its man

by COMDR. ATTILIO GATTI

Zamani, man of the Zulu, had been sleeping heavily after drinking many calabashes of banana beer. For two days and nights a wedding dance had continued and now Zamani in his *kraal* awoke in the middle of the hot afternoon. Something had disturbed him during the day while he slept. Rubbing his head he discovered a bare spot. Someone with a sharp knife had cut off a tuft of hair above his ear.

Terror seized Zamani. This was a thing the bravest warrior could not fight against. For if an enemy can get possession of some of your hair, and then combines it with the proper charms and performs the necessary incantations over it, you are doomed beyond escape. Death is upon you from the darkness, from the spirits. You see it coming and you can do nothing.

But Zamani was too crafty and bold a man to die tamely without an effort. He thought, who could be the enemy that had stolen upon him in his sleep to cut off some of his hair? There was but one man who could have done that. It was Upepo. Zamani thought of a countercharm against Upepo, if there was time. He knew where he could steal a twist of Upepo's hair—for Upepo had been fool enough to sell a pinch of it to the white man for a considerable price.

This I learned later. I had a scrap of Upepo's hair in a glass jar in my collection of ethnological material. I had to dazzle him with a great price to get him to let me have the specimen. He yielded for an old cloth cap.

After Zamani stole the hair from the glass jar he went and hid near the *kraal* of Upepo and listened to the talk of Upepo's wives working in the sweet potato patch. They chattered that Upepo had gone to Kitumbi, the witch-doctor, to buy charms. Zamani trembled. He crept into the *kraal* and to the hut where Upepo slept. Zamani felt in the thatch of the wall above the roll of skins. At last he found something. It was a gnu's horn. He felt inside the horn with his snuff stick and gave thanks to Umkulum Kulu when he pulled out the twist of hair—his own. In its place he put the knot of hair from Upepo's head and stole away.

I learned of these things later, bit by bit, from Milk, and from Zamani who trusted me—a little.

That night, after the western mountains had drunk up the sun, Upepo was in the bushes behind his *kraal* boiling together in a pot, water, urine, the tooth of a mad dog, a leopard's claw, a piece of the skin of a cobra and the victim's hair—which Upepo thought was Zamani's but which was Upepo's.

So, with extreme care, Upepo performed the ritual, thinking he was dooming Zamani to torture and death by witchcraft.

"Boil, hair of a man," he pronounced the spell. "Boil. A snake will dart into you his poison, or a dog will bite you to your death, or a leopard tear you. Your liver shall dissolve in agony as this fluid boils your hair."

After he had kicked the pot over, Upepo put the hair and the other matters into a bag. He climbed a tree over a *donga* full of snakes and hung the bag by a shred of fibre to a branch. "When the fibre rots and breaks and your hair falls among the snakes, then you die, my enemy," he said.

Unknown to Upepo an eye of hate had been watching all his motions. When Upepo came later to where the other men were sitting, Zamani strutted before him. "Ho, a fool," cried Zamani. "He thought he was charming another's hair and it was his own. What of the gnu horn in the straw? Your own hair I put in it, your own hair that I took from the bottle in the *musungu's* tent."

With a yell of fear Upepo leaped up and ran into the darkness to take down the charm bag. He would take it away and burn it before the spirits had time to do their deadly work against him.

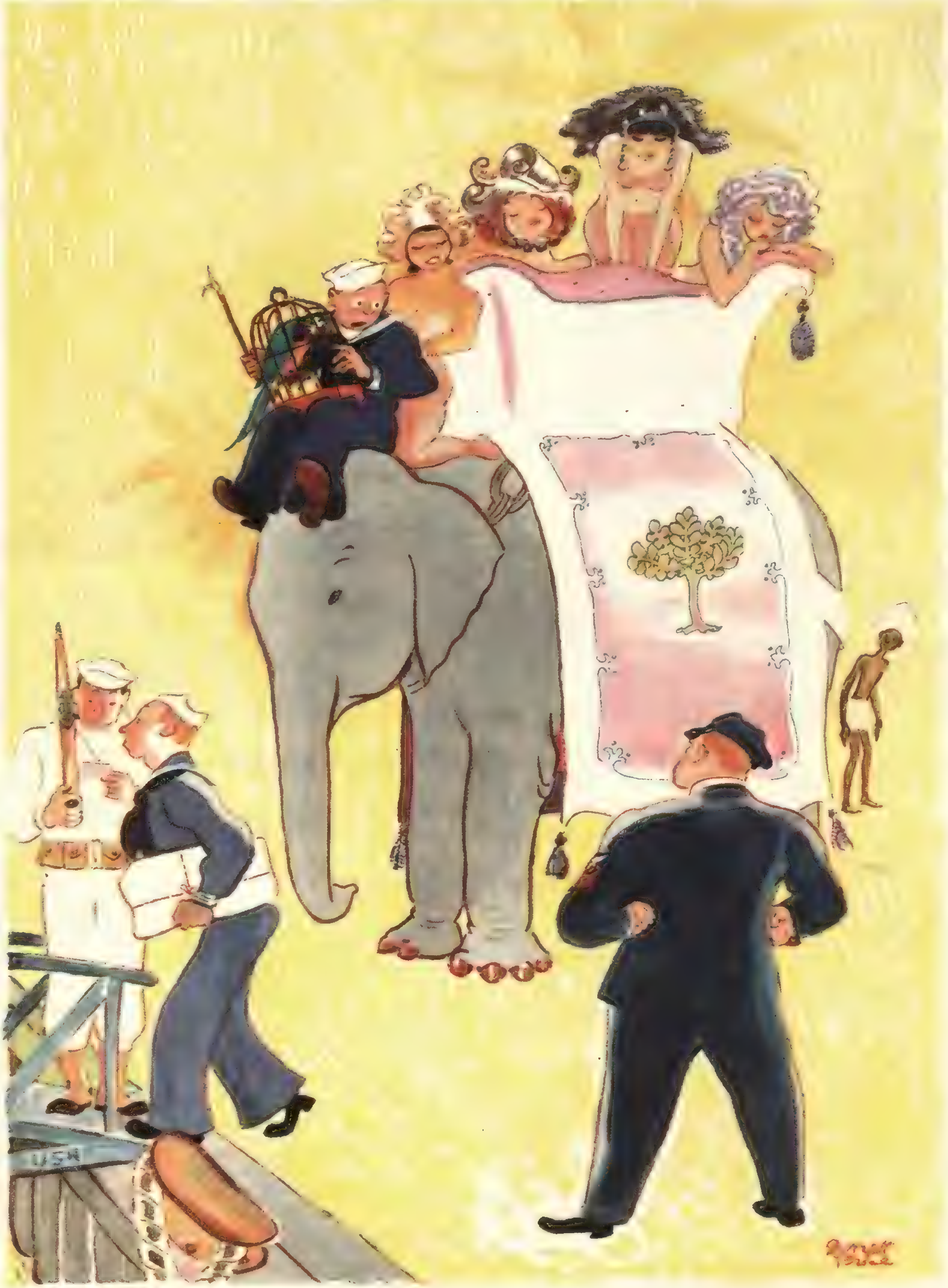
Later that night and all night long I heard drums beating. I had been in my tent and knew nothing of all this. Milk came to me in the morning with a sorrowful face. "He is dead, *Musungu*."

"Who is dead?"

"Upepo. He went to climb a tree in the night over the snake *donga* and a great cobra stung him deep. The witch-doctors sang over him all night but Upepo swelled up and died howling."

When I was about to leave Zululand I called in Zamani. "I need a tuft of hair for my collection," I said. "You owe me one for that hair you stole from me."

"I will give you hair, *baaba*," he replied with dignity, after thought. "I will give it to you the day you leave this place never to return." ##



"Well—I can keep the parrot, can't I?"

They Film for Navy

Teachers will some day thank the Training Film Branch of the Navy's Photographic Division for its pioneering in education

by ALAN HYND

• ARTICLE •

Without, to be sure, meaning to, those two global villains—Hitler and Hirohito—have supplied the impetus for sweeping changes in school and college educational methods in the United States of the post-war world. Whatever else may be said about Der Fuehrer and the Son of Heaven, now or in the days to come, they should certainly receive our compliments, even though left-handed, for setting in motion forces that will actually make the three R's and higher education attractive in the not-distant future. Post-war mothers will find it more of a novelty to receive a call from a grim-visaged truant officer; and in college classrooms even athletes suffering from cerebral malnutrition, and in attendance by grace of pecuniary aid, will probably soak up learning and like it.

This unintended German-Japanese contribution to the American way of life is a by-product of the stealth and duplicity with which the Axis prepared for war. We were caught so unaware and unprepared that extreme methods had to be brought into play in an effort to telescope time in our race to get on an even footing with the enemy. Among the methods utilized on a hitherto undreamed-of scale in our enormous speed-up program was the talking moving picture. The result has been that service training films—audio-visual education prepared for the express purpose of shortening the training periods in all branches of all the services—have proved such a singular success as a medium of accelerated instruction that the idea is going to be carried into schoolrooms and college classes after the last shot has been fired. The war has crashed crusty academic barriers that date back to the gas-light days.

The belief of the experts who are producing the training films, particularly the Navy training films, that the necessities of this war have set education ahead to an incalculable extent seems hardly open to argument. If, reason these men, bluejackets in an Eastern Navy school recently learned more about the utterly complex subject of fire control from a fifteen-minute film than they had previously absorbed in a two-hour lecture on the same subject, the possibilities of audio-visual education in peacetime schools and colleges are unlimited. All this does not mean that a spool of celluloid and a sound track will be substituted for Mr. Chips; the educational film will supplement, lighten and shorten the burden of the teacher.

At the moment, the Training Film Branch of the Photographic Division of the Bureau of Aeronautics has in production for the Navy one-, two-, three-, four- and five-reelers entailing a greater monetary expenditure than any two Hollywood studios combined have ever been involved in at peak periods. These films, made under Naval supervision by some fifty firms that produce industrial, advertising and commercial reels in peacetime, cover virtually every subject bearing even the remotest connection to Naval activity. Each month, from thirty to sixty thousand prints are shipped to Naval training shore establishments in the United States and abroad, to ships at sea and to advanced bases. The subjects range from *The Chemistry of Fire*, a fascinating job that imparts in forty-five minutes knowledge that could be picked up in a laboratory only in a matter of days, to *Castaway Living at Sea*, being made expressly for Navy fighter pilots shot down in the South Pacific. Men proved to be outstanding authorities on the subjects filmed, which may range from Diesel engines to Naval etiquette, act as technical advisers during production.

The training films that the Navy has been producing—and this will apply also to films that will supplement the work of school ma'ams and professors—are not moving pictures *per se*. Every scene projected and every word spoken by the commentator must contribute something to the education of the person viewing the picture. Thus, it might be said that the technique of combining words and pictures has been brought to new heights of perfection in the Navy training films. In the average factual film that we see in commercial movie houses—a newsreel or a travelogue, say—the actual pictures weakly support the narrative of the commentator. But in the Navy films, and in the films that will be shown in schools and colleges when the war is over, it is just the other way about; the narrative supports the picture. One does not repeat the other. If the camera can tell everything in a given scene, the Navy favors silence over talk. If an explanation of a scene is necessary, or if words can contribute emphasis or an extension of meaning, the narrator speaks, but only then.

Sometimes straight photography is the best visual medium to employ on a subject, but at other times animation is necessary. Animation supplies what the brain knows but what the human eye can't see. For example, animation is used extensively to explain the workings of a Diesel engine, as it is obviously impossible to split an actual Diesel engine in half and get a cross section to function. A member of a submarine crew could spend a pig-boat career looking at an actual Diesel engine in operation and never understand the theory of the engine as clearly as after seeing animation showing how the fuel is injected into the cylinder, how the fuel is ignited under pressure, and how the pressure on the piston acts on the crankshaft, which in turn rotates the propeller.

Despite the importance of telescoping the time element, and the fundamental attractiveness of visual education, the Navy discovered that those features are by no means the only vital ones offered by audio-visual instruction. The dangerous possibility of inferior teaching is minimized. An instruction film can be worked over until its basic information is known to be sound, and until it takes the fullest advantage of the subject that it is covering. The human teacher, however, is often a victim of incompatability with students, and, even when an outstanding authority on the subject taught, the teacher has off days due to a variety of human causes.

Then, too, film teaching, by virtue of its faculty for reducing complexities to simple, understandable terms, brings the uninformed student up to the experiential level of the student with a superior background. The Navy has discovered repeatedly, both in this war and the last one, that trainees lacking certain types of background could not absorb as much from the spoken or written word as those who brought into the service with them a certain knowledge of the subject being taught. But the training film, it has been found, rapidly closes that gap. For instance, after looking at a film explaining the theory and operation of the Diesel engine, a man who had not the slightest idea how a Diesel engine operated before seeing the film will

Continued on page 135

Sgt. Bob Gallivan
Walla Walla Air Field

"The First National Bank was just covered with Eddie's finger prints!"

Serenade to Fred Allen

Urging literate listeners who don't write fan mail to sign a petition to bring back radio's funniest comedian

by GILBERT SELDES

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

LORD NORTHCLIFFE, the Lord Beaverbrook of his day, once remarked that the Americans were a "docile" people. There's nothing alarming in that; possibly the next week he or someone else noted that we were a lawless, stubborn people. Visitors will say anything about foreign countries. And, what's more, their remarks will be quoted by people like myself when occasion arises. The occasion has arisen because I think the Americans are being peculiarly docile at this moment. As follows:

Fred Allen, after muttering in his beard for several months, has served notice that he is taking a vacation. Not this summer-vacation, soon coming to an end; he has threatened to stay off the air after autumn is well on its way; no one has yet heard a promise that he will be back before the snow flies.

And the American people have done nothing whatever about it. No one has organized a picket line, to march before Mr. Allen's hideaway in Maine, with signs telling the simple truth, Fred Allen is Unkind to the American people. No mass-marches on his sponsors or the networks have taken place. Here we are, faced with an almost accomplished fact, that the rare, unique and absolutely essential talent of Mr. Allen will disappear, and we do nothing about it.

Therefore if anyone wishes to send a petition of protest, now is the time to act. I'm sure the editor of this magazine will accept all signatures.

Perhaps Mr. Allen is entitled to a rest. But we would be fools to let him walk out on us without letting him know that we resent it. And want him back.

And without the faintest belittlement of whatever is left on the air or is added to our entertainment. Fred Allen does something no one else tries; so no matter how many great comedians occur, or how many enjoyable programs we have, his place is still unfilled. The enthusiasts think it can't be filled. They say there's no one like Fred Allen. Which is what I've been saying.

Without saying it, we all feel that Fred Allen is in the great succession of pure great American humor. He presents his material differently because, as will become apparent in a moment, he uses the medium of radio with a rare instinct; but Mark Twain would have relished some of Allen's vast exaggerations, the extravagance of his puns are like the immeasurable disproportions of Twain's tall stories; the unabashed use of corn and the equally easy kidding of corn is typical of George Ade and Eugene Field. Ring Lardner admired him intensely. As for the satiric touch, here, for instance, is a report on an outrageous political junket: "The second section of the train bearing the Illinois legislature to New Orleans was stopped . . . by bandits last night. After relieving the bandits of their watches and jewelry, the excursionists proceeded on their journey with increased enthusiasm." Internal evidence will tell the specialist who wrote it; but if it were in Irish spelling, might it not be by Finley Peter Dunne? And if it were given as a news item, with appropriate settings, couldn't it come from the Town Hall Newsreel, with Fred Allen reading the captions? Being Irish and New England, Allen has another side to his wit; but the New Englanders whom he resembles were not in the comic vein; he is as shrewd as Emerson sometimes, and at others as giddy as Holmes. Wherever you touch him you touch an American product, although it would not surprise me to learn that his parents were both born abroad. The shrewd mixture of many qualities often is found in relative newcomers to America.

I have compared Allen to writers of American humor. Actually he is closer to the talkers: to Will Rogers, to the people who sit around and talk (not those who have nothing to tell except smutty stories), to some of our typical professional humorous lecturers. He is, at the same time, specifically a wit. He assumes the existence of a mind in his listeners. Having said so much, I must be on the point of saying that Allen has an intellect, a brain, a functioning organism in his head. As this might be considered abusive—and might cause jeopardy to his income—I refrain. Humorist or wit—or whatever—he is unique and wonderful.

Who's Who makes no fine distinctions. Presumably with Allen's connivance, it calls him a "radio comedian." It mentions that he is also starred in three movies, adds his address, and that's all you know of Fred Allen from *Who's Who*. You would think he might be anyone. Incidentally the things Allen withholds from *Who's Who* are not exactly secrets. He's always telling about a childhood in Boston or thereabouts; rumors of stealthy visits to local libraries are supposed to account for his mastery of language; his real name (Sullivan) has been sneaked into the public prints by a press agent; and unless my memory is all too confused, Allen was the long thin guy in a Palm Beach suit who played with Jimmy Savo (the stumpy guy in a raccoon overcoat) in an immortal, though not too successful, act called aptly Savo and Allen, if not vice versa.

You'd never know from *Who's Who* that Allen had a stage career (from *The Passing Show of 1922* through the unforgettable *Little Show*) and that he is a writer of sketches, magazine pieces, etc. And maybe that's all right. Because Allen has never forgotten what he learned elsewhere, but he has, perhaps more than anyone else, turned all he knows to the uses of radio. He has technical assurance to the last degree; but more than that, he has a kind of fingertip feeling for the medium, as true as the feeling a furrier has for a skin or an engraver for the balance of his burin. You ne catch Allen doing things on air which aren't suitable to air; he was the first performer sense the danger of the stu audience, and while he has to ha an audience, and to keep th audience in good humor, he pla constantly to the true audien which is at home. You are not in tated by laughter at someth you haven't heard; no mat what happens in the studio, program gets to you in all value.

It's a long time since I've se Allen working; because I prefer listen to him as a radio m When I saw him he was rema ably businesslike. He worked si ways to the audience, and seem concerned with the run of whole show. Since he reduc himself to half an hour, the di culties of timing have multipl and often the ad libs and laughter throw the time-keep into a frenzy; they catch up w themselves by cutting Al Goo man's attractive music to ribbo and Allen getting the signal has improvise a line like, "That w *Me* from *Me and My Gal,"* sometimes, "That would ha been So-and-So if he hadn't p vented Mr. Goodman from pla ing it." And part of the job

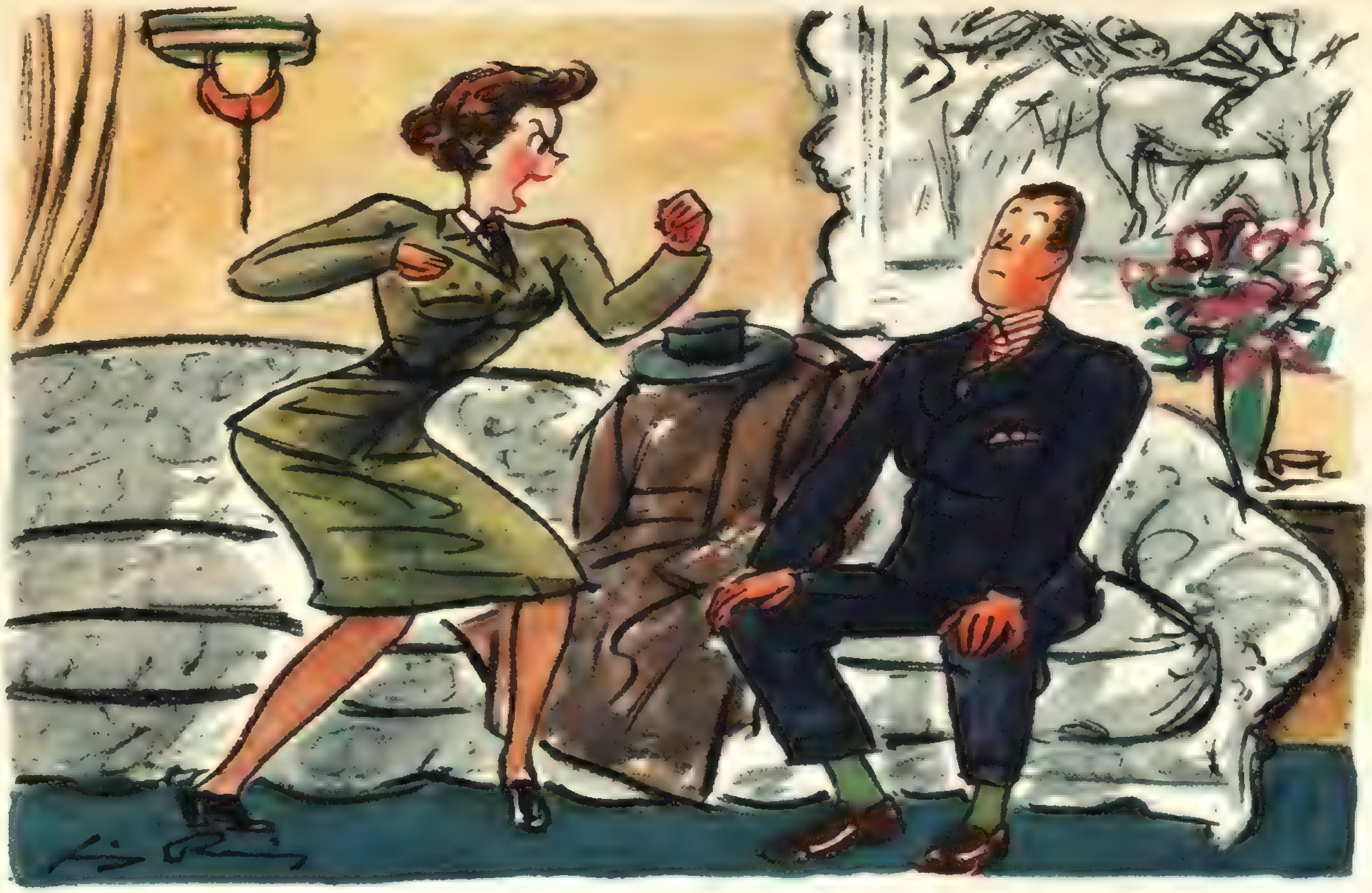
Continued on page

AFTERNOON OF A SOLDIER

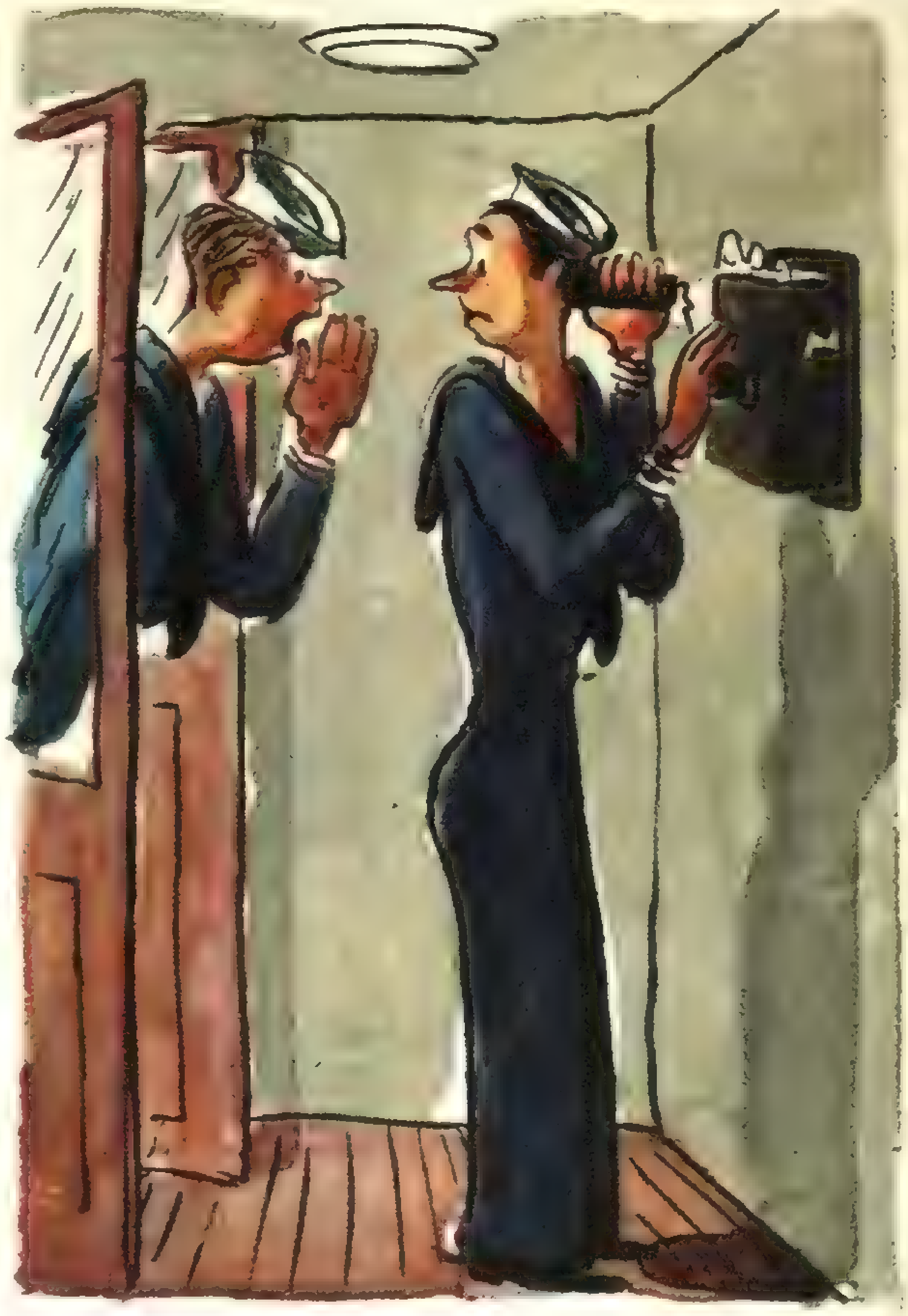
AFTER diligently sleuthing through contemporary psychology treatises (Jung, Adler and Dorothy Dix), through sociological tomes from Charles to Mary Beard and other reflections on the passing scene (not overlooking bound volumes of the *New York Times*), our Research Department has come up with the cheerful conclusion that sex has come to stay, and especially in the Army. They substantiate this claim with a quotation from Francis Bacon (1561-1626) who pondered: "I know not how, but martial men are given to love. I think it is, but as they are given to wine; for perils commonly ask to be paid in pleasures." We agree with such savants when we review the letters from soldiers on the various fronts, imploring for every model's address and marital status. Especially noteworthy was a recent billet-doux for Billie Seward, in which a whole regiment assured her they love her madly. Because of such evidence of the Army's large and affectionate heart, we bequeath this photograph to the men in khaki. Thus every soldier, just by gluing his own likeness in the blank space thoughtfully provided by Mr. Blumenfeld step right in and view the consisting, as you see, of a b a brunette and a redhead. T wearing your favorite color white and blue, so rally rou flag, boys. The lady at left, swim suit shows a nice rega conservation, was born, fit enough, in Glasgow, Sco Her name is Betty Stuart has danced in the Ziegfeld F modeled for Powers, and b stock and radio actress, isn't bad for twenty-two. F June Cox is a Powers gal, to she specializes in high fas Besides playing in *Counsel Law* with Paul Muni, she brigh the original Broadway comp *Growing Pains.* Two years a won *Life's* contest for the be and best figure and you'll pro agree she could do it again. Hernan, the brunette with Mona Lisa smile, was *Red* contest winner in 1941 and has earned the tired phrase, " or girl." Moreover, she has for so many magazine cover she can hardly object w soldier ventures to inq "Haven't I seen your prett before somewhere?"

ERWIN BLUMENFELD PHOT

PASTE YOUR FACE HERE



"Aw, come on, George, insult me! I wanna show you what we've learned!"



"First see if she can get me a blonde just as beautiful who has *__already__* *eaten"*

MERICAN BEAUTIES, EASTERN STYLE

The face and fortune of Jean Tait

SIDES possessing a pair of beautiful blue eyes that sug- early spring, Jean Tait has a distinction. She was born and d on Manhattan Island, and having sung with an orches- n Dallas, she says, "Yessuh, I'm proud of it."

an thinks nothing of smiling ou enticingly from the cos- c ads. That's not all. She has skin you love to touch, the s that make you remember, the lips that float across thou- s of miles to the helmeted man e foxhole. Jean gets around. have glimpsed her looking ingly over the luncheon table, pening a bottle of umpty-nine r perfume. She does all this casual grace.

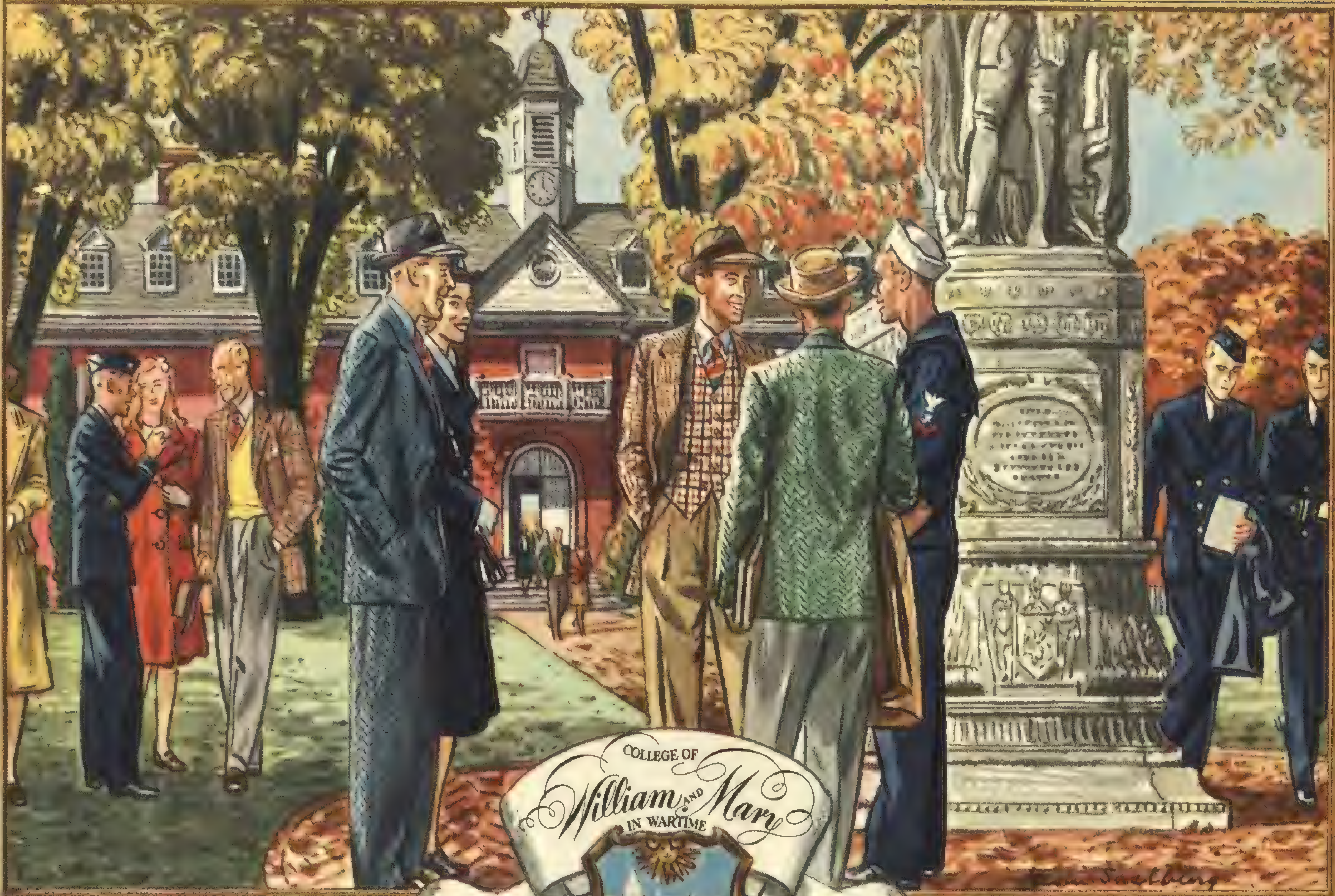
other words, Jean Tait is a essful model, one of the most lar in the Conover club. To at this dainty package of de wistfulness, you would be what taken aback—not too now—to find out what Jean is y like. She goes for thick s—when she can get them, least a pound and a half in an ." She has a mean bowling age of 175 on an off night. She s into improvisation dances at the drop of a hat, right out on the floor.

As far as men are concerned, which is pretty far if you ask Jean, she likes to talk as well as listen. She won't smile unless she feels like it, or as she expresses it, she's a fugitive from phony charm. Miss Tait gives out with some verbal novelties as, for instance: "I like wolves. I like them tall and dark, if possible. I like them well-groomed and intelligent, too. I like them to understand that I may not be a complete zero on the old I.Q. I guess that's a whole lot to ask, but you'll find it quicker in a wolf than in a lamb. Some of my best friends are wolves.

"The war has greatly improved the man situation—no matter what you hear. Service men can't afford nightclubs very often, so we're reduced to eating dollar dinners. Men are more exciting, they put themselves out to tell you things, and they let you talk. It's fun not to have to smile and not to have to be a human ear."

Vital Statistics: *Model Agency:* Harry Conover; *Home Town:* New York; *Age:* 20; *Height:* 5′ 10″ with heels; *Weight:* 122; *Bust:* 35; *Waist:* 24; *Hips:* 35½.

GRAPH BY JORGÉ



COLLEGE OF William AND Mary IN WARTIME

The Wren Building, oldest academic building in America, is the setting for this campus scene. United States Navy uses part

Underclassmen, now wearing tweed jackets, colorful ties, Oxford shirts, sweaters, Tattersall waistcoats, Cheviot suits and

Joe, the Great McWhiff

He was the best and smartest pitcher we ever had but the Sox claimed they didn't have to play against a gorilla

by KIMBALL McILROY

FICTION

"I GOT a great pitcher for you, Tom," Shorty Cohn said, breaking into my office at the ball park. "Greatest pitcher I ever saw. Come look him over and we'll sign him up."

In these times you're interested in a player just so he's got two arms and a low classification, so I asked, "Where's he at?"

"The zoo," Shorty said. "He lives there. Quit asking questions and get started. First thing you know the Yanks will have him signed."

"O.K.," I said, "if he can throw, just throw." Shorty called a cab to take us to the zoo and when we got there he dragged me to the monkey house. Nobody was there but monkeys, millions of them, making a racket. Shorty didn't say a word. He took me over to a cage marked GORILLA. Inside the cage was the biggest monkey I ever saw.

"That's him," Shorty said.

I said, "I ought to fire you right now."

Shorty said, "You just watch."

There was a pile of coconuts on the floor of the monkey's cage. Shorty got a banana and poked it through the bars. When the monkey saw the banana he picked up a coconut and let fly.

I blinked. That coconut travelled so fast I hadn't even seen it.

"He don't like bananas," Shorty explained, working the trick a couple of times more so I could watch.

"Come on, Shorty," I said. "I got work to do."

"You mean you ain't going to sign him up? Did you ever see an arm like that?"

"He's got a real arm," I admitted, watching the monkey. Those coconuts went like rifle bullets and they never missed.

"How many guys would hit one of those coconuts?" says Shorty. "Sign him up. He's even O.K. in the draft. You can pitch him against the Sox tomorrow."

"What would the rules say about him?" I asked, beginning to waver.

Shorty sneered. "Is there anything in the rules says you can't have an ape pitching for you?"

It wasn't until we were in the cab with the monkey sitting between us that I realized what I had done.

"We bought him," Shorty said. "First we got to sign him to a contract. We'll witness it very legal as his guardians. Then we got to get him a uniform.Then we got to give him a name. For the program." Shorty scratched his head. "We'll give him a good business name—Joe McWhiff."

Well, the monkey was ours now, and he *could* pitch.

The minute we started to explain things to the rest of the team the big problem was who was going to room with him, but Shorty stopped the argument by pointing out that it didn't matter because we had a two-week home stand first.

Shorty had it all figured out that we'd stake Joe down on the mound and give Al Bates, our catcher, a banana. There was nothing in the rules against staking a pitcher down. Al would hold the banana where he wanted Joe to throw the ball.

I agreed to pitch Joe against the Sox the next afternoon. We had some trouble getting Joe into his uniform for the game. When Shorty led him out the Sox raised a loud squawk. "It ain't legal," they said. "There ain't nothing in our contracts says we got to play against an ape."

"Is there anything in your contracts says you *don't* have to?" Shorty asked.

That stopped them. They finally agreed to play the game, but under protest.

Shorty staked Joe down near the rubber and Al went to the plate. The umpire called, sort of doubtfully, "Play ball!" Al took a banana out of his pocket and held it where he wanted the pitch. Joe wound up and let go. Al yanked the banana away and stuck out his mitt.

Nobody saw the ball but everybody heard it land in the mitt. The umpire yelled, "Strike one!" The batter looked dazed. He kept right on looking dazed while Joe burned two more right through the center of the plate.

Joe had a wind-up that would have baffled Houdini. Sometimes he let the ball go from one place and sometimes from another. It didn't matter much where he let it go from because the batters couldn't see it anyway.

When the inning was over Shorty turned to me.

"What do you think of him, Tom?" he asked. "Did I get you a pitcher or didn't I?"

The Sox got only three hits off him, all three by just holding their bats straight out in front of them and then by letting the ball bounce straight into center field.

Shorty had it all figured out how he'd get around Joe batting. He'd decided Joe'd never be a hitter anyway and that the thing [illegible] do was to have him put out as soon as possible. It worked all right the first time. The Sox pitcher was evidently planning to get rid of Joe with a beanball. Only Joe caught it and tossed it back at him.

Naturally, the umpire said, "You're out!"

After that the Sox got smart, and when Joe came to bat next they purposely walked him. But all Shorty did was lead Joe off the base-line and make him automatically out that way.

The first time they called a balk on Joe was in the third inning. He was waiting on the mound and all of a sudden he seemed to go into his wind-up.

"That was a balk!" the Sox manager shouted.

Shorty was out of the dugout like a rabbit. "That was no balk," he yelled. "He's scratching."

There was quite an argument about it until the umpire said to Shorty, "You show me the difference between that and his wind-up, and I'll reverse my decision."

Shorty tried, but he couldn't convince them. When he came back to the dugout he said, "We'll have to get him some flea powder."

Aside from his balks and the three hits Joe was never in any trouble and we won the game going away. When it was over the Sox manager came around to see us. He was mad—fighting mad.

"We're going to protest to the president of the League," he said. "Maybe there's nothing in the rules says you can't pitch a monkey but you can't tell me it's according to the spirit of the game."

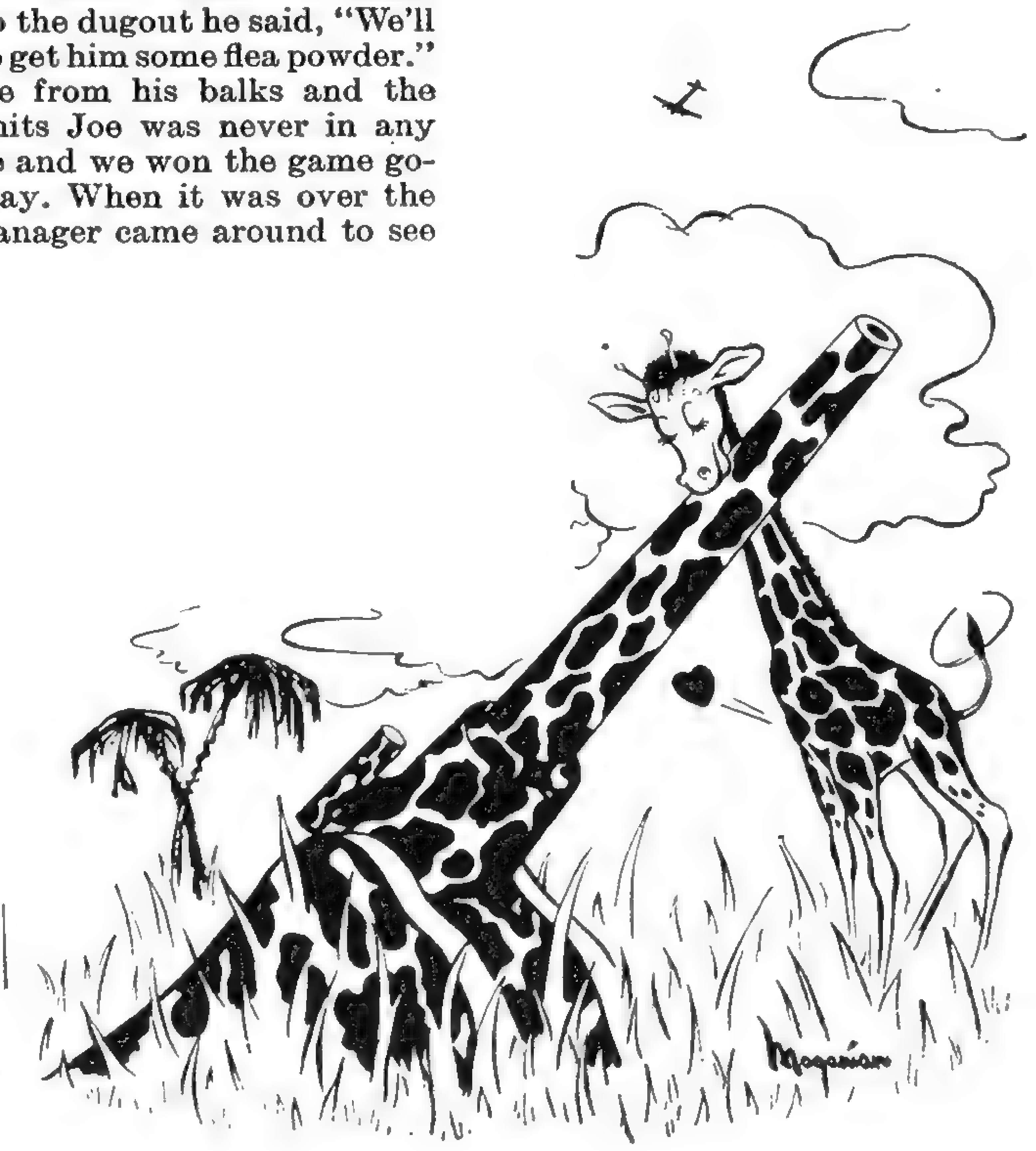
"You got beat by a better man," Shorty said. "You should take your beating and quit squawking."

After he'd gone Shorty said to me, "We signed Joe up legal. There's nothing wrong with his contract. Pitching that game didn't tire Joe a bit. Why don't we pitch him in every game from here on? He could win them all for us."

So we pitched him the next day and he won that game, too. On the Sunday he won a double-header. We were turning the fans away by the gross at the box office, so many of them wanted to see Joe. After the Sunday games the Sox manager dropped around again.

"We heard from the front office,"

Continued on page 148



The Esquire Sports Poll

Army-Navy tie game at Chicago in '26 wins majority vote while Red Grange is rated all-time tops among players

by **HERB GRAFFIS & RALPH CANNON**

• SPORTS •

THE QUESTIONS

I

What was the greatest football game you ever saw?

1926 Army-Navy 21-to-21 game at Soldier Field, Chicago.

II

What was the greatest football team you ever saw in action?

1941 Chicago Bears

III

Who was the greatest football player you ever saw perform?

Red Grange

IV

What was the greatest single play you ever saw in a football game?

Red Grange's 95-yard return of the opening kickoff for touchdown in Illinois-Michigan game at Urbana, Illinois, 1924.

MEMORIES of mock wars on gridirons pass in review as football fans present in this month's Esquire Sports Poll their selections of the greatest performers and performances the game has displayed.

It's fitting that an Army-Navy game, the 21-to-21 affair at Soldier Field, Chicago, in 1926, was chosen by the majority of voters as the greatest football game they ever saw. Among the stars of the set-to were Commander Tom Hamilton of the Navy, who has been responsible for the highly successful Naval Pre-flight physical training program, and Colonel Harry Wilson of the Army, who has been training bombers in the art of masthead bombing for General MacArthur. In that football game, in addition to other starring duties, Hamilton and Wilson each made the three vital points after touchdown, failure in any one of which would have meant defeat for their side.

Trailing the Army-Navy game at Chicago, were the following games:

1935—Notre Dame, 18; Ohio State, 13.
1931—Southern California, 16; Notre Dame, 14.
1924—Illinois, 39; Michigan, 14.
1942—Michigan, 32; Notre Dame, 20.
1939—Iowa, 13; Minnesota, 9.
1931—Yale, 33; Dartmouth, 33.
1926—Alabama, 20; Washington, 19 (Rose Bowl)
1938—Duke, 7; Pittsburgh, 0.
1939—Southern California, 7; Duke, 3 (Rose Bowl)
1935—Southern Methodist, 20; Texas Christian, 14.
1934—Minnesota, 13; Pittsburgh, 7.

Fritz Crisler, Michigan coach, named the 1922 Princeton-Chicago game in Chicago, in which he served as a member of the bench as A. A. Stagg's assistant. In this game, after John Thomas had won All-American rating by tearing the Tiger line to shreds, the Easterners struck back in the second half to win, 21 to 18. **E. H. Burnham,** Purdue coach, picked the 20-20 Indiana-Purdue tie game of 1936. **John J. Peri,** *Stockton Record,* was among a number going back to another 20-20 game, the Stanford-California game of 1924 when "Stanford under Pop Warner scored two touchdowns in the last few minutes of play to tie the tiring Bears under Andy Smith." **Lieutenant Commander Carl G. Olson,** Chicago, was among the host voting for the Chicago Army-Navy game. **Braven Dyer,** *Los Angeles Times,* took the "1931 Notre Dame-Southern California game when Johnny Baker's field goal in the final 20 seconds gave SC the game, 16-14, breaking Notre Dame's winning streak of 25 straight." **Dr. Edward Baker,** Carnegie Tech coach, picked the 1935 Notre Dame-Ohio State game which the Irish won, 18 to 13 in the final seconds on a long pass from Bill Shakespeare to Wayne Milner in the end zone. **Roy E. Tillotson,** coach at Franklin College, Franklin, Indiana, rated Michigan's 32-to-20 victory over Notre Dame in 1942. "It had fine offensive play," he wrote, "as well as good defensive play. All types of play were used: straight bucks, fake bucks, spinner bucks, spinner and run, spinner and pass, forward passes from tricky set-ups; touchdowns from several types of plays; excellent punting, place kicking, etc. Individual play also was extra fine."

A. W. Wells, Gainesville, Texas, *Register*, named the 1935 Southern Methodist-Texas Christian game which sent "SMU to the Rose Bowl and TCU to the Sugar Bowl. With the score tied at 14-14 in the fourth period, Bob Finley threw a long pass to Bobby Wilson to win the game, 20-14. That pass was worth $80,000 to SMU."

Three teams stood out far ahead of the others in the question on the greatest team. They were the Chicago Bears of 1941, Notre Dame's Four Horsemen team of 1924, and the Minnesota team of 1934 led by Pug Lund. The Southern California team of 1931 impressed many, as did Duke's team of 1938 which was unscored on in nine games before being upset by Southern California 7 to 3 in the Rose Bowl; Tennessee's '39 team; Texas' team of '41; Southern Methodist's team of '35 which lost in the Rose Bowl game; Alabama's '25 team which won in the Bowl with Pooley Hubert and Johnny Mack Brown starring, and Alabama's '34 team, which won in the Bowl on Dixie Howell's passes to Don Hutson.

Lou Little, Columbia; **Andy Kerr,** Colgate; and **Harry Keck,** *Pittsburgh Sun Telegraph,* were agreed on the Pittsburgh team of 1916, coached by Pop Warner. **William Newton,** North Carolina State, said: "Tennessee, 1931. McEver, Feathers, Brackett and Kohase, backs; line: Rayburn and Derryberry, ends; Saunders and Aitken, tackles; Hickman and Frank, guards; Mayer, center." **R. W. Finch,** Central Michigan College, Mt. Pleasant, Michigan, chose the Michigan team of 1925. **E. L. Romney,** Utah State, said the University of Southern California eleven of 1928. **Vernard B. Hickey,** California Aggies, Davis, California, named the California team of 1922. **Ray Hahn,** Lindsborg, Kansas, took for his greatest eleven the Nebraska team of 1922, which was "undefeated and whipped Notre dame, 14 to 0."

Just as three football teams pulled away from the field, there were four football players who stood out by themselves—Red Grange, Bronko Nagurski, Jim Thorpe, and Tom Harmon. Sammy Baugh, Ernie Nevers and Don Hutson ranked in another distinct bracket, followed by George Gipp, Ace Parker, Cliff Battles, Dutch Clark, John Kimbrough, Jay Berwanger, George McAfee, Bruce Smith, Whizzer White and Frank Sinkwich.

Grange fans included: **Tom Conley,** John Carroll University, Cleveland; **Paul Stagg,** Worcester Polytechnic Institute; **Thomas C. Hayden,** McPherson College, McPherson, Kansas; **Carl Voyles,** William and Mary; **Ben Greenstein,** Wilmington *Journal-Every Evening*; **Ward Burris,** San Antonio *Express & News* and many others. Among those voting for Nagurski were: **L. B. Allison,** University of California; **A. J. Robertson,** Bradley Polytechnic Institute; **John Magnabosco,** Indiana State Teachers College; **Jim Lookabaugh,** Oklahoma A. & M.; and **Dale Stafford,** Detroit *Free Press.* Thorpe supporters included: **Dr. Clarence W. Spears,** University of Maryland; **Charlie Bachman,** Michigan State; **Henry Frnka,** University of Tulsa; and **G. E. Gauthier,** Ohio Wesleyan. Harmon was the choice of: **E. H. Sherman,** The Citadel; **E. W. Midgett,** Tennessee State; and **Walter Hargesheimer,** Massachusetts State, among others.

Jerry Nason, *Boston Globe*, said Cliff Battles, West Virginia Wesleyan and Washington Redskins. **Joe Goss,** San Pedro *News-Pilot*, cited Commander Tom Hamilton of the Navy in 1926. **Tait Cummins,** *Cedar Rapids Gazette*, rated Nile Kinnick of Iowa in 1939. **Steele McClanahan,** KGBS, Harlingen, Texas, nominated Wesley Fesler, Ohio State end in 1928. **Ken Mercer,** University of Dubuque, voted for Duke Slater, Iowa's Negro tackle of 1922. **Roscoe D. Bennett,** *Grand Rapids Press*, took Earl Martineau, Minnesota, '23. "He did everything," he wrote, "punt, pass, run, and a giant on defense." **Irvin L. Nelson,** Huron, South Dakota, spoke for: "John Levi, Haskell, who could do anything and everything with a football. Great runner and passer as well

one of the best kickers who
ver put on a uniform." Ralph
ryan, KVCV, Redding, Cali-
rnia, voted for Harold Pogue of
linois, who as a sophomore in
13 ran through every team he
ced. "To see him walking along
e street at Urbana," he wrote,
ou'd think he was a weak-
cked grocery clerk. But foot-
ll did something to him. He
as a marvel when in uniform."
H. W. Hughes, Colorado State,
id of Dutch Clark: "He made a
eak team look good at Colorado
ollege, and made a great record
professional ball." A. E.
hoate, Alabama State Teachers
ollege at Troy, said Jarin' Jawn
imbrough of Texas A. & M., who
now a lieutenant in the Army.
T. Hubert, V.M.I. coach and
mself a star of the Alabama
ose Bowl victors of '25, selected
e Muha of his own team of last
ll. Zipp Newman, *Birming-*
m News, and Frank Howard,
lemson, voted for John (Hurry)
ain, Alabama's great punter,
ocker and bruising running back
'32. Henry A. Sullivan, Sa-
m, Massachusetts, *News*, chose
ddie Mahan, Harvard's All-
merican fullback of '13, '14 and
5. Stuart Holcomb, Miami
niversity, Oxford, Ohio, and for-
er Ohio State star, listed Jack
anders of Minnesota. Emmett
owery, Lafayette, Indiana,
cked Duane Purvis, Purdue half-
ck. Ted Petoskey, former
Michigan end who coaches at Spartanburg, South Carolina, picked another great Wolverine end, Benny Oosterbaan, All-American in '25, '26 and '27. Allyn McKeen, Mississippi State, and Ab Kirwan, Kentucky, were agreed on Dixie Howell of Alabama's '34 team.

Lew Byrer, *Columbus Citizen*, wrote of another of the game's immortals:

> Chic Harley never received the national credit he deserved because of the fact that he played at Ohio State in 1916, 1917 and 1919—before Western Conference and Ohio State football was receiving adequate recognition in the east. Chic weighed only 164 pounds. He was a 50-yards or better punter, a superb drop-kicker and field goal kicker, a fine forward passer and an amazingly deceptive runner. I rate him ahead of Grange because of his versatility. Grange might have been a bit better runner, but he couldn't be compared with Harley in the other departments.

Roland Hughes, Roanoke, Virginia, *World-News* figured: "Bill Dudley of Virginia, and his greatest performance against North Carolina on Thanksgiving, 1941 when he scored three touchdowns, passed for another and kicked four extra points." R. H. Burbank, WBRK, Pittsfield, Massachusetts, named: "A full-blooded Sioux Indian, Steve Deloria, St. Stephens College—threeyears All-American small college fullback. Frank J. Stout, Fitchburg, Massachusetts, *Sentinel*, named: "Wilmeth Sidat-Singh, negro-Hindu of Syracuse who threw three touchdown passes to nip Cornell, 19-17 in 1938. Not long ago Singh was lost in a plane crash over Lake Huron." P. A. Lightner, *Wichita Eagle*, counted in: "Mayes McClain, then with Haskell, later with Iowa, making eight touchdowns in one afternoon against Fairmount College. Have seen Grange and other greats but they never looked like the Indian."

Dewey "Snorter" Luster, University of Oklahoma coach, came up with one of the fabulous characters of the past. "Claude Reeds, Oklahoma's fullback of 1910-13. He was a superlative blocker, who got two or three men on each run, and a fine passer, line-plunger, defensive player, and a kicker who once booted 107 yards against Texas in 1910—from his goal to the Texas 3-yard line (field was 110 long then). Besides, it took 40 freshmen to tie him down in a class fight."

Corporal R. C. Crayne, Camp Crowder, Missouri, former Iowa star, named Ace Parker of Duke. Crayne himself had many adherents. One of his great feats came in the Indiana-Iowa game of 1934 when he kicked from behind his own goal line and the ball crossed Indiana's goal line, giving him credit for a 102-yard punt. Max Kase, New York *Journal-American*, was among those voting for Ernie Nevers. L. B. Icely, Chicago, was one of the George Gipp fans.

Jeff Cravath, Southern California, came up with: "Ray George, an unsung tackle for Southern California in 1936-38. He was rugged, and had great football sense, and I consider him one of the greatest linemen of all time."

In the question on the greatest single plays, the plays most mentioned were:

1. Red Grange's 95-yard runback of the opening kickoff for touchdown in the Illinois-Michigan game of 1924.
2. Andy Uram's 70-yard run-back on a lateral after a punt in the final minute to win the Minnesota-Nebraska game of 1936, 7 to 0.
3. Nile Kinnick's long pass to Bill Green that won the Iowa-Minnesota game, 13 to 9 in 1939.
4. Bill Shakespeare's long pass to Wayne Milner to win the Notre Dame-Ohio State game in 1935, 18 to 13.
5. Doyle Nave's final pass to Al Krueger of Southern California that beat Duke in the Rose Bowl game of 1939, 7 to 3.
6. Johnny Butler's 54-yard punt return for touchdown for Tennessee against Alabama, 1939.
7. Whizzer White's 93-yard run-back of punt for touchdown in 1937 Utah-Colorado game.
8. Eric Tipton's punt to 2-yard line in snow that turned Duke-Pittsburgh game of 1938.
9. Long Arnold Herber to Don Hutson pass for Green Bay that beat Chicago Bears, 7 to 0 in 1935.
10. Brick Muller's 70-yard pass to H.

Continued on page 115

The Greatest Football Game I Ever Saw

Question Number One got the following rise from a former third-string tackle

by CLARK SHAUGHNESSY

AFTER thirty-five years in foot-
ball I look back to the West-
n championship game, played
ovember 19, 1910, at Ferry Field,
niversity of Michigan, as the
eatest contest I ever saw.
gainst Minnesota in that game
ichigan was Lee against Grant,
annibal against Rome. It was a
me I have never seen matched
r power in the field and drama
opposing tactics.

I was a member of the Minne-
ta team, third string tackle.
bstitutes were used in those
ys only when the man ahead
as actually a casualty. So, from
e bench, I had a close-up view
the magnificent stand Michi-
n was making.

These are the records of the two
ams before this game.

ichigan 3—Case 3
" 6—Michigan Athletic Club 3
" 3—Ohio State 3
" 11—Syracuse 0
" 0—Pennsylvania 0

Twenty-three points, against
ne by opponents. Tied three
mes out of five. Put this beside
innesota's record for a compari-
n of the power of the two teams.

innesota 34—Lawrence 0
" 17—So. Dakota 0
Minnesota 49—Ames 0
" 27—Nebraska 0
" 24—Chicago 0
" 28—Wisconsin 0

Thus we had rolled up 179 points without being scored on. We had the famous "Minnesota shift" which coach Harry L. "Doc" Williams had brought to perfection in its second year.

We had at left end, Earl Pickering, 230 pounds; left tackle, Jimmy Walker, 235; left guard, George Bromley, 215; center, Babe Morrell, 240; right guard, Biggie Robinson, 255; right tackle, Paul Young, 225; right end, Len Frank, 220. The backfield was led by Johnny McGovern, quarterback and Minnesota's first All-American. Louis Stevens was left half, Rube Rosenwald, right half and Captain Lyle Johnston, fullback.

Paul Young had a bad shoulder and his place was taken during the game by Lucius Smith, 215. He is the father of Bruce Smith, Minnesota All-American and Great Lakes star of the present. If anything had happened to Lucius Smith, I would have been in there for an active part in the glory of the day.

The Michigan team was not a lightweight squad. Their line was even bigger than ours. They were led by the celebrated Albert Benbrook, six-foot-six, 290-pound All-American guard. And they had their great coach, Fielding H. Yost.

What a day it was; overcast, gloomy, typical late-November weather. Old Ferry Field was packed with 18,000 spectators, a throng for those days. They came by special trains, trolleys, horse busses, a few by automobiles. Loyal backers of their team from which they hoped so much, they were there to see what Michigan could do against the tremendous Minnesota scoring machine.

Grimly the stands greeted the Minnesota band, fifty-eight strong, as it marched in. I can remember yet my thrill as they sang their song, "Hail to the Victors."

I can see Yost now, stalking up and down the sidelines as his team warmed up. A long cigar was cockily tilted between his firm lips. A big yellow chrysanthemum was in his coat lapel. He peered out with ice-cold eyes from under the rim of his hat. I looked with awe at Yost. He had the reputation of being always so confident, so masterful. They say he would have made a great general. At home he liked to play Army maneuvers with toy soldiers on a terrain map on a table. Yost ran a football team as a good general would run an Army. He was shrewd, shrewd.

All the emotion a man can hold seems to come with the kick-off. We could relax afterward when Minnesota started to roll. We critically watched Michigan's typical defensive tactics of punting and playing for the breaks. They had their backs against the wall, we knew.

First quarter was going according to schedule. We were on top all the way. Joe Magidson, Michigan's left half, fumbled on his forty-yard line and we all leaped up as Minnesota was through and got the ball. On straight power plays, the team moved to the eighteen-yard line. Big Benbrook and his mates made their stand there for Michigan. McGovern dropped back for a field goal and missed.

Disappointment was only tem-

Continued on page 142

The Taking of Sanski Most

As the old Chetnik said, you can not catch fish without bait, so Estelle played a coy game with Sgt. Ludovici

by WALTER DURANTY

• FICTION •

MIKHAIL IVANICH DIMITROF raised an anxious face from the map that lay on the table before him. "In the town of Sanski Most there are three thousand of the enemy. Can we do it, Yak Fomich?"

"Three thousand *Italians!*" spat the old man. "And we are five hundred strong."

"But they are Arditi, and they fight well." Dimitrof looked thoughtfully at the two before him, as if finding his decision somewhere in their faces. Estelle, his American wife, watching him eagerly but holding her words back till he should speak first. Yak Fomich, seventy-five years old, but fierce as a fighter and now second in command of the Chetnik guerrilla band. "There is great danger," said Dimitrof, the leader, at last. "I would not send you were there others I could trust as well. Are you willing to go?"

Estelle laughed. "Need you ask us?" Confidence was in her voice.

"I've killed my foes with rifle, dagger, and teeth," said Yak Fomich proudly. "This camp is too safe, and full of old women, too."

In silence Dimitrof measured them. "It is decided," he said brusquely, pointing to the map. "Here is the town of Sanski Most. It is exactly halfway between us and the band of Androvics. It lies on a river, with a bridge that makes it a link in the enemy occupation chain.

"There is a report that the Italian regiment may be moved away. Should that happen, we could strike from two sides—Androvics from the west, our men from the east. But we must advance at precisely the right hour, for our attack must come before relief troops are moved into the town.

"*That* we must know. When does the regiment move? If you can discover that, Yak Fomich, you will go to Androvics with the news, and Estelle will return here."

The old man's face and voice were bright with happiness. "I will go as an old woman," he said. "Thus this scar on my cheek will not give me away, for there are many of the enemy who know it well. Strange that the cheek of an old man is as smooth as a woman's . . .

"Yes, I shall go to Sanski Most dressed as a little old *baba* . . ."

"Then I will be your granddaughter," said Estelle.

"You will be back," said Dimitrof, speaking slowly, making it a statement rather than a question.

"I will be back," she said simply, and reached for his hand.

* * *

The market in Sanski Most was crowded with peasants and carts and rough wooden tables piled high with vegetables. At one of the tables sat an old and ugly woman. Beside her, a pretty girl in peasant costume. "This is fun, dear Grandma," whispered the girl. "Or should I call you Grandpa? . . . Oh, look, here's a handsome Italian! Watch me make eyes at him!"

Sergeant Antonio Ludovici twirled his thick moustache and eyed Estelle with approval. "I've not seen you before," he said, "but hope to see you again, as I come here every day to buy supplies. What is your name?"

"Margarita," she whispered coyly, with an upward glance at him.

"That is a pretty name. We have it in Italy, too." He bought lavishly, without any haggling, then strolled off through the market exchanging greetings with many of the vendors, to whom he seemed well known.

"Swaggering fool!" snarled Yak Fomich. "But we seem to have got a nibble . . . the way he looked at you."

The old man guessed it right. At noon when the market closed, Ludovici deftly singled out Estelle under pretext of helping her to carry a sack of potatoes. "You will find me a good customer," he said with an oily smile. "I buy for the colonel's mess and come here every day. Why haven't I seen you before?"

She said that she had been sick, staying with her grandmother in the hills, but now had come back to live with her grandmother's sister who had a farm near the town.

"That is good," he replied. "We can meet often."

"Do you think I was right, Yak Fomich," said Estelle as they jogged along the road in a wagon, "to talk to him alone?"

The old man spat in the dust. "Of course, Missy, you were right. From all that I can see, the people in this town are hand in glove with the enemy. It was a center of Croatian independence before the war, and there was trouble two years ago with Serbian officials, one of whom was killed. The townsfolk were punished for that, perhaps too severely, at any rate the mayor and most of the council hate the Serbs and play the It ian game."

"The sergeant comes every d to market."

Yak Fomich nodded his hea "That is excellent news. The stewards and orderlies pick bits of information; your sergea may be useful."

"I think I'm getting som where," Estelle said three da later. "My Italian boy friend loosening up; he's talking my teriously about something tha going to happen in the near futu I think it perhaps is true that th may be going to move. He wan me to go out with him in a boat the river tomorrow afternoon. said that you wouldn't allow He pooh-poohed that, said I cou dodge you if I wanted to—ju say I was going to town to visi friend or something. What do y think about it?"

Yak Fomich shrugged his shou ders. "On the river in broad da light, that isn't much of a ris You can't catch fish without bait

"All right then, I'll tell hi Yes."

"How long was it you were and where did you stay in t hills?" asked Ludovici, paddli the little boat under the shade the trees.

"Why does he want to kn that?" Estelle wondered, but s had the answer pat. "Nearly fi months," she said, "inflammati of the lungs. I stayed at m uncle's house in Kovacs"—s named a village in the opposi direction from the guerrilla e campment—"My uncle was par lyzed, and life was very hard. was glad to get back here again

He said, "Would you like land and sit on the grass? I ha brought some wine and food."

Estelle giggled. "I think I pr fer the boat. You Italians are enterprising!"

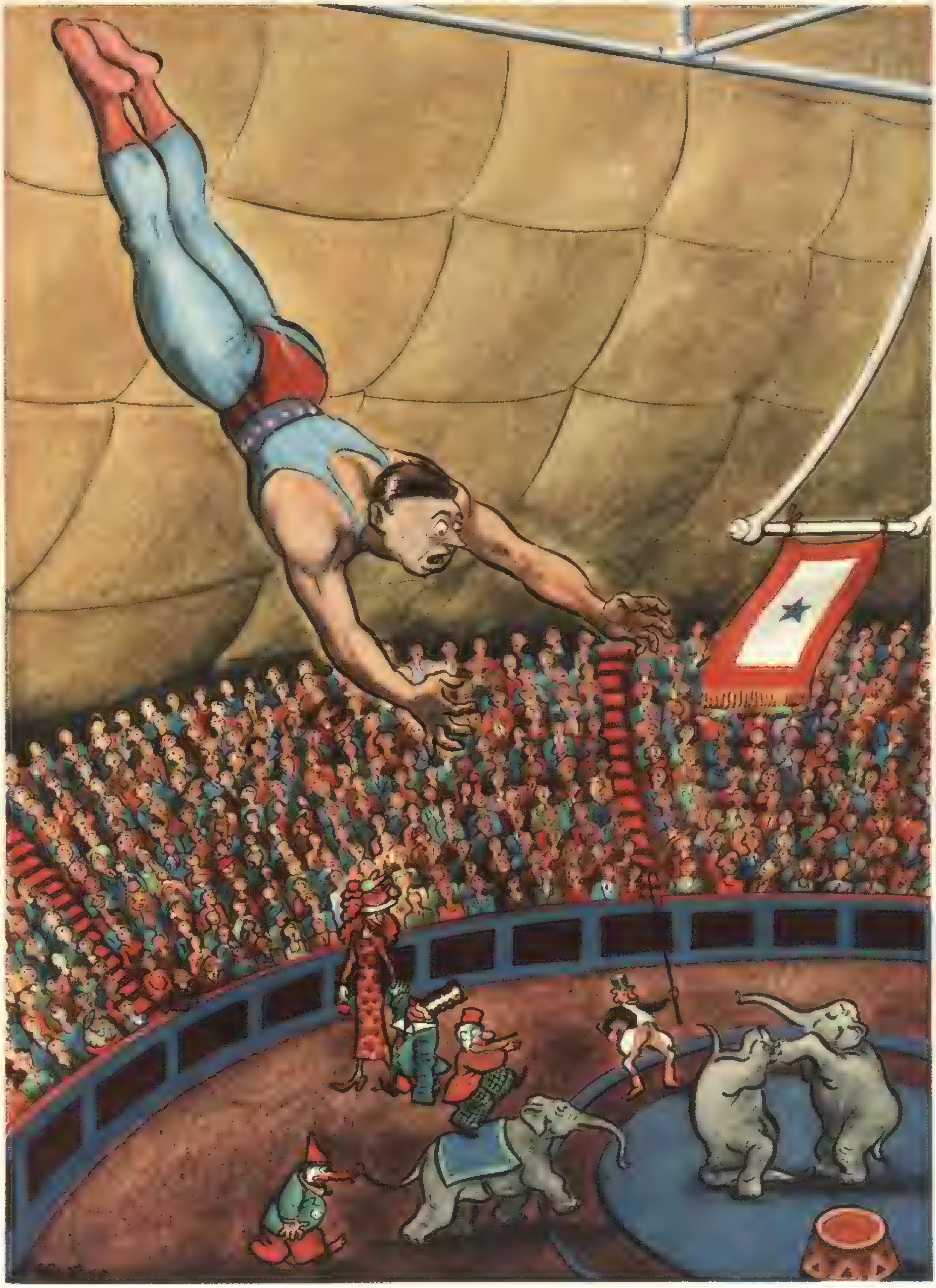
Ludovici twirled his moustach "I am disappointed," he sai "You are good to look at, my dea but I do not find it enough. Pe haps you will soon be sorry have been so shy with me." H poured out two glasses of wine a handed one to the girl. "I dri to our closer friendship."

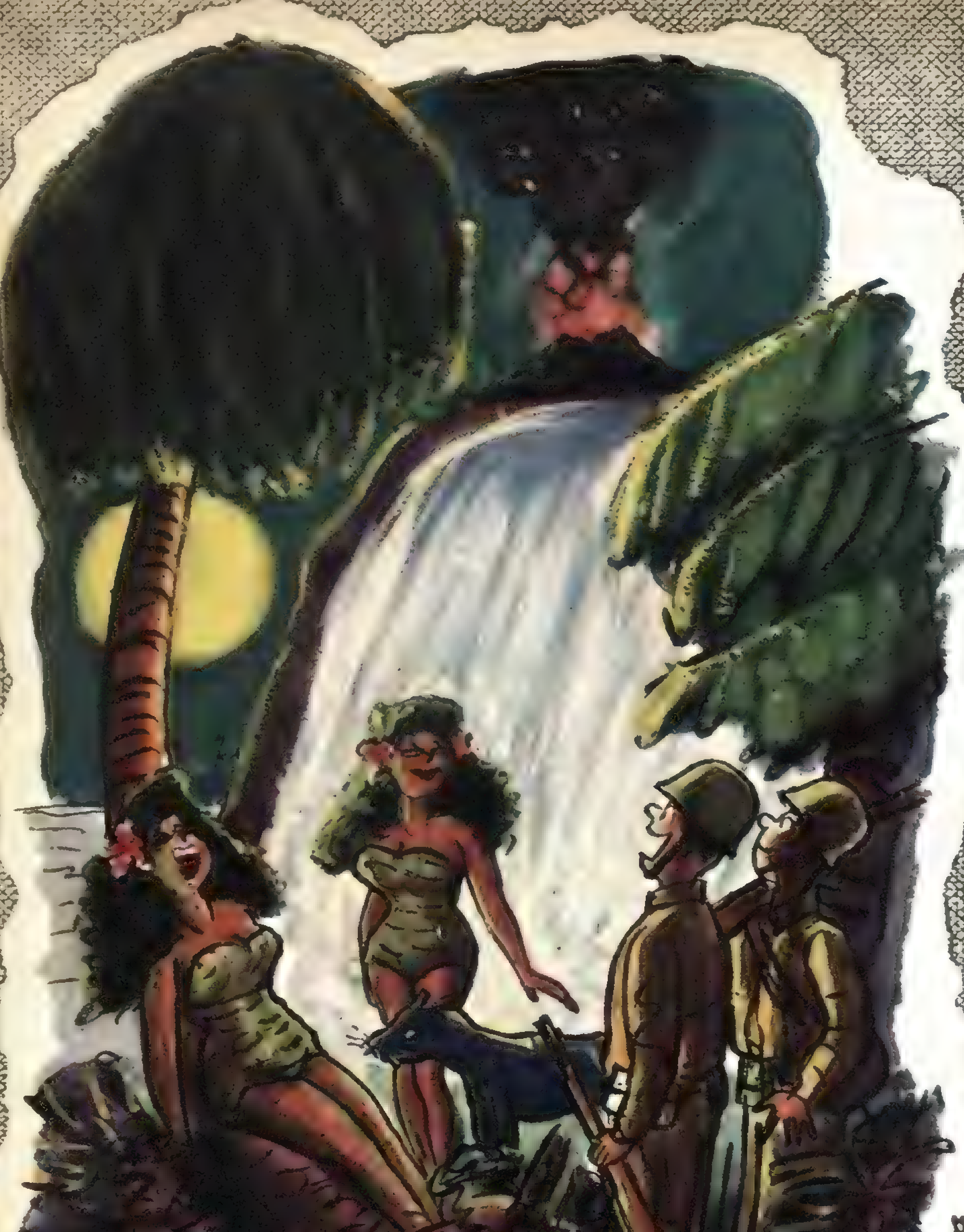
She eyed him gaily over t glass. "You shouldn't complain she said. "You can't guess wh lies I told my grandmother order to join you today. Why d you say just now I might reg my shyness?"

"We might not have much time

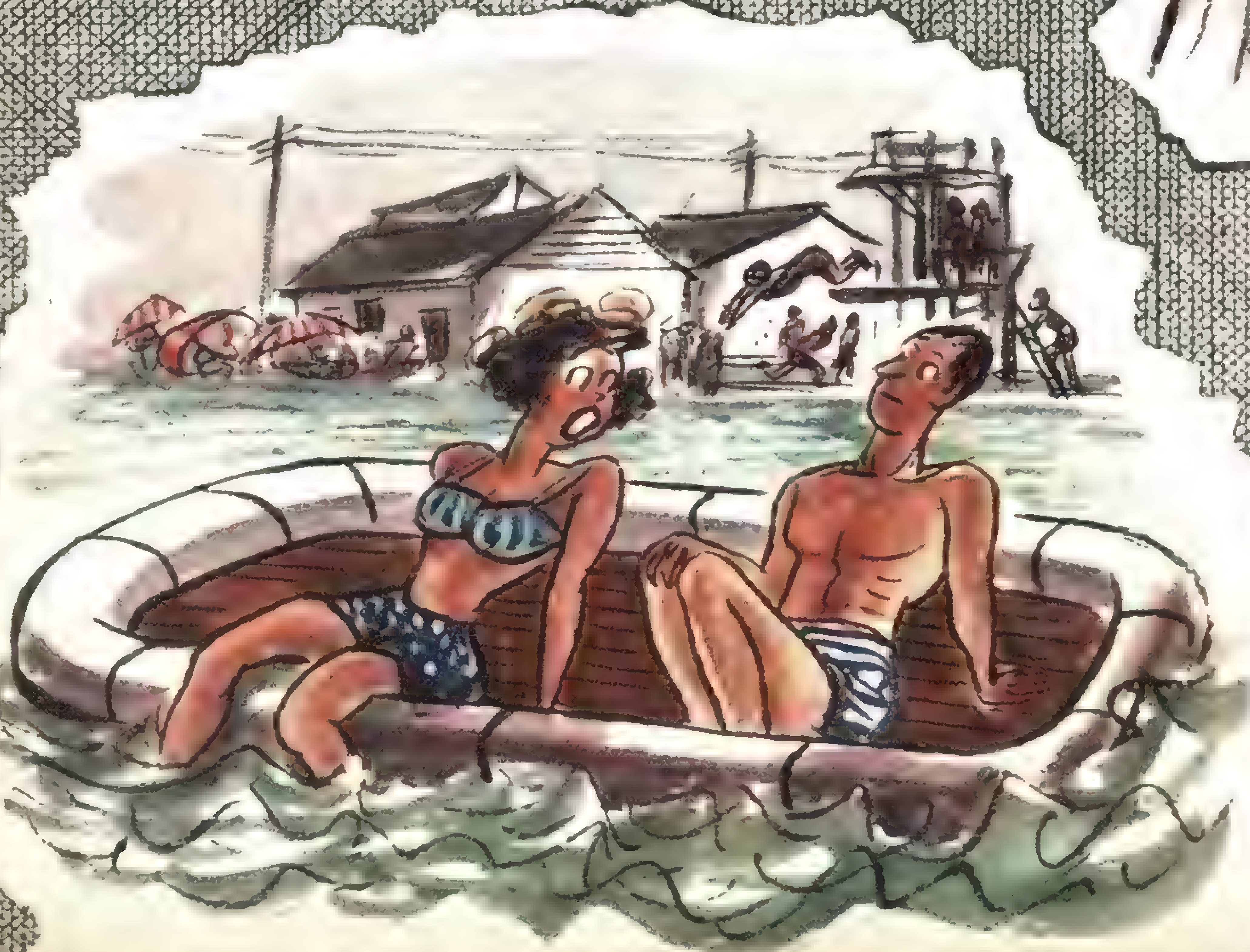
Continued on page

"All during my sermon yesterday, this one kept making the most uncomplimentary sound"

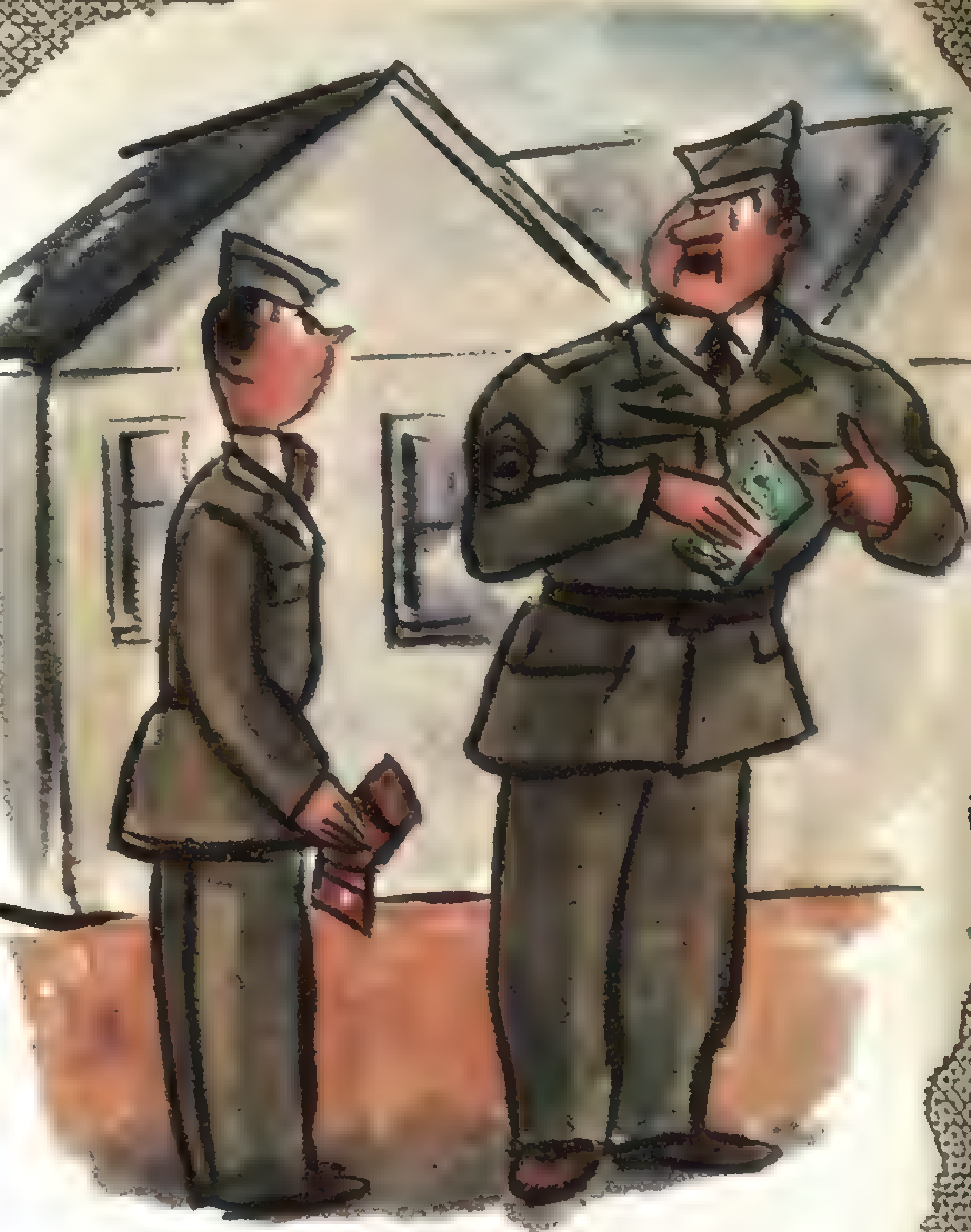




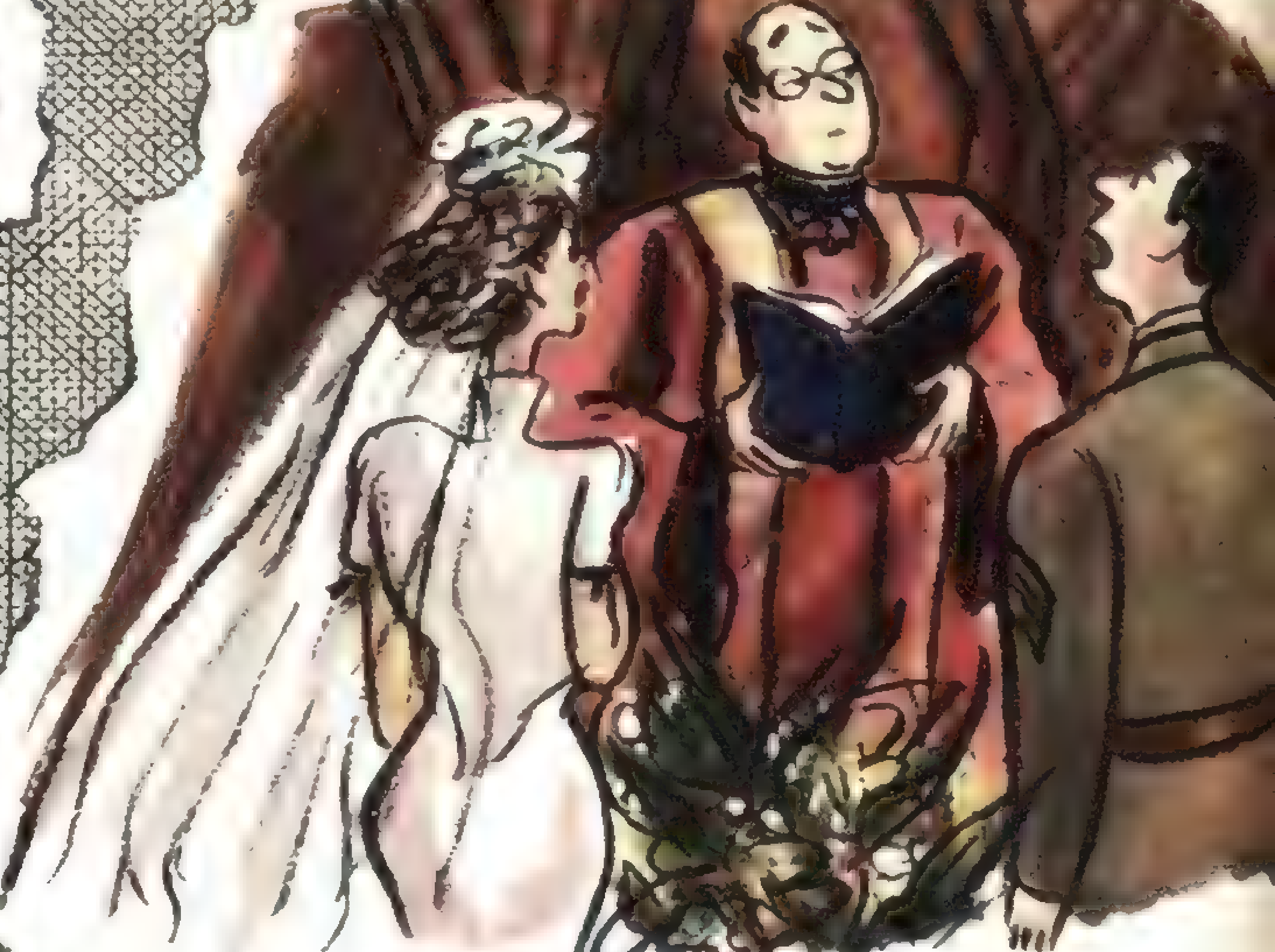
"Don't stand there staring, Harvey—get their names and announce them!"



"Sort of gives you an idea what shipwrecked sailors go through, doesn't it?"



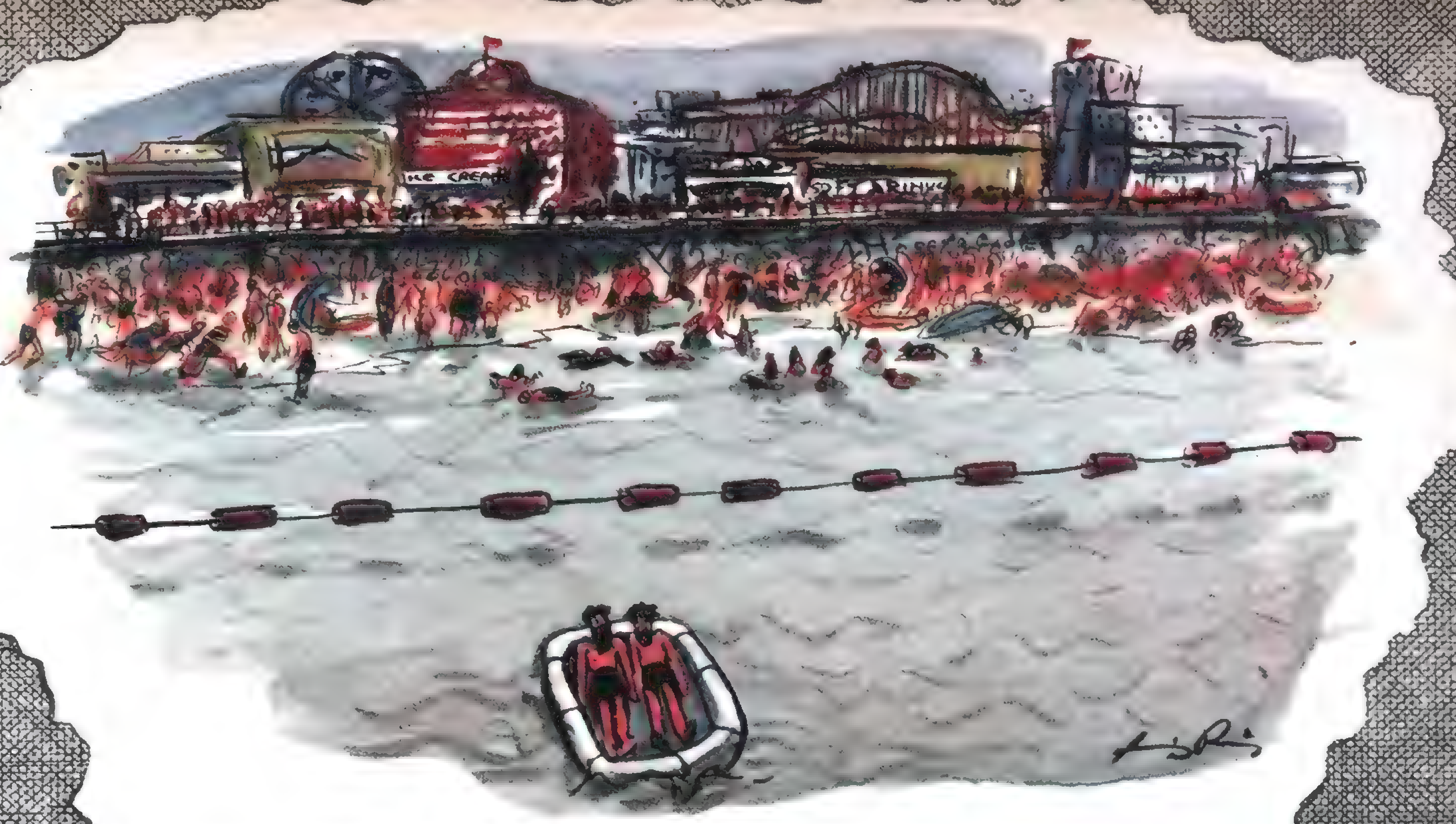
"Now don't hesitate to remind me I owe you this"



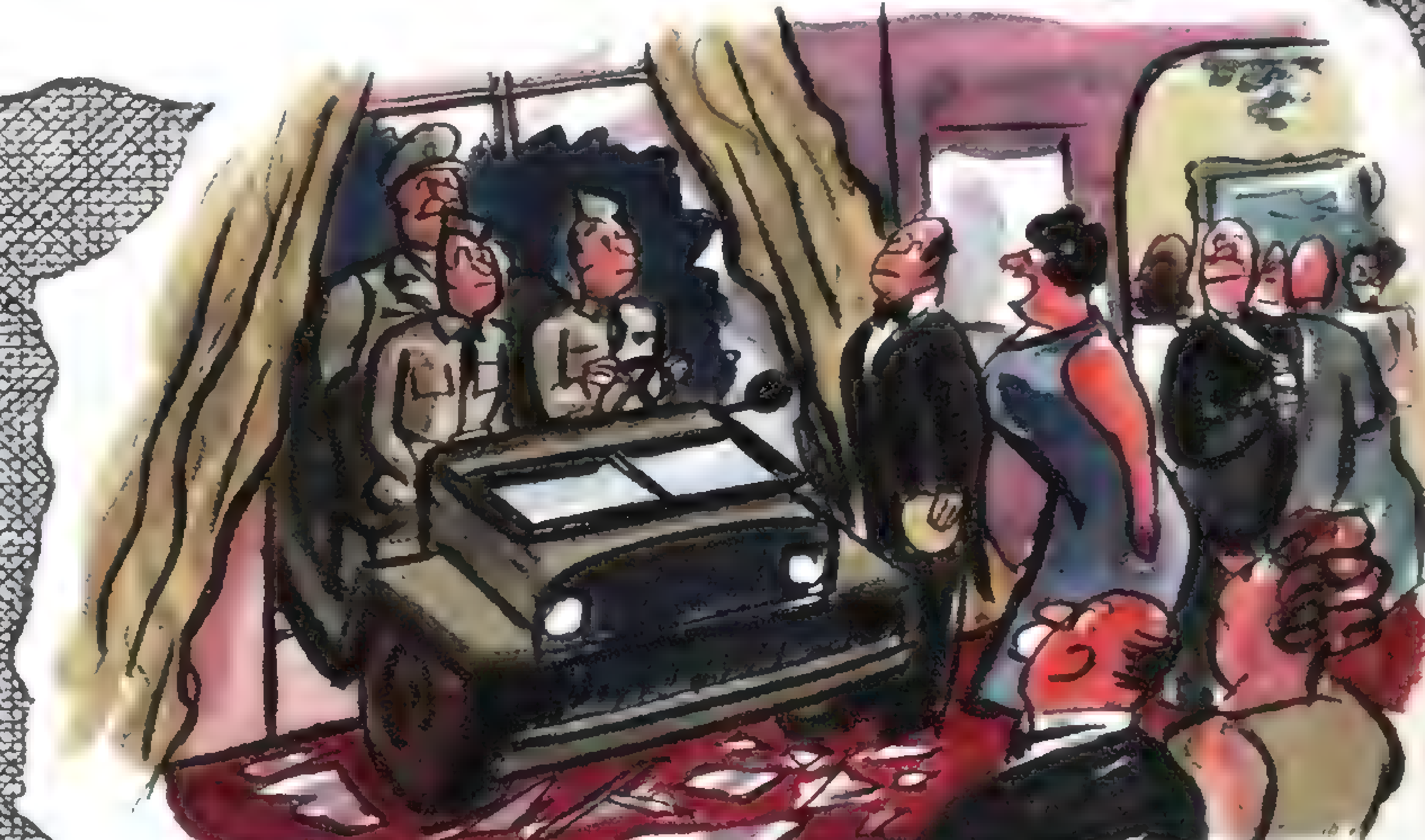
"Do we have to get married again in case I'm promoted to lieutenant?"

Sweating It Ou

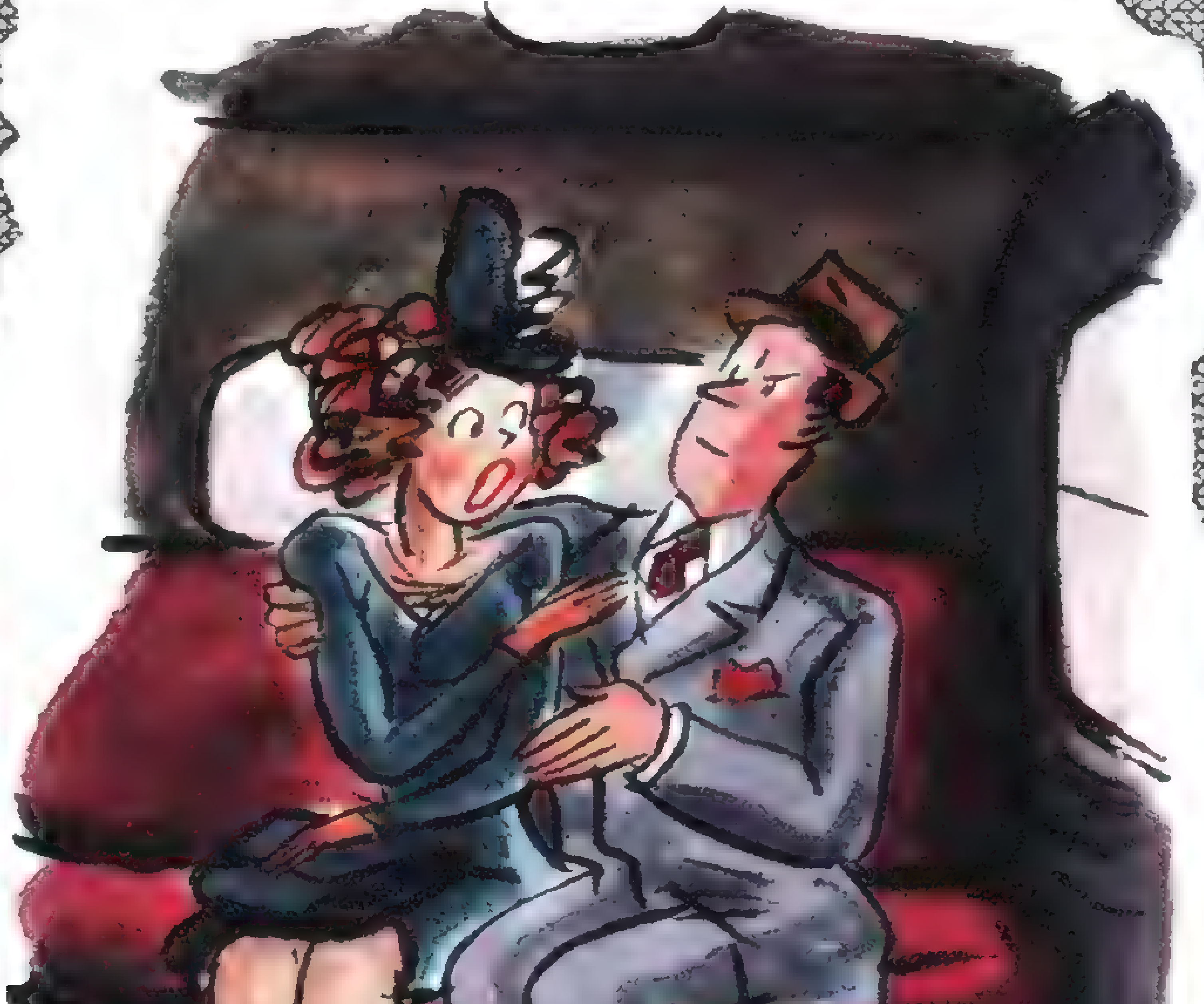
with **IRVING ROIB**



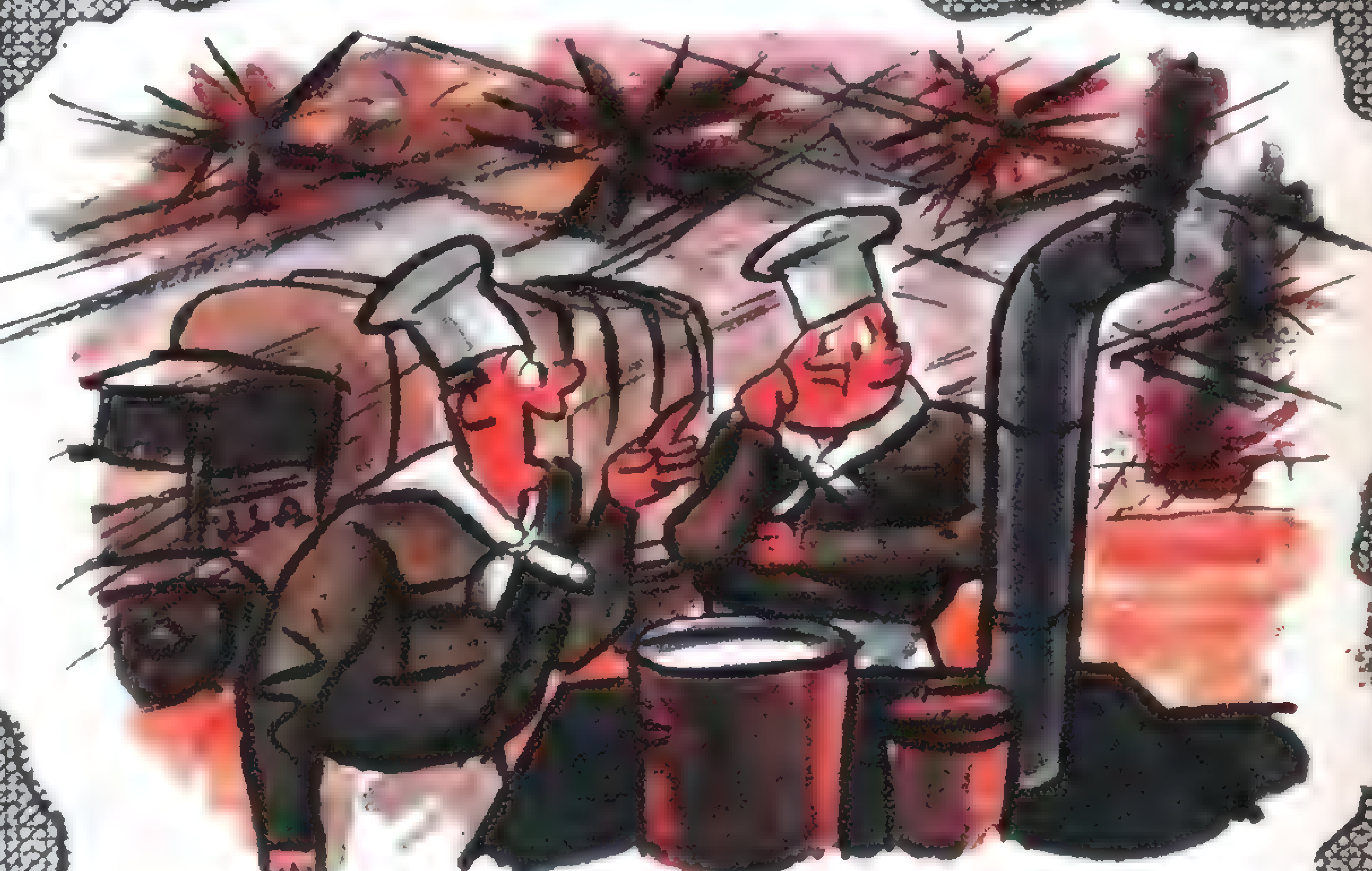
"I must be losing my mind, Sam—I keep smelling pop corn!"



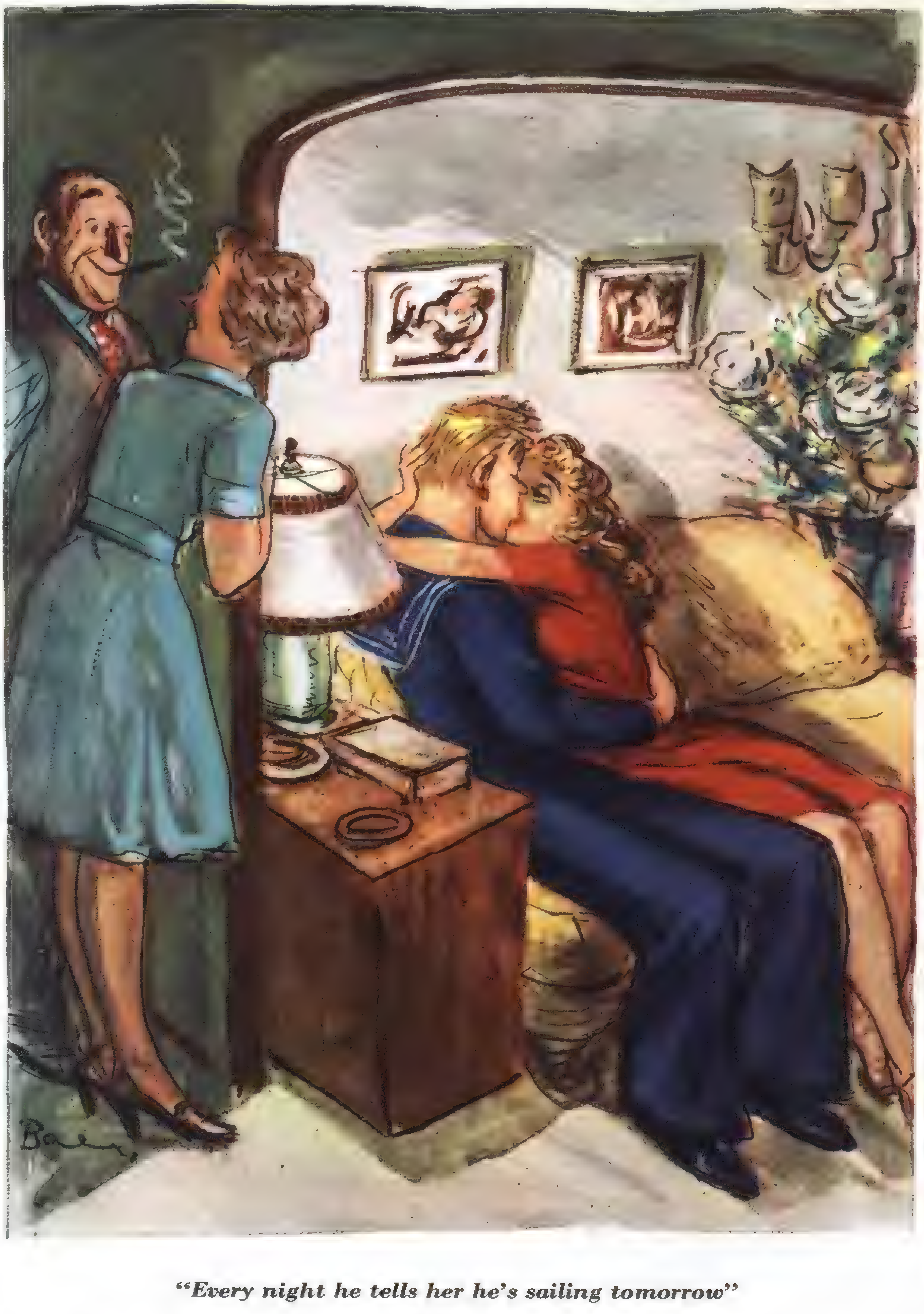
"Gee! It's exactly like Hollywood always said it was!"



"Not now, Henry—I've had a busy day testing 100-ton tank busters"



"I know! Let's surprise them with some fudge"



"Every night he tells her he's sailing tomorrow"

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Ice-cold invective against columnists, copywriters and assorted scribes who have taken the name of Nathan in vain

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

THEATRE

You may have heard of the provincial theatre critic who wrote, "The play knocks you for a loop, like smallpox," who was quoted in the local advertisements by the company manager who debonairly left out the smallpox, and who waxed so rageful that he didn't eat for a week, which, allowed the company manager, a mouse, was a day longer than usual. Critics on the whole, however, suffer such and other embarrassments so regularly that they have long since declined to permit them to interfere with their diet.

It seems to be part of the trade to do everything possible to make a critic appear idiotic, and not only the theatre but people outside it assiduously consecrate themselves to that pleasure. I offer your scribe as a small clinical example. Only the other day, for instance, I received through the mails a circular advertising a palmist who calls herself Julienne. Triumphantly therein was emblazoned this testimonial: "If one-fourth of the palm as Julienne sees it has any truth in it, God help us!—George Jean Nathan." If George Jean Nathan is one-fourth the fathead to say or believe any such nonsense, God in turn help him!

Parade, the illustrated supplement to various Sunday newspapers all over the country, not long ago honored me with a luxuriant photographic layout accompanied by some fancy descriptive text. The text informed the world: "He has a following of beautiful actresses who want to buy him champagne suppers . . . his idea of a pleasant evening is making the rounds of the supper clubs . . . on his nights off, he likes to go to see night club revues; they keep him, he says, in touch with the tastes of the typical theatregoer . . . the end of his day is often at dawn, long after the theatres are closed and his review is outlined and ready for final revision; then he relaxes with a nightcap."

Picture, if you please, such an ass (that is, aside from the beautiful actress purchasers of champagne suppers of whom, alas, none to date has put in an appearance). Far from constituting my idea of a pleasant evening, supper clubs occupy a place among my admirations with railroad day coaches and the hookworm. As for night club revues, I have seen just one in the last three years, and it was so bad the sympathetic management of the dump commiserated with me on my presence. So far as the tastes of the so-called typical theatregoer are concerned, my life has been spent steadfastly trying to keep *out* of touch with his tastes, since such as he has seem for the most part to be at considerable variance with my idea of a really decent theatre and drama. And I have stayed up until dawn only once in the last year; I never under any circumstances write reviews at night, and if I negotiate a nightcap at all it's somewhere around midnight, at which time I am more often in bed.

Any critic who can survive the newspaper gossip columns in the respect of his readers was born with a lucky spoon in his mouth. Not less than once a week for a period of years George Ross, conductor of a theatre column in the New York *World-Telegram*, was, until he joined the armed services, in the habit of attributing to me such repartee as, "Asked what he thought of a certain actor, Nathan snapped wittily, 'I never thought of him'," or "Describing a certain turkey, Nathan very cleverly remarked, 'It was considerate of the producer not to produce it on Thanksgiving'." The inimitable Louis Sobol recently wrote, "The animated skyscraper beauty of the *Diamond Horseshoe*, six-foot-two 'Stuttering Sammy' Dowell, met Mr. Nathan for the first time the other evening and after a half an hour's conversation the caustic critic pronounced her the most intelligent young woman he had encountered in several years." While sitting in a restaurant, someone brought the lady over to my table, introduced me, we exchanged a mutual hello, she spoke four or five words at most, and went on her way. If she is the most intelligent young woman I have encountered in several years, I'll need maybe six or seven more words to persuade me of the treat.

Louella Parsons, the fair Hollywood columnist, prints that I esteem Harold Clurman as "the greatest director in the American theatre." Since when? The Kansas City *Star* has printed in turn that I esteem Ned Sparks as "the greatest comedian in the American theatre." Sparks has not been in the American theatre for many years and, even if he were, he is no more the greatest or fiftieth greatest comedian in it than I, among ten thousand others, am the champion coconut pie eater in America. The press-agent of Fritz Leiber has lately quoted me in various newspapers as saying that Leiber is the foremost Shakespearean actor on the stage. I once, many years ago, saw Leiber give a good account of himself in a Shakespearean play, and so wrote. But he is as far from being the foremost Shakespearean actor on our stage as I am from being the recipient of those champagne suppers from beautiful actresses.

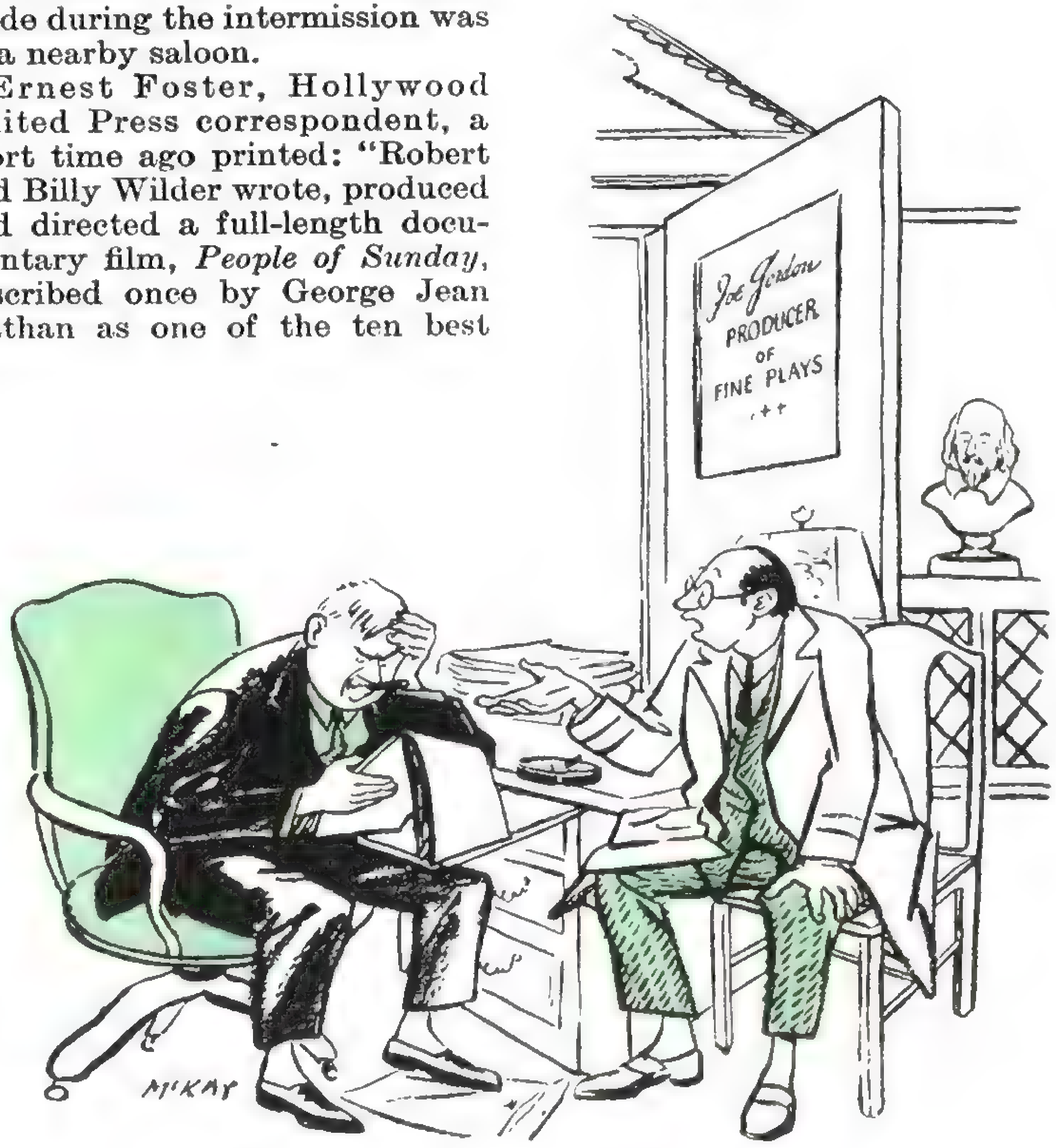
E. E. Edgar, in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, perpetuates the legend that at the first performance of O'Neill's *Strange Interlude* I appeared at the late afternoon section of the play in a dinner coat and, observing Otto Kahn in a business suit, punctiliously dashed home in the intermission and changed into mufti, whereas Kahn, observing me, punctiliously dashed home and changed into a dinner coat. "For the remainder of the evening both men chewed their nails." I don't know about Otto, but as for me I was nattily attired in gray worsted for the entire occasion, and the only dash I made during the intermission was to a nearby saloon.

Ernest Foster, Hollywood United Press correspondent, a short time ago printed: "Robert and Billy Wilder wrote, produced and directed a full-length documentary film, *People of Sunday*, described once by George Jean Nathan as one of the ten best films of all time." I don't recall ever having seen any such film and, even had I seen it, I could not have said it was one of the ten best films of all time, since I had not and have not seen the other nine.

Referring to a sardonic allusion to "the great literary genius of Hervey Allen" in a recent book of mine, John Selby in the Buffalo *News* allows that I am "just paying off a personal grudge." I have never had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Allen; our paths have never in any way crossed; and all I know of him is his work.

Not long ago the immortal Walter Winchell announced that I was observed holding hands in the Stork Club with a beauty named Lucille Anderson. I am perfectly willing to hold hands with Miss Anderson, but unfortunately I have never heard of her. Danton Walker, columnist for the *Daily News*, on the other hand had me in amorous thrall to an

Continued on page 130



"Sure it's no good—but who's writing good plays this year?"

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

New book on Elizabethan drama recalls the nineties when all Paris rushed to see Ford's play and called it shocking

by WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

• BOOKS •

The war books come fast, but the war comes faster; it is well, therefore, to choose with some deliberation, to omit books that are filled either with propaganda or with prophecy, and to direct one's attention mainly to narratives of events written by eye-witnesses or by those who had a large share in their direction. The newspapers and the news-movies will keep us informed in general of what is going on.

Books I dislike are those that criticize unfavorably any of our allies; we should reserve our dislikes for our enemies and not for our friends; and I dislike books that assume that immediately after the war is over, the U.S.A. will take the "leadership" in global affairs. What particular qualifications have we shown for directing European affairs? Yet many books and pamphlets solemnly tell their readers that we must prepare ourselves for the grave responsibilities of taking over the whole world as soon as peace is declared. Many American writers assume that after the war the British Commonwealth of Nations will be scattered in fragments and will require American leadership; but inasmuch as that Commonwealth has thus far survived the terrific strain of war, holding up in 1940 the cause of freedom and civilization entirely alone, it seems not improbable that the Commonwealth may endure the strain of peace.

The admirable John Kieran, in his daily column in the New York *Sun*, remarked that wherever he looked out in the world, Europe, Asia, Africa, he saw our American young men engaged in fighting our enemies; and whenever and wherever he turned his attention to our internal affairs, he saw Americans fighting each other, defying and fighting our own government, with strikes every day in defense industries; and other Americans (not professional soldiers) telling the world how the war should be fought.

Now there are many good books dealing with the planning and conduct of campaigns and battles, filled with reliable information. One of the best of these and one of the most thrilling, is a slender volume of 155 pages (costing about one cent a page) and profusely illustrated. The title is *Combined Operations. The Official Story of the Commandos.* It has a Foreword by Vice-Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten, Chief of Combined Operations. It is strange that this war, which was to be fought by faceless millions, armed robots, and various anonymous mechanical devices, has had more individual fighting, not only in the air but on land, than any large-scale war in many years. The Commandos are as romantic as mediaeval knights. And I suppose there is no fighting man in the world with more glamour than Lord Louis Mountbatten.

Thus this book, *Combined Operations*, dealing only with facts and not with emotions, is packed with thrills. It is studiously underwritten. It describes the training of the Commandos, exactly what happened in various operations, and how close the results came to the preparations. In the Foreword (cabled), Lord Mountbatten says,

> "Amphibious warfare is a complicated business and has many aspects. On the material side new machines of war, special types of craft, both large and small, to be used for the assault, and other devices for the discomfiture of the enemy, must be studied and produced. On the human side, such warfare necessitates the closest spirit of co-operation in all who wage it."

No one need ever despair of the physical condition and courage of the human race. It is probable that these Commandos have endured hardships that no Spartan could have survived. These handpicked amphibious warriors are perhaps the finest specimens of young manhood, both in body and in courage, the world has ever seen. And what stories these veterans will have to tell!

Incidentally, the explanation of the plans made, the manner in which they were carried out, with the accompanying photographs and maps, give an ignoramus like me a definite picture of each separate campaign. Never again can I say that modern war has lost its romance. And this particular world struggle is the one that for about seven months was called a phony war.

I am sorry, but I have to acknowledge that a prophecy I quoted in the June number, supposed to be on a tombstone in Churcheanlesi, Essex, England, was a fake. I believed it because it was quoted in a letter to the London *Spectator*, January 8, 1943, and so far as I know has not in that paper been contradicted. But my friend the famous journalist, Ralph D. Blumenfeld, who lives in Essex, writes me that there is no such town as Churchcank and no such prophecy. He sen me a copy of the Essex *Review* f April which calls it bogus; t Essex County *Standard* offers "substantial reward to anyo producing evidence of the exi ence of such an inscription Essex or elsewhere," and the E sex *Chronicle* says it is the "i genious invention of a practic joker." Thus one more prophe is gone with the wind.

The Elizabethan Drama, ge erally applied to plays from 15 to 1642, when the Puritans close the theatres, is, of course, one the most fertile and splendid all periods of creative literatur An excellent book, combinin brevity with scholarship and sti ulating literary criticism, has ju appeared—*A Short View of Eliz bethan Drama*. The authors a Thomas Marc Parrott, the wel known authority at Princeto and Robert Hamilton Ball, Queens College of the City New York. I strongly recommen this volume because it covers th drama from its beginning in th Church Liturgy to 1642; and is very far from being a summar of books previously publishe The authors are accurate in sa ing it is "a brief and fresh prese tation" and is "based upon a r examination of the whole field Elizabethan drama." One chap ter is particularly interesting me at this moment, the one o John Ford, because his maste piece *'Tis Pity She's A Who* (1633) was produced at Hartfor Connecticut, five times in May 1943.

These performances were "pr sented" by A. Everett Austin, Jr who also designed the setting an costumes; the play was directe by Elizabeth McCormick, and th music was by Paul Bowles. Th patrons were leaders in Hartfor society and professors from Tri ity, Williams, Harvard, Yale, et

So far as we know, this is th second presentation in the Wes ern Hemisphere, the first being i New York by the Lenox Hi Players in 1926. It was given i London by the Phoenix Playe in 1923.

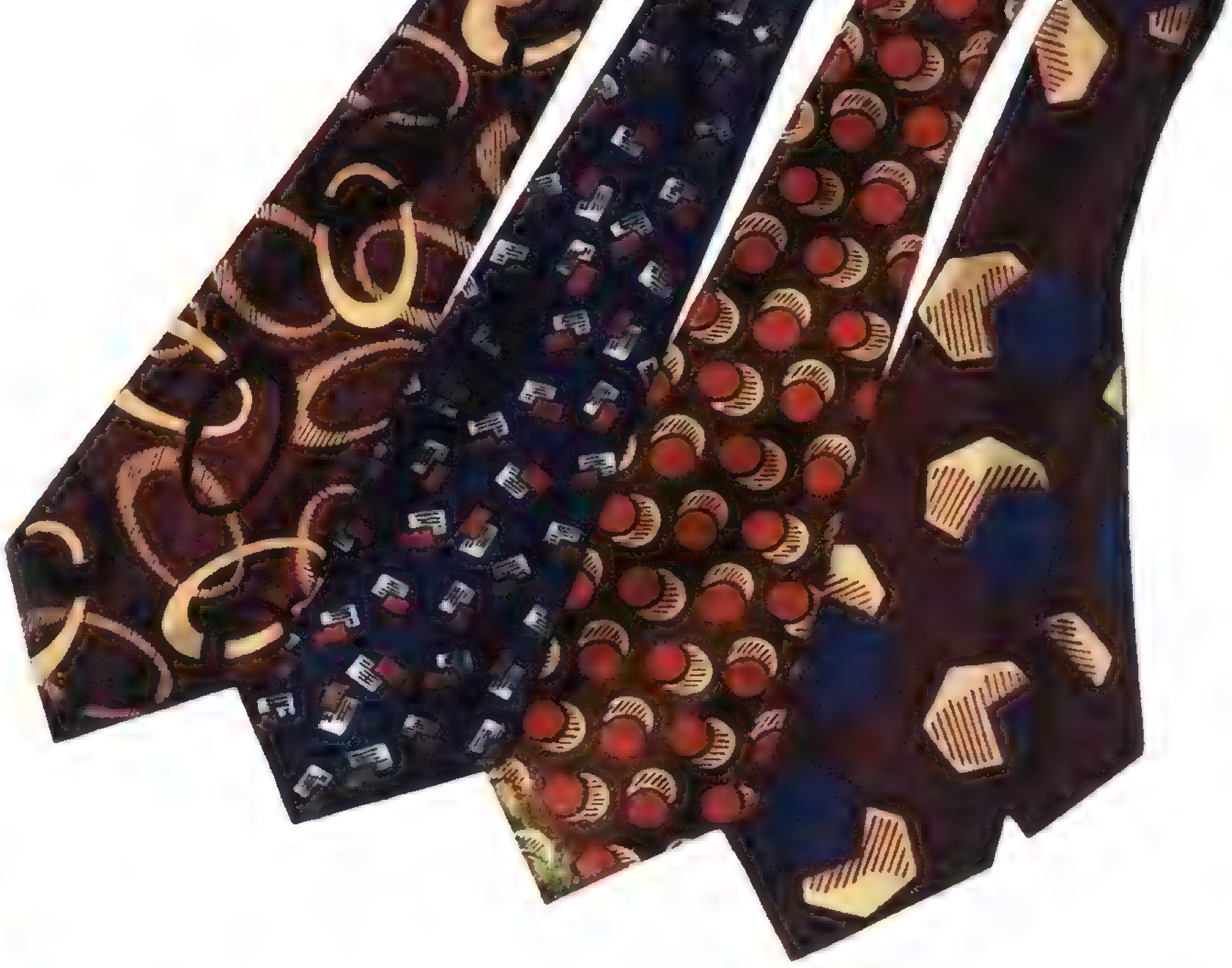
The Hartford company, unde Miss McCormick's direction, gav an effective and really beautif performance. Some of the aud ence were bored, but that is th fault of the play; Shakespeare contemporaries wrote fine poetr but none wrote plays theatricall

Continued on page 1

MYSTERY
FICTION
LENDING LIBRARY
McKAY

"It's a new kind of mystery—one of the characters kills the author!"

Arrow brings you shadows ... in color!
ARO-SHADOWS

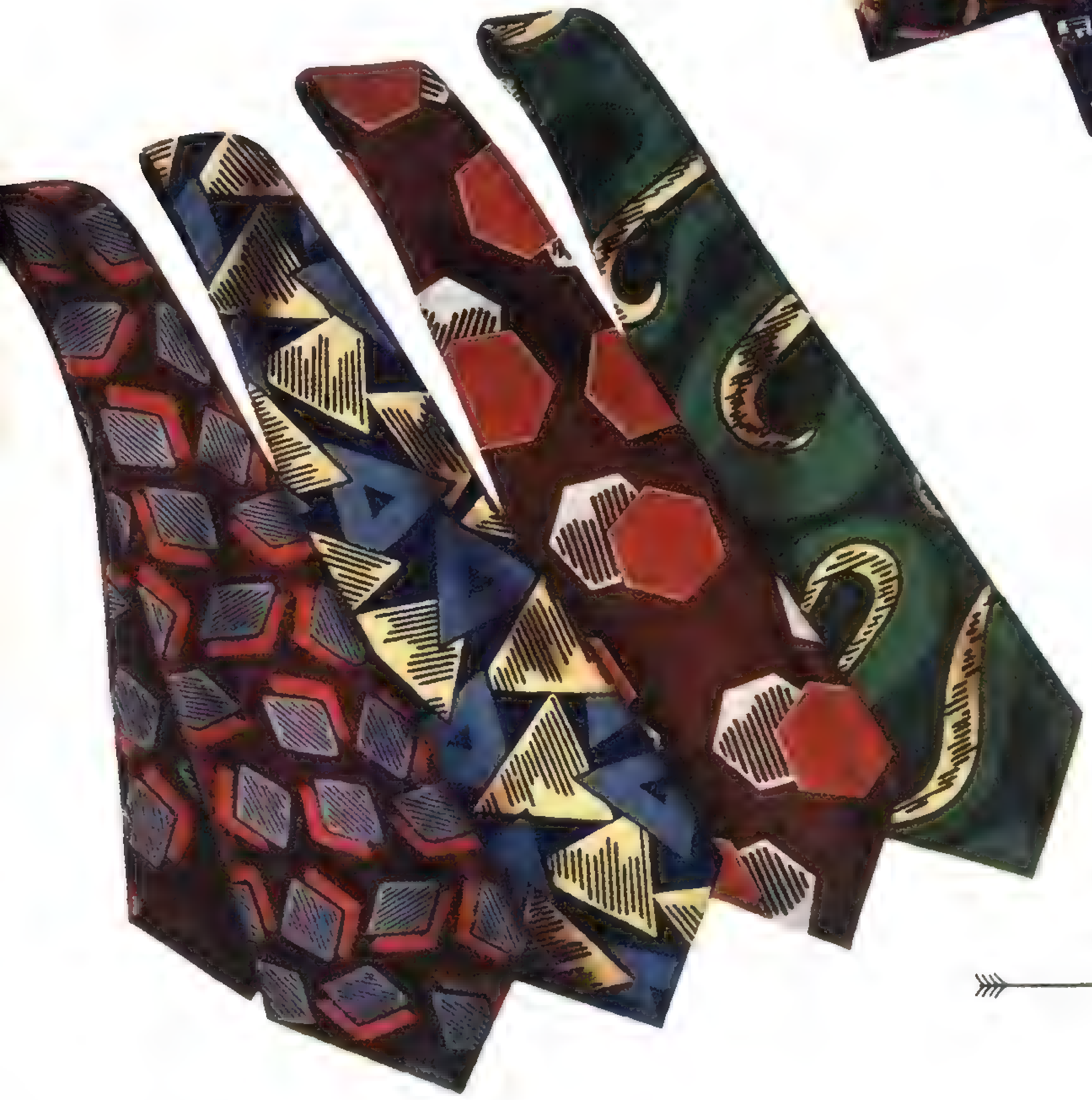


AT THIS VERY MOMENT, on the racks at your favorite Arrow dealer's is something split-second new in ties.

It's called Aro-Shadows. Justly so, for each figure on the tie has its very own shadow in the background.

And whereas *ordinary* shadows are only black, these *extraordinary* shadows come in *several* hues.

Whatever your favorite figures — swirls, circles, squares, diamonds, rectangles, or triangles—you'll find them among your Arrow dealer's selection.



. . . And whatever your favorite color combinations—blue and red; maroon and yellow; green and tan; (we just can't name them all!) — you'll find them in the very same place.

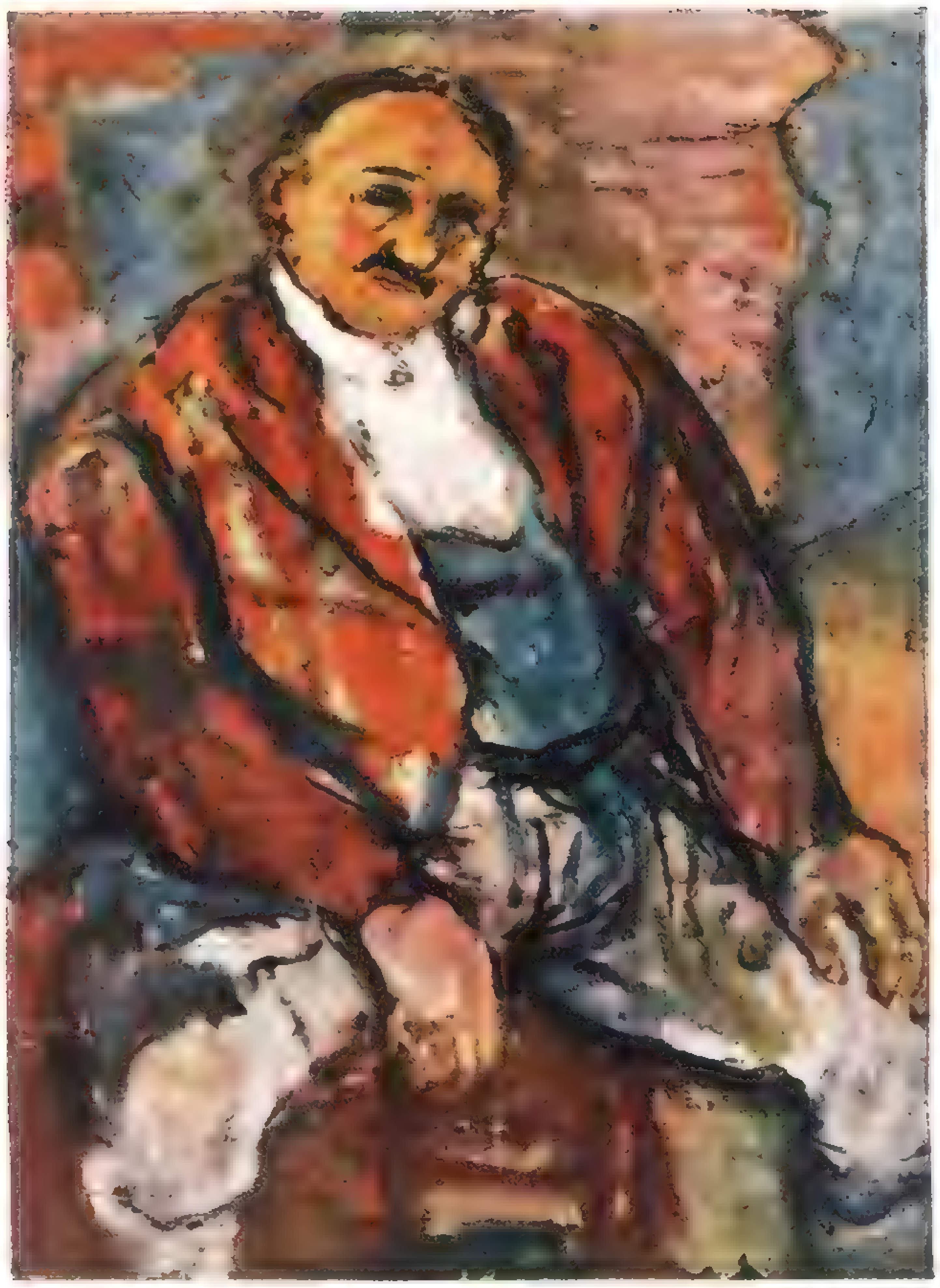
These foulards were picked with an eye for longevity. And each Aro-Shadow has a special lining that dedicates itself to making perfect knots and resisting wrinkles.

So pop into your Arrow dealer's today to look at Aro-Shadows. Pick out your favorite one, two, or handful. Pay the dealer just $1 per beauty. Then stride out smart as a duck in a private swimming pool.

★ BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★

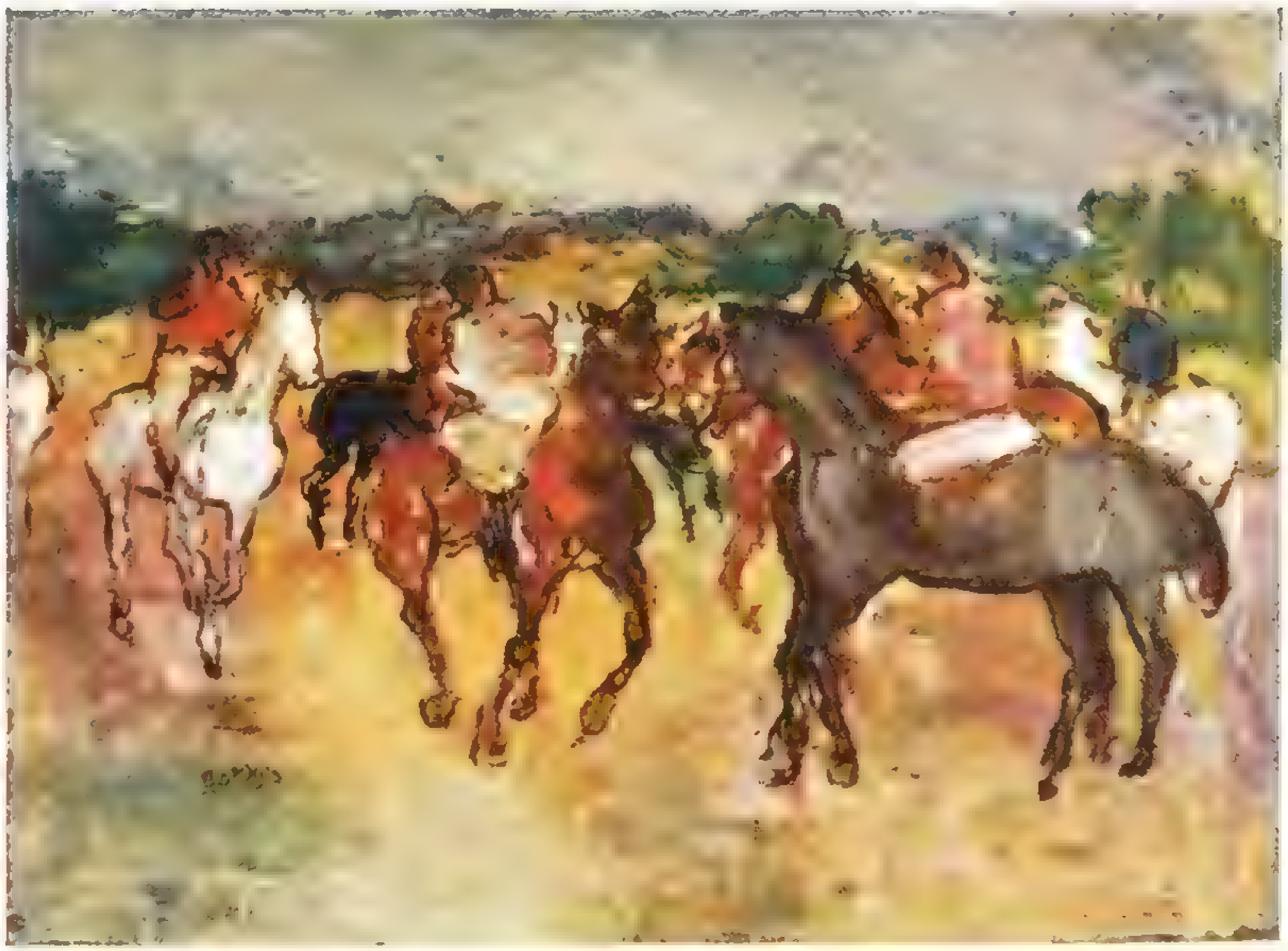
ARROW TIES

As Outstanding As Arrow Shirts



M. FOUQUET

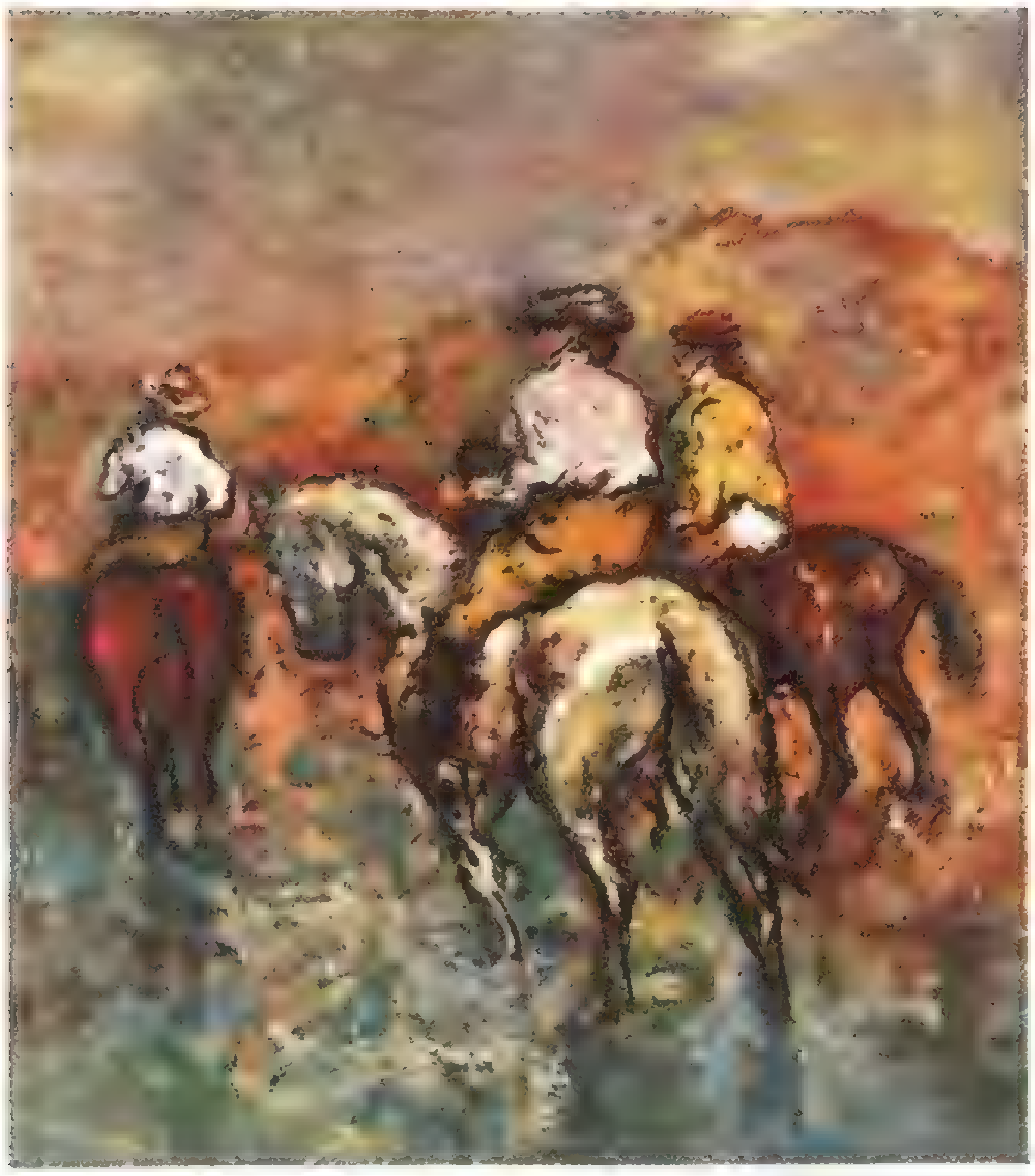
These paintings were reproduced in Chicago through the courtesy of the André Seligmann Gallery, New York City



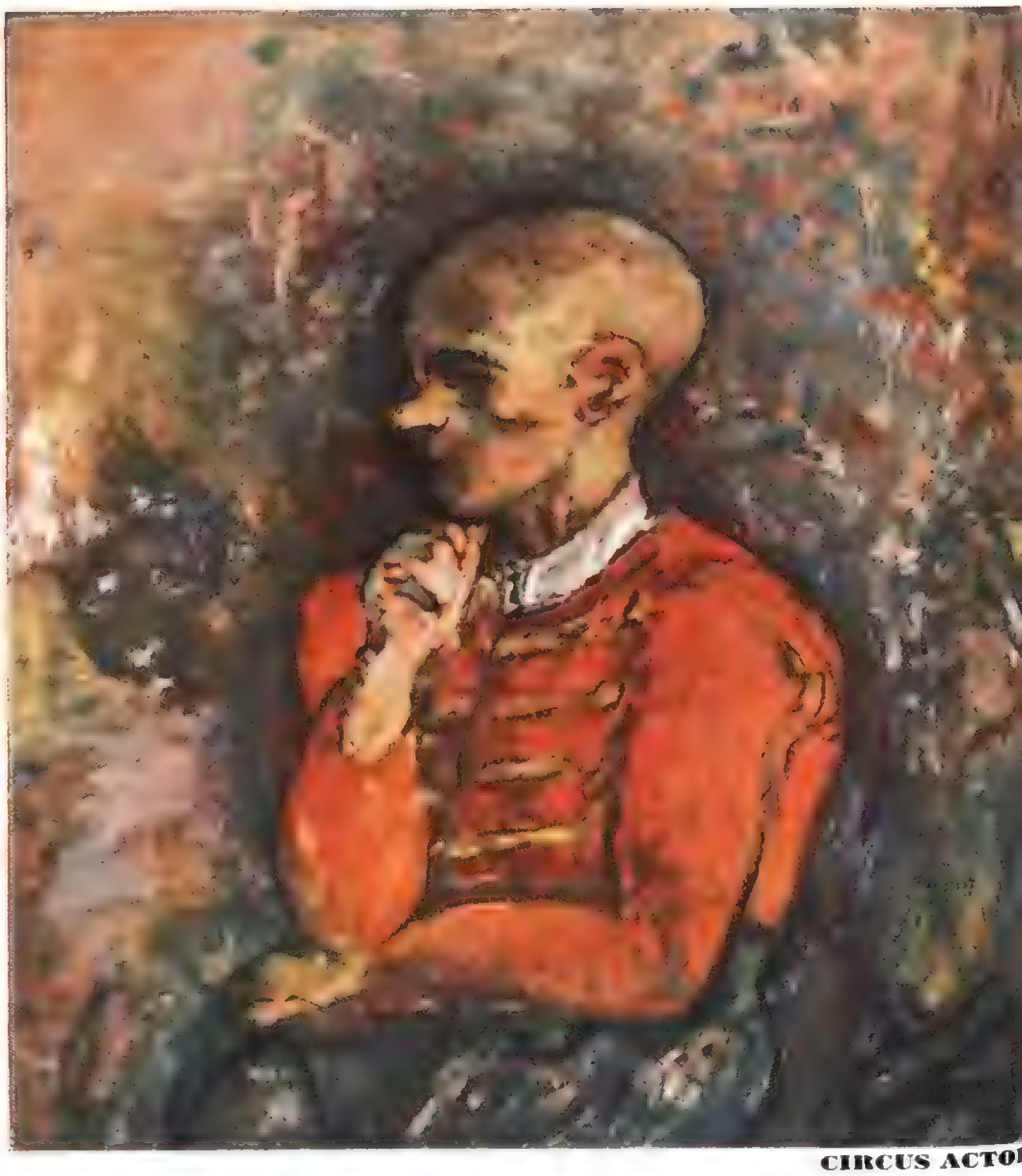
HORSEMEN

A Group of Four Paintings

by HENRY BOTKIN



LATE OCTOBER



CIRCUS ACTO

Adman Goes Straight

When he'd made the break for pure art there was no taint of the commercial in Botkin

by **HARRY SALPETER**

• ARTICLE •

THE BOOK OF MAGIC
BRENTANO'S

"You'll find it an interesting volume, sir—especially this chapter on how to disappear"

Before he left the slightest footprint in the sands of art he was earning great sums as an illustrator. That fact sets the career of Henry Botkin apart from that of almost any of his contemporaries. Most noteworthy it is that the painting has not the faintest reminiscence of his commercial style. It is as if nature had put into one skin two men with no spiritual relationship.

Henry A. Botkin was born in Boston about forty-seven years ago. His father was a hairdresser. His brother Ben was graduated by Harvard at eighteen and earned his M.A. and Ph.D. degrees in quick succession. He is now on the staff of the Library of Congress. Henry also was a child prodigy. At eight years he was copying illustrations—from Charles Dana Gibson to Howard Pyle. In grammar school and later at the Everett and the Dorchester, Massachusetts, high schools, he was school magazine art editor, poster designer extraordinary and general art star.

He was practical. His impulses have never run away with him. How to be an artist and earn a living? Answer—teach. The Massachusetts Normal Art School was one of the first institutions for the training of art teachers. He entered it in 1914. He was at the top in three years and decided that illustration would pay better than teaching.

In the Winter of 1917 he was in New York looking for work. He found out how far he was then from having what was needed. A twelve-dollars-a-week job with *Pictorial Review* and a little free-lancing on the side enabled him to join the Bridgman life class at the Art Students League. His studies became so outstanding that they gained him the monitorship of the class and free tuition. The same course was followed when he entered F. R. Gruger's illustration class. Gruger predicted success for Botkin and encouraged him to go and get it.

And so it was. Ready now, Henry Botkin made good in a hurry. Perhaps in too much of a hurry. *Collier's*, *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, *Vogue*, *Vanity Fair*, *Century* and others welcomed him. Advertising art directors beckoned. His first commission was fifteen large panels celebrating the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers for the Old Colony Trust Company. Standard Oil, Borden's Milk, Woodbury Soap, Lux, Royal Typewriter, Columbia Records, Eastman Kodak and many others of the great had drawings and paintings by Botkin. He had no struggle to win recognition. By 1926 he was earning more than 20,000 dollars a year.

Around 1924 he had exhibited at the National Academy the portrait of Giuseppe, an Italian bootblack. He hoped at the beginning to have his cake and eat it too. He would be at a painting when the telephone would ring with a call from an art director. Then the painting would be turned to the wall.

In 1926 he made the break for pure art, but it was not yet an absolute break. He was going to live a dream of Art and Europe, a dream with all the modern comforts. He had fixed his mind on Florence. The Botkins—artist, wife and child—had a week in Paris first. They went to Florence for a month and came back to Paris. In an artists' street, Villa Seurat, he built a studio residence and became one of a loose community of painters, including Derain, Braque, Lurcat and Gromaire. For seven years he lived in Paris, painting and exhibiting.

Upon his arrival in France, the Paris agency of an American advertising firm asked him to do a perfume job. This was to be his last fling, but it wasn't. At eighteen-month intervals he returned to the States and would take a few advertising commissions. His rising reputation as a painter enhanced his status as an illustrator. Not until 1930-31 did he bid a final farewell to advertising. It is worthy of repetition that in his

Continued on page 92

THANK YOU
FELLOW AMERICANS!

PARIS
PARIS
FREE-SWING

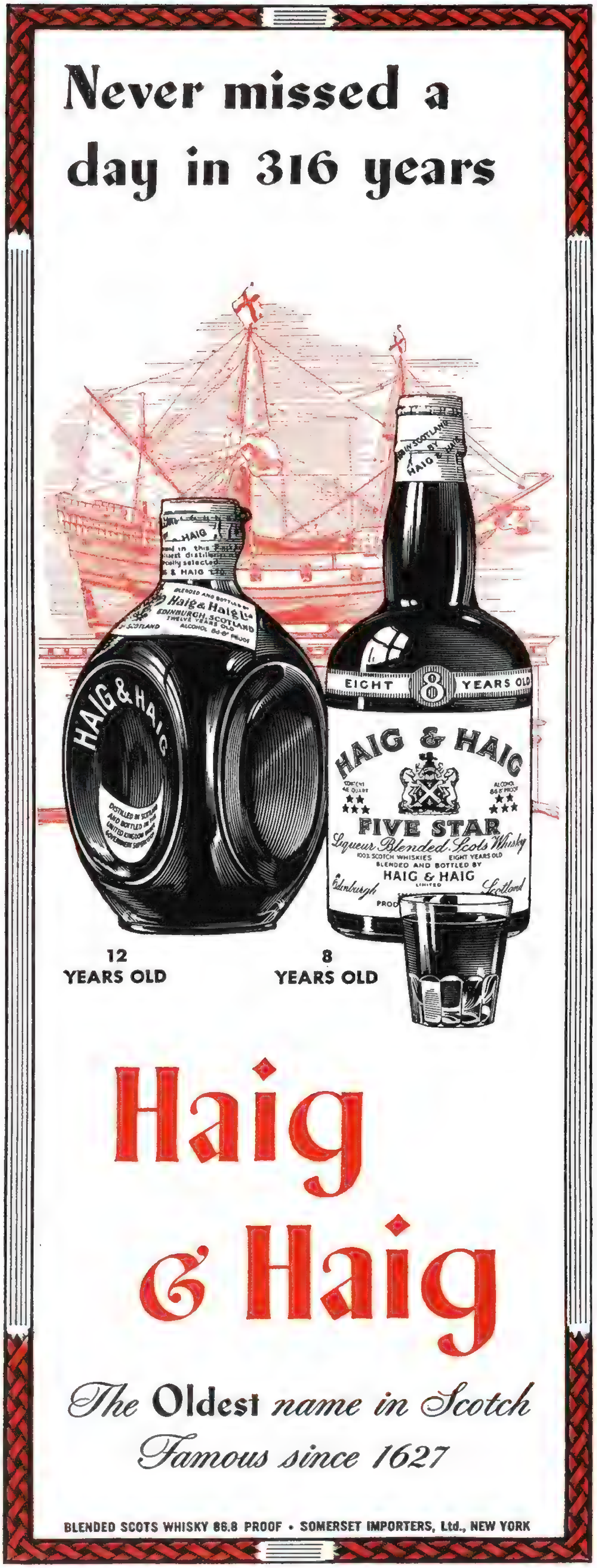
Thank you for your patriotic patience and cheerful cooperation. To speed Victory, we shared our output with Uncle Sam. Naturally, shortages resulted for you. Your willingness to buy only what you needed made things easier. To make the going smoother for you, Paris keeps quality up to give you long service, and keeps prices down to help you buy more War Bonds. In wartime . . . as in peacetime . . . Paris serves you right!

☆ ☆ ☆ A. Stein & Company ★ Chicago ★ New York ★ Los Angeles

PARIS

GARTERS . . . SUSPENDERS . . . BELTS

THE SUPPORT OF A NATION



Never missed a day in 316 years

12 YEARS OLD

8 YEARS OLD

Haig & Haig

The Oldest name in Scotch

Famous since 1627

BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY 86.8 PROOF • SOMERSET IMPORTERS, Ltd., NEW YORK

Adman Goes Straight

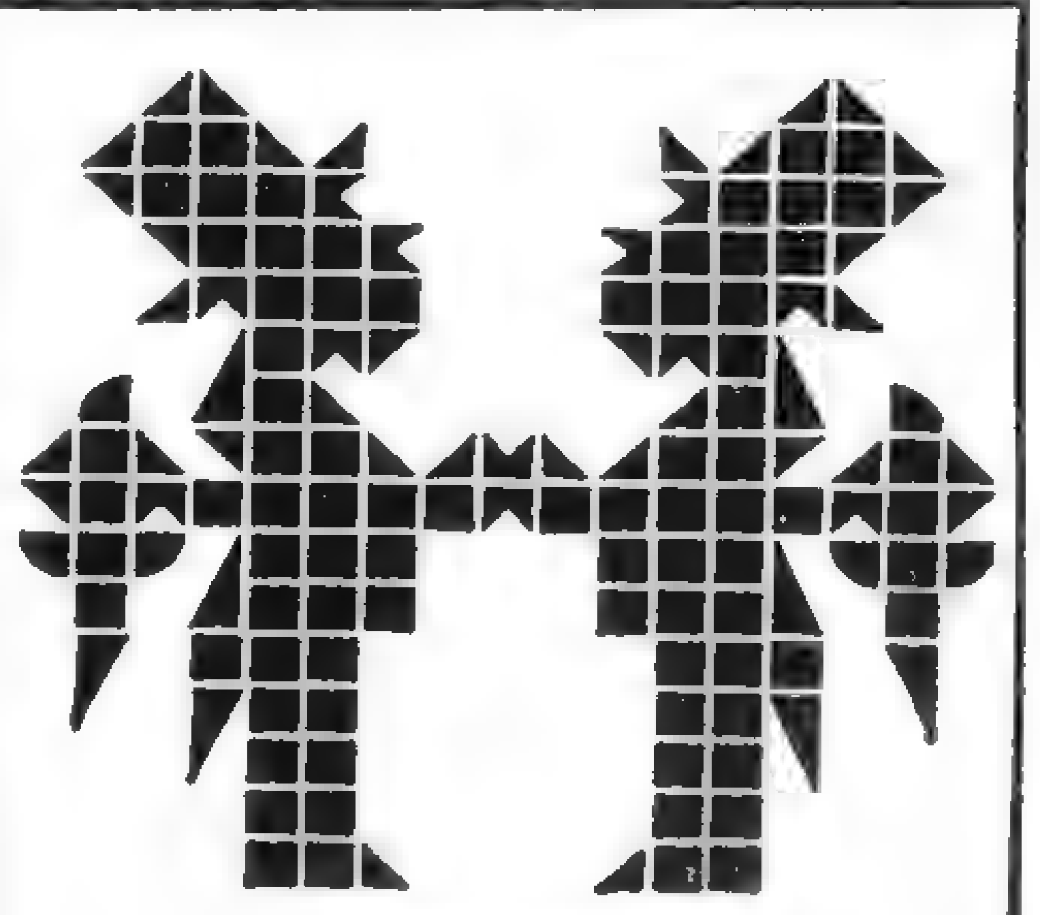
Continued from page 91

paintings there is no trace of his commercial manner.

He had gone abroad to study Italian primitives. In Paris, Cézanne and Renoir became influences. Curiously, he does not mention Degas. His first exhibition was in Paris at the Gallery Billiet in 1927. This was well received and there were sales but he still was far from any goal. In 1929 he had his first American exhibition in New York at the Montross galleries. Later shows were at the University of Oklahoma, Denver Art Museum and the Kansas City Art Institute. From 1935 there was a frequent succession of shows in galleries in New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Boston, Washington and elsewhere. By the Fall of 1942 he had given his twentieth one-man show. On the basis of pictures sold to museums and important private collectors, he has what may be termed a Dun and Bradstreet rating among American painters—despite any honest doubts one may have concerning the quality, the originality and the permanence of his art.

Botkin declares that he tries to think of how his paintings will look forty years hence. He puts his latest work aside for half a year and then if it fails to meet the test of a cold eye he will either rework or destroy it. He is dubious of early success and feels that his best work is to come. The problems to which he has set himself will take him years to work out. He likes to play variations on a theme in many pictures. He used to rely on models but now barely glances at the posed figure.

Botkin has found himself becoming chiefly interested in stage people and in Negroes. He feels that the Negro has been vulgarized. He would like to place that theme in the dignity it deserves. In the theatre he seeks pathos and universality, not glamor. He responds to the tragic clown. He does not, as Vertès does, enjoy the show for itself. He has sketched on Hollywood sets. His Negro paintings were derived chiefly from notes made in New Orleans and Charleston.



International Whirligig

The diplomat's a clever lad,
He helps us out of spats
We'd not get into if we had
No diplomats.

Henry Botkin has been a guide and private teacher to a group of distinguished amateurs interested both in painting and collecting. Chief of these was Botkin's third cousin, George Gershwin. Indeed, until the composer's death, the fact that he was Gershwin's cousin tended to overshadow Botkin. But the relationship was fruitful in establishing connections which were useful not only to Botkin but to other American painters to whose work he introduced some of the budding collectors of Hollywood and Broadway.

In 1928 Botkin, making his first return from Paris, lighted the spark of the collector in George Gershwin. Thereafter Botkin had an informal commission to seek paintings for the Gershwin collection of modern art.

Collecting was Cousin George's introduction to painting. He had according to Cousin Harry, a gift and an enthusiasm for picture-making so intense as to distract him at times from his musical work. Wherever he went, Gershwin packed sketch books and art materials. The cousins painted together. They travelled together in Mexico where Gershwin painted Orozco's portrait, to that master's apparent satisfaction. The cousins went together to Folly Island South Carolina, where the composer was to work on the music for *Porgy and Bess.*

Botkin says that it was George Gershwin's enthusiasm that led *Edward G. Robinson*, the actor to start collecting seriously. Botkin says that he turned Billy Rose's thoughts to art by giving Billy Brice, Rose's then stepson a biography of Modigliani. Rose read it and was so moved that he bought a Modigliani.

James P. Warburg, the banker was a Botkin student and would sometimes paint from afternoon until midnight. Mrs. Warburg was an enthusiastic student and the three painted together off and on for several years. Other Botkin students are Mrs. Leopold Godowsky, William S. Paley of the Columbia Broadcasting System and G. G. (Buddy) DeSylva, the well-known Hollywood producer.

Museums having Botkin paintings include the Metropolitan, the Museum of Modern Art, the Brooklyn, Newark and Denver museums and the Phillips Memorial Gallery in Washington.

A large amount of promise is in the work of Henry Botkin who must be too conscious of the qualities that make a fine modern painting not to be aware—if only privately—of his limitations and defects. His chief problem—it seems to me—is not so much to make us forget Degas when we look at Botkin's paintings, as it is to emerge from the mud which occasionally—although not so often as formerly—seems yet to clog Botkin's color. He hasn't yet reached his goal, but he knows what it is. ⧺

Schnozzles' Radar

Even orthodox Mint Julep and Martini drinkers must accept alterations without a snort

by **LAWTON MACKALL**

• POTABLES •

"We have to be nice to her—domestic help is hard to get"

No dials involved—just a pair of facial flues that gather aromas the way pigeonholes gather pigeons. And no promptings from the audience, please! Those cork pops that occur every time the amazing detector starts to detect the presence of a wine with bubbles in it, simply *must* cease. It isn't fair to science. And neither is that cocktail shaker's samba when Daiquiri is up for a sleuth-out. We want to make this a real Nasal Intelligence Test, don't we? Or don't we?

Tranquility, serenity—*that's* the mood for nostril trances. Quietude with straw-gurgle obbligato, by glory! So get me some mint and a mallet.

Who—*me?* Never! There may have been times when I have *bruised* mint—just lightly, you understand. Just a token mauling. But bash it with a bung-starter, I simply couldn't. No, the bung-starter is for the ice, dealt with in a bag. If you've got a stray leg of a table handy, we'll both go at it.

First some sugar in the bottom of each beaker (or goblet or silver mug), moistened with a dab of water. Then stand up two sprigs of mint—Summer's Christmas trees—against the inside of the glass, with the tops protruding for sniff and tickle purposes; and pack in, crowdingly, the fresh-smashed ice (dry, not soupy) till brim level. Bourbon whiskey, for which there appears to be no room, is now poured in and finds plenty, making itself quite comfortable and its consumer (unhurried) even more so.

I stipulate bourbon because this particular julep is purloined from veranda-raised William A. Percy's swell *Lanterns on the Levee*, and I pride myself upon the honesty of my thievery. Besides, bourbon is the base on which most of the South's julep art has been built. But mint hobnobs gratifyingly with *any* good whiskey, and also with brandy, which, by the way, was the first liquor it ever met.

Julep construction routines are numerous. You pick as you please, hoping that framed forebears on your walls won't disown you for disloyalty to family prescriptions. Personally, I'm loyal to six julep styles which range from "treat mint mean" to "let's pretend it's an orchid," and seldom, in any place, have I run into a julep which was outright calamitous. Indeed, the more I roam among the concoctions of one kind and another, the more completely am I cured of the notion that formulas have feet worth fawning at. I know of no recipe that couldn't be amended without ratification by all forty-eight states, plus Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, and Staten Island. Even the allegedly immutable Dry Martini can undergo a gin-ectomy in favor of light-bodied rum, vodka, brandy, or sherry. Naturally, with any of these installations it doesn't have the gin-fed taste. But taste it!

With good ingredients, the wildest-seeming crossbreeding can yield interesting new species, some of them handsome and sly-toned—especially those born in emergency, such as a new drink which has left me with a christening problem on my hands.

No one would have been innocenter of birthy intentions than I. I was hosting Timoshenko Cocktails (introduced by this department last month) to some appreciative hoisters, and by the time the second chorus was in obvious demand, I found that my supply of Dubonnet was a trifle short of the two-part level needed to balance the one-part vodka already tossed in. What to do? Let the mixture go skimpy or eke out with something additional? By happenstance my eye tumbled onto a bottle of blackberry brandy. I grabbed and poured, making the final score: vodka 1 part, Dubonnet 1½ parts, blackberry brandy ½ part. (Multiplied by two these are 2, 3 and 1—easier for the mixologist.) "Gone darker

Continued on page 94

For the fortunate few

The man who at last discovers Footsavers — finest of Bostonians—has only this regret: that he has missed even one day of their greater walking pleasure, their enduring workmanship, their truly distinguished style. When will *you* start enjoying this finer-fitting, longer-lasting shoe? *Frontier*, illustrated, has Footsavers Norseam front; full double sole for extra wear. $11.50 to $12.95. Made by Bostonians, Whitman, Mass.

Footsaver Shoes

BOSTONIANS AT THEIR FINEST

MARLBORO

America's Luxury Cigarette

Perfect for these times, her MARLBORO CIGARETTE-SLIM supper dress that achieves unlimited sophistication with very limited yardage. Unlimited her *smoking* pleasure, too, for she smokes MARLBORO, (and only *pennies* more)!

*Ivory Tips...
Plain Ends...
Beauty Tips (red)
FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED STATES WAR SAVINGS
BONDS
STAMPS
IVORY TIPPED
MARLBORO
CIGARETTES
PHILIP MORRIS & CO.
MARLBORO
CIGARETTES

HAT AND DRESS FROM: *BONWIT TELLER, N. Y.–I. MAGNIN–MARSHALL FIELD–THALHIMER'S* AND ONE FINE STORE IN EACH CITY.

Schnozzles' Radar

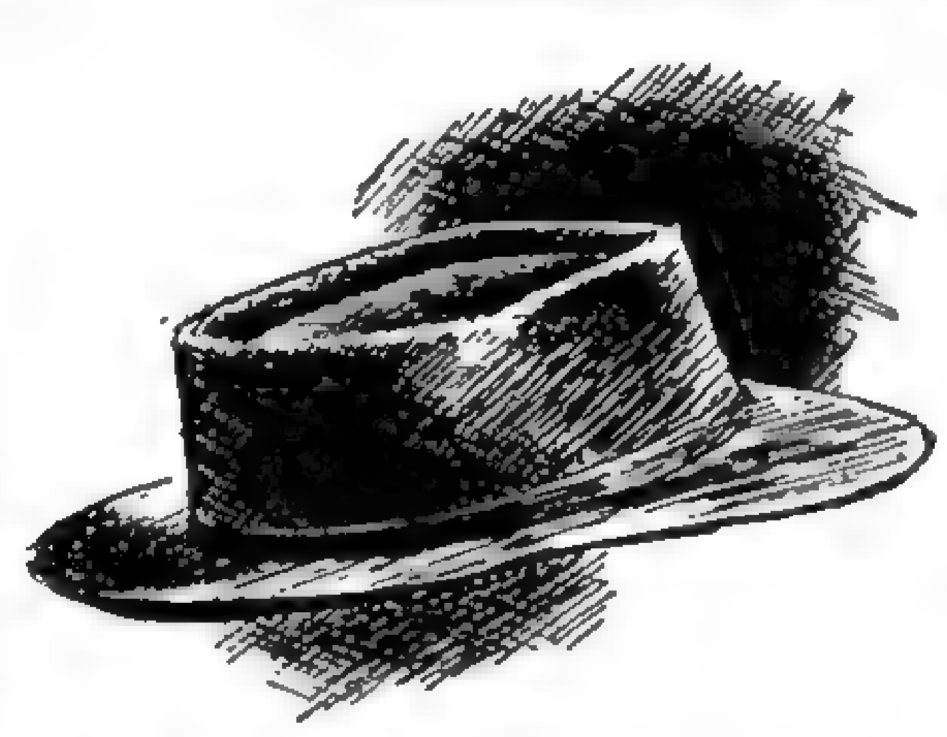
Continued from page 93

on us, haven't you?" was the comment when trayed forth. And then huzzahs! But the drink is still nameless and any suggestions would be welcomed.

Paying customers don't wish to seem unreasonable, they don't ask that any special fuss be made over them, but the whitecoater honored with the privilege of dispensing to them is expected to:

1. Rejoice visibly at said honor.
2. Greet them by name, dramatizing his acknowledgment of their brand preference by hauling forth a bottle of same, unreminded.
3. Prepare drink the way they want it, out of his vast matériel and his infinite wisdom, and be quick about it.
4. Operate mixing glass like a conjuror's hat, eliciting, say, 4 Whiskey Sours, 1 Stinger, 3 Jack Roses, 2 Rob Roys, 5 Sidecars, varying the drink each time, and the number of portions, and have each round come out exactly right. No dallying with a jigger measure.
5. Be a paragon of ear patience, kind to old stories and new grouses. Never let a wistful ego down.

But, hoping that the Rum Collins I've just partaken of will allay any chokes of emotion, I would like to confide cool facts concerning one of the sterlingest shakermen—Oscar Haimo, maître de bar of Fifth Avenue's Hotel Pierre and deserver of a niche in Esky's Hall of Fluid Fame, if only for what he did for a New England reader of this department who craved medicament for frazzlement accentuated by insomnia, acquired in running a defense plant. Wife and doctor had shipped this gentleman to the teeming Metropolis for a bit of recuperation, and up to the counter of smiling Oscar he wandered. It was cocktail time and he felt he ought to do something about it.



Suede finish of lightweight felt hat is allied to rough textures of Cheviot and tweed clothing.

"Good evening, sir," said Oscar. Already the patient felt better.

"I think I'll take—a Daiquiri."

Pleasant to behold when poured, it disclosed even more winning qualities when lipped into. Salubrious of the salubrious! The convalescent had himself another. And a third. Then, checking an unwonted yawn, farewelled Haimo and adjourned to dinner, a meal which he enjoyed blinkingly. Rest, it was wonderful.

In his pocket was a ticket, seventh row, center, for the not too heavily draped revue *Star and Garter*, headed by the airy Miss Gypsy Rose Lee. So thither in a taxi. The rise of the curtain found him nodding over his program, and presently, amid a packed audience roaring with laughter and thunderous with applause, he was
slumbering like a babe. And n
body rocked his cradle till
usher nudged him with the ne
that it was doorlocking time.

"I never enjoyed a show more
he confessed to me next da
"Hadn't had a sleep as good
that in months; but now I'll ha
to go again and see how mu
Miss Lee took off during my lap
of attention."

History would have an equal
sizable gap in it if human know
edge were blank as to the exa
nature of The Daiquiri That D
the Trick. Fortunately that isn
the case. Here are the specific
tions, straight from Haimo t
Builder—he having recently a
thored up a tidy blue-'n'-silv
Cocktail Digest which any pock
can swallow readily.

DAIQUIRI FROZEN
Juice of half a lime
1 teaspoon sugar
2 oz. silver rum
Dash of Maraschino liqueur
Shaved ice
Use electric mixer. Serve unstrain
in champagne glass with short stra

Meaning no reflection on a co
frère in littrachuh (gawd kno
I'd trade my file cabinets, wi
contents, for the cellar bins of t
Hotel Pierre, with contents)
me say that, in my palate's opi
ion, this version of the Froze
while toothsome indeed, is nec
and-necked by the Triple S
dashed Daiquiri that flows in su
dry ferny glades about town,
pecially the bar and the 23 Roo
of the George Washington Hot
down Gramercy Park way whe
Edwin Booth, in bronze on
pedestal, is sometimes mistak
by the traditio
ignorant for
man soliloquizi
as to whether i
to be two dash
of Triple Sec
not to be. Na
rally I deplo
such abysmalis
It's *three* dash

Our concoct
author, pen in o
hand and b
spoon in the oth
has not stu
bornly ignor
rum's openn
to Triple Sec su
gestions. Very much not.
shook the white-coated world wi
a prize-gaining invention entitl

MACARTHUR COCKTAIL
1½ oz. Bacardi
3 dashes Jamaica rum
¾ oz. Triple Sec
Juice of half a lime
1 dash egg white
Shake with cracked ice and str
into stemmer.

Pretty ambitious of *any* dri
to wear *that* even in humble tr
ute. And this one tastes anythi
but humble, combining as it do
the bouquets of four classic fla
bearers of the West Indies.

But, speaking of those isles
paradises of snorticulture—
schnozzle is twitching with imp
tience to hover over a swizz
Would yours care to join it? #

Man the Kitchenette

A hearty dinner and a guarded look at the WAVES who train at Hunter College, the Bronx

by **ILES BRODY**
EDIBLES

RITZ
CAFE
EMPLOYEES ENTRANCE
-ALI-

ADMIRE, love and worship omen, despite ny rapid aproach to a cerain age and the ossession of a ttle paunch, the rowth of which beyond control as with all conscientious culinary riters). I adore women, I say, nd this idolatry is quite natural; am a man. Currently I am razy over the WAVES, SPARS, and Voman Marines. Women, attired becoming uniforms, are capable f arousing great sentiment in en. Stendhal, the famous French ovelist, essayist, and theoretical over, said in *De l'Amour*, that oung men in uniform are pracically irresistible; he did not realze that this would some day aply even more to women.

Until recently I was forced to eep my distance in the case of dy members of the Armed Forces; ny slight experience with them onsisting of a few minutes chat ith a WAAC lieutenant, an official ncounter with a charming WAVE fficer in Washington, and innumrable longing gazes—one-sided, I m sorry to report—in the Copaabana, Stork Club, Monte Carlo, nd other New York hotspots, here these attractive Amazons ke to appear on a night off. ittle time, however, is wasted by hem on lowly civilians, especially hose with *embonpoint*.

So when a lieutenant of the . S. Naval Reserve offered to ake me to the WAVES' New York bode (Hunter College in the ronx) to eat with them, drop in n their galley, and even pay a isit to their barracks, I nearly ost my mind over the project. ive thousand splendidly uniormed women in one bunch! It as beyond the wildest dreams of he most polygamous pasha. But he Naval officer was an old friend, uite aware of my particular weakesses, and sensing my over-enhusiasm he gave me some friendly dmonitions before starting out. n the way to the WAVES his conersation abounded with "don't's" nd I promised to adopt the attiude of a visitor to an art mueum, merely feasting the eyes rom a respectful distance.

However, I feel I must touch on the nicknames WAVES and SPARS, for until this was cleared up for me, I, too, was in the dark about their meanings. WAVES stands for "Women Accepted for Volunteer Emergency Service"; SPARS, the woman unit of the Coast Guard, derives its nickname from the contraction of the Coast Guard's Latin slogan, "Semper Paratus," meaning "Always Ready." Both nicknames were of course adopted because they have a nautical sound. You know what waves are; and spar stands for a number of things in naval language: a light deck of a vessel, a long beam, and a general term for masts, yards, booms, and gaffs. The Women Marines have no nickname, at least not a collective one.

We arrived just in time for lunch at the Bronx Branch of Hunter College, which, in these war times, has had its name changed to U. S. Naval Training School, Women's Reserve. We promptly hurried to the Ward Room, the officer's mess, where you eat cafeteria style. Although I was hungry, before grabbing a tray and cutlery, I had to stop and look at the pretty assembly. The WAVES and SPARS and Women Marine officers sat in groups of sixes and eights, and I searched hopefully for two empty seats at one of the tables. But the lieutenant fairly pushed me toward an entirely unoccupied table, and I complied with a sigh. However, I singled out a Marine lieutenant and made up my mind to give her the glad-eye; surely my guide could not object to such a sincere expression of esteem.

Lunch is light at the Naval Training School, dinner being the main meal. The day I was there, lunch consisted of hamburgers—but excellent ones—mixed green salad, rolls and butter, chocolate pudding, and coffee or milk. Officers (men or women) receive a maintainance allowance in the Navy, and they have to pay a nominal sum for their meals; this one costing twenty cents. The

Continued on page 96

New Cream Deodorant
Prevents Under-arm Odor...
...Vanishes Instantly!

...already a habit with thousands of men

Men who take pride in good grooming know it is just plain common sense to use a deodorant that prevents under-arm odor *and* also prevents shirt stains caused by perspiration.

No wonder thousands of men all over the country have made Arrid a regular habit.

More Arrid is used than any other under-arm deodorant. It is the *preferred* masculine deodorant for these 5 important reasons:

1. It prevents odor caused by under-arm perspiration.
2. *Arrid checks excessive under-arm perspiration and* prevents staining and rotting of shirts and coat linings.
3. *It takes only half a minute to use Arrid—it vanishes at once.*
4. *Arrid is a pure, white, greaseless cream, especially pleasing to men.*
5. *Arrid gives complete protection for 1 to 3 days.*

Start using Arrid today. Get a jar at any drug store, 10c store or department store. 10c, 39c, 59c a jar.

STOPS PERSPIRATION
ARRID
UNDER ARM DEODORANT

ARRID
THE LARGEST SELLING UNDER-ARM DEODORANT

Man the Kitchenette

Continued from page 95

portions were small, primarily because the Navy is determined not to waste a speck of food in these difficult times, and also because it quickly learned an important psychological fact concerning woman's eating habits—they like small portions on their plates, and would merely pick at large ones, leaving the bulk. However, without extra charge, they can go back to the serving table as many times as they wish to fill their plates anew.

I did not go back for more food; for once in my life my hunger was quickly satisfied. I was in the midst of hundreds of young women, so how on earth could I think of my stomach? I finally brought myself down to earth by repeating to myself a couplet from Byron's *Don Juan:*

"I've seen your stormy seas and stormy women,
And pity lovers rather more than seamen."

There were no lovers present to pity—unless we two men could be accounted a couple of would-be lovers—and you positively could not pity the seamen. The Marine officers looked especially healthy and though I am partial to the Navy, I must say that the lady leathernecks were prettier. Mainbocher did a wonderful job on the WAVES and SPARS uniforms, but I preferred the Marines. The soft green hue brings out a girl's colors, and the vermilion cord on the cap lends a conspicuous yet charming incongruity. The familiar, beautifully designed bronze Marine insignia on the cap and the lapels adds the final touch. The jacket is very smartly tailored, with sharply sliding breast-pockets, as though a famous cutter had a hand in the creation. The Women Marines uniform was designed by Captain A. A. Lentz.

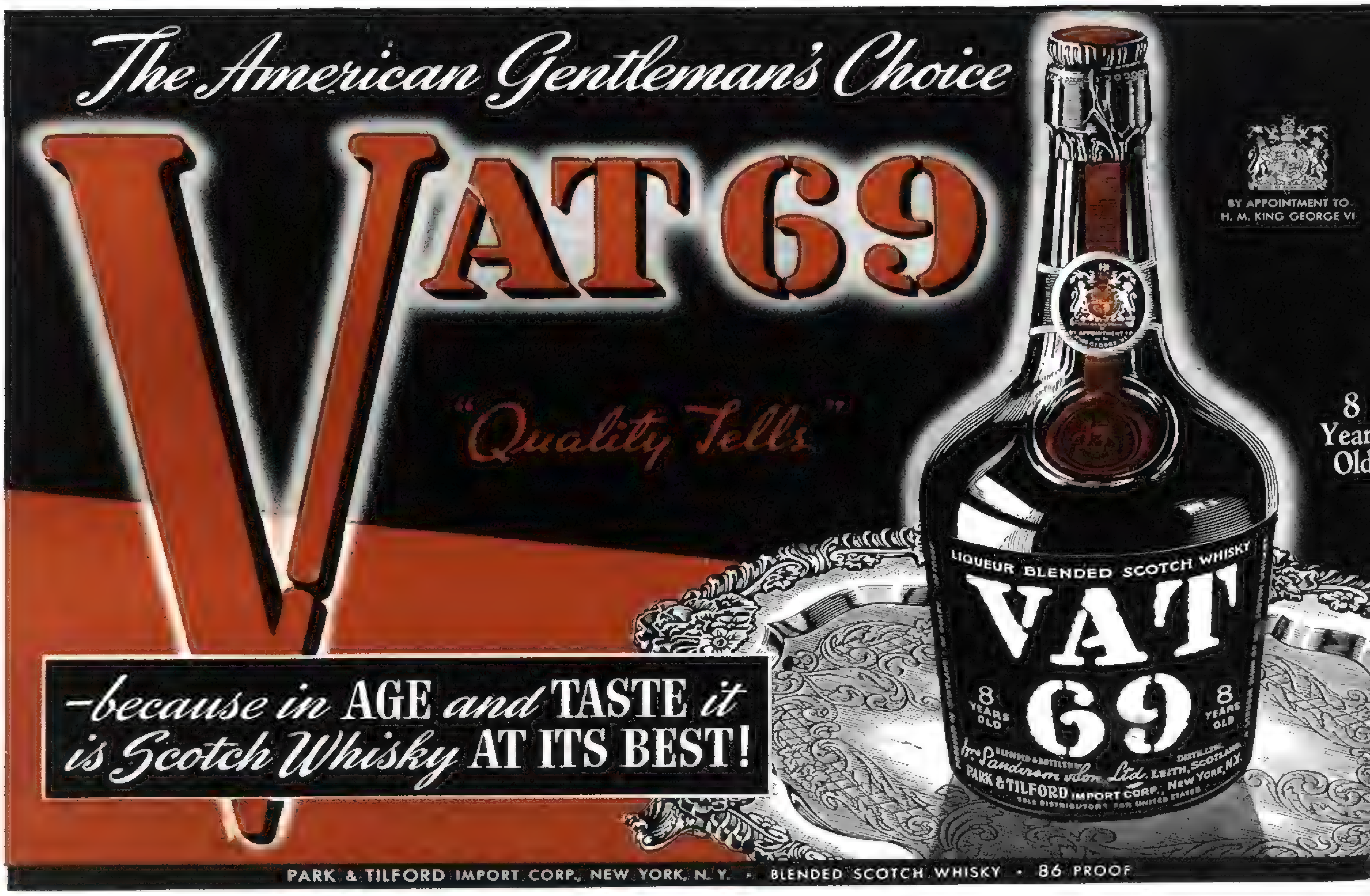
In case you know a chorus girl and in case she feels a yen for balanced, regular, and good meals and wants to wear one of these uniforms, and above all to serve her country, this is the way to get in: She must be a citizen, between twenty and thirty-six, she may be married (but not to a guy in corresponding service; i.e., if she is married to a Navy man she cannot join the WAVES), she may already have children. She must be of a good character, at least five feet tall, and 95 pounds in weight. She must have had at least two years of high school. Her teeth must be in sound condition, and she must be able to understand whispered words at 15 feet. (But I whispered to a waitress-recruit at six feet and she didn't hear me! Or was she just pretending?) She'd have to enlist for the duration, and would become a civilian once more six months after the armistice. The requirements for officers are simpler but they are taken up to the age of forty-nine, and must have a college degree or at least two years in college and two years in business.

A few days after she arrives at the Naval Training School, she is fitted in uniforms, 200 dollars' worth, paid for by her new sweetheart, Uncle Sam. He'll give her an allowance of 50 dollars for the first month, in addition to living expenses: this 50 dollars will grow to an average of 30 dollars a week when she reaches the rank of petty officer. An ensign earns 216 dollars a month, including allowances, and a lieutenant (senior grade), 296 dollars. As you see, the pocket money Uncle Sam gives his gals ain't hay.

The training period averages four months, with the first month devoted to general indoctrination such as drilling, learning Navy and Coast Guard regulations and traditions and studying in classes, but with time for sports and recreation. After the majority of the girls is sent to specialist schools; the minority is assigned to duty. A Navy bugler wakes the ladies at 5:30 a.m., and I shudder at the very thought. There is basically no difference between the WAVES and SPARS and Wom
Marines requirements, schedu
or pay.

Back to the galley in the Bro
seventy-five Navy cooks prep
three meals daily for 4,800 recr
and 365 officers at the Train
School. It struck me as somew
odd that the girls are exclu
from the kitchens. I inqu
of Lieutenant G. R. Blosser, C
missary Officer, if the Navy
not going to show the girls ho
scramble eggs, and he assured
that they are contemplating d
just that, and soon there will
cooks' school established for
WAVES. Some of the girls are
anxious to learn the secret
Navy beans, Lieutenant Bl
said. They love it for lunch,
when in accordance with old N
tradition, beans were given
breakfast, the dish remained
touched. The girls detest a he
meal at rising, thinks Lieute
Blosser, and he ought to k
Their favorite is sliced ch
oranges, whole wheat cereal
milk and sugar, boiled eggs, t
and jam, and coffee, which is T
day's breakfast. They call th
light breakfast!

To give you a further exa
of their appetites, 14,000 ga
of fresh milk are used month
the Bronx Training School, 10
lbs. of bacon, 15,000 lbs. of



The American Gentleman's Choice
VAT 69
"Quality Tells"
—because in AGE and TASTE it is Scotch Whisky AT ITS BEST!
BY APPOINTMENT TO H. M. KING GEORGE VI
8 Year Old
LIQUEUR BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
VAT 69
8 YEARS OLD
Wm Sanderson & Son Ltd. LEITH, SCOTLAND
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP. NEW YORK, N.Y.
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, N. Y. • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF

20,000 lbs. of fresh vegetables, esides the dried and canned sort, 44,000 eggs, 50,000 lbs. of fresh uit, 10,000 lbs. of butter, and 05,000 lbs. of fresh meat. Their rst two or three days at the 'raining School, the girls hardly ouch the food; homesick. But I ish you could see how they clean eir plates up after this short cclimatizing period!

Lieutenant Blosser showed me he huge refrigerators, filled with he finest of viands, vegetables, uits and milk products, and told e that he had a serious problem. he company that gets the swill omplained it wasn't worthwhile oming over for it, and wants to huck the job. So he must find an- ther garbage carting company.

I went to see the Commandant f the school, Captain William F. msden, U.S.N., to ask him if he as satisfied with the food the irls were getting. He said he as, and Rear Admiral Young, hief of the Bureau of Supplies nd Accounts, who was visiting ere a few months back, judged downright delicious. Captain msden is a charming man of he old school. He has been in he Navy for 41 years, holds the avy Cross from the last war, nd convoyed on the South Paci- c before he came to the school a ear ago next January. I asked ow he felt when he was taken off warship and appointed Com- andant of this school. "Most eculiar, most peculiar," he said. But since then I have made a omplete about-face," he con- inued, "I am most enthusiastic. hese girls are wonderful! They ant to do bang-up work in man- ized jobs, and they do it, too. t's a great pleasure to work with hem."

He took me to the window, and e looked out on the vast court- ard of the former Hunter Col- ege. Thousands of young girls rilled there. Some of them still ore their own dresses, fancy hats, nd high-heeled shoes, yet they ried to outdo their uniformed olleagues. The captain watched ith a benign smile. "These girls will make good wives," he said. "They will be disciplined, an all-important weapon in combatting life. They are soldiering now. But they all want to be wives. All girls do . . ."

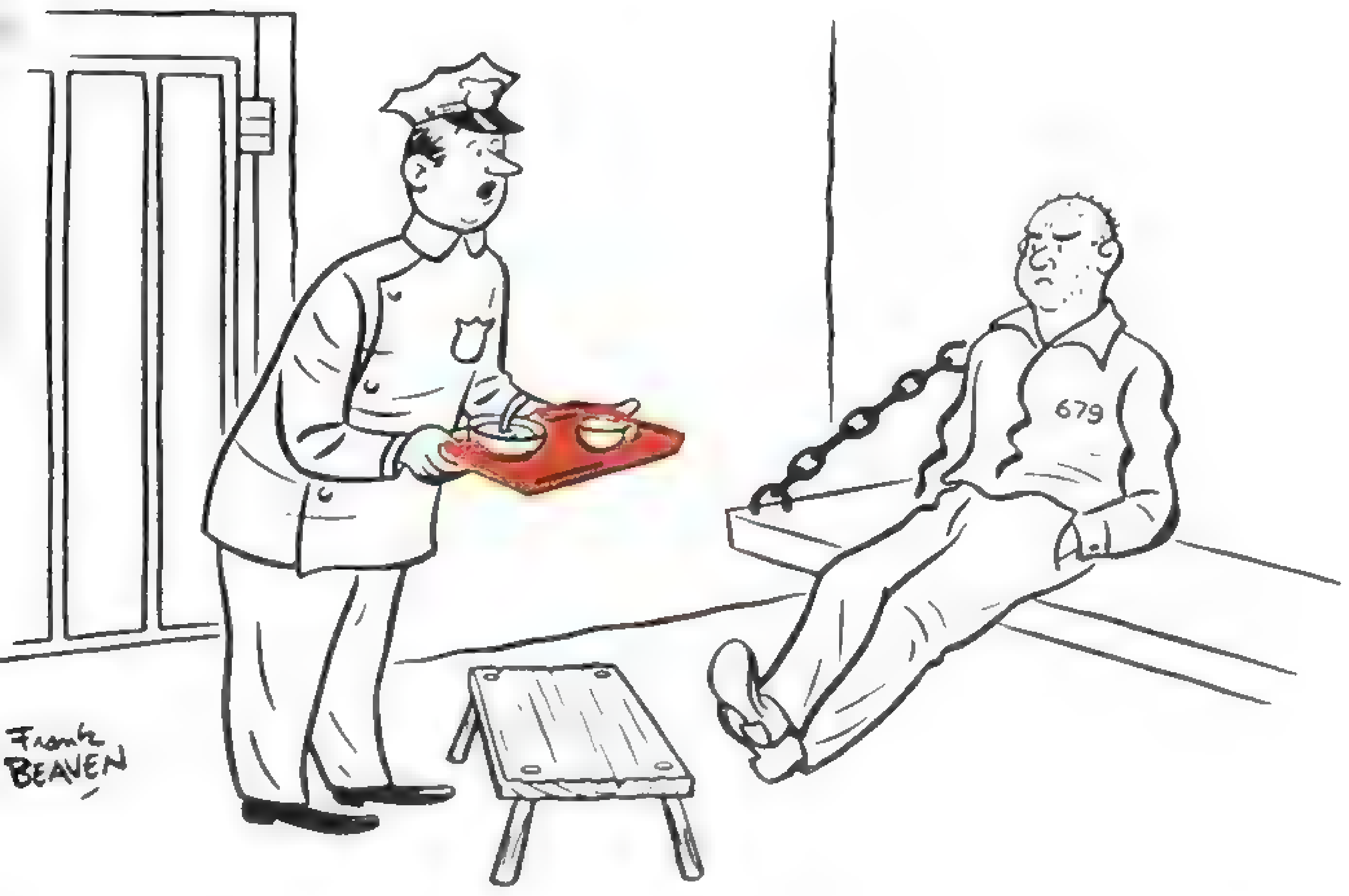
As I left the captain's office, his aide, Ensign Frances McLeod, introduced me to Lieutenant (J.G.) Helen Jacobs, whom you'll remember as female tennis champion. She has been in the WAVES a year. Getting her commission was much more thrilling for her than winning the world championship. "Cross my heart and hope to die," she added, when I looked doubtful.

As we crossed the courtyard all the girls saluted my lieutenant guide. Girls salute in truly feminine fashion, smiling while they do it. I must tell you a saluting episode I saw in Washington a little while ago: Ensign Mary Scott Stewart showed me the way out of the Navy Department. As we reached the street a Marine who came from the opposite direction smartly saluted Ensign Mary, and said: "Good afternoon, sir!"

Another odd situation was that of Ensign Isabelle Wadsworth of the WAVES, married to an Army major. The couple hadn't seen each other since Ensign Wadsworth got her uniform. One day they encountered one another at Grand Central Station in New York. Ensign Wadsworth was in a great dilemma—what should she do? Salute or kiss her husband first? Finally she decided to salute first. They got around to the rest of it a split-second later.

I arrived with my guide at the gym building, which has seven gyms in it and a wonderful swimming pool. I felt I had to visit this place, for it is partly responsible for the girls' tremendous appetites. Lieutenant (J.G.) Boynton, Physical Education Officer, told me that the girls put on several pounds of weight after the first week at the school, and I expressed my hope that the weight was evenly and aesthetically distributed. Lieutenant Boynton smilingly assured me that it was, and then started to tell me about

Continued on page 98



"Why, Spike, you didn't finish your oatmeal . . . is something worrying you?"

YOU'RE BUYING FOR "KEEPS" THESE DAYS
Skinner's

You've got to look twice these days before you say "I'll take it" to the salesman. You've got to be sure that new suit really fits . . . that the color is one you can live with . . . that the fabric and lining are definitely duration-durable. Because it isn't going to be quite as easy to pick up another if the first one doesn't last.

One way to be sure you're getting a good suit of clothes is to look for the Skinner label in the lining. Naturally, the quantity of famous Skinner fabrics is limited due to war production . . . but the quality is still there. And the Skinner label is still as good a guide to clothes value as any you can find anywhere.

WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS
45 East 17th Street, New York 3, New York

DOBBS

Westward

FOR THAT FREE AND BREEZY LOOK

Jaunty, friendly, free and bold is the cock of the Westward hat . . . a hat for men who are free and intend to stay so.

Only Dobbs (with its U. S. Patented Duvay Process and skilled handwork) can make a lightweight felt that holds its expressive line firm through wind and weather like Westward.

Try a Westward today, and see if it doesn't express your mood better than the limp-eared "Old Faithful" you've been wearing . . . **$10**

Other Fine Dobbs Hats—$6.50 to $40

New York's Leading Hatters • Retail Store: Park Avenue at 53rd

DOBBS *Hats*

AVAILABLE AT FINE STORES EVERYWHERE

Man the Kitchenette

Continued from pages 95-97

the girls' preference in food, and that unlike men, they enjoy liver, a favorite hate with sailors and soldiers. With persistence I changed the subject and expressed a keen interest in the swimming pool, but swimming was over for the day. I got no further than a glimpse at the G.I. bathing suits, pretty little blue numbers.

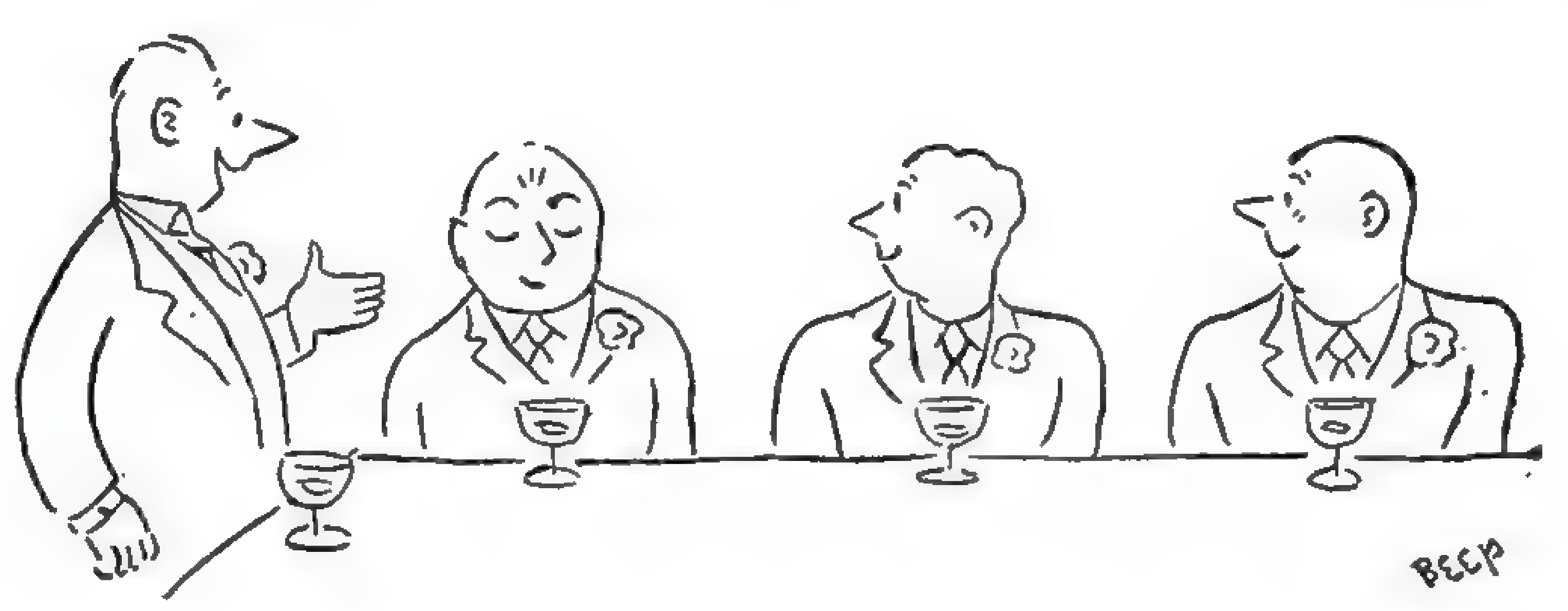
We looked over the canteen (which is called Ship's Service here) where you can buy anything from dime novels to *Harper's*, toothpowder to cigars, ice cream to sarsaparilla. Also the cleaners, the shoe repair shop, the photographic studios, the beauty parlors, and the combined shop of eight New York department stores are in this building. I was told the uniformed girls save their money for hostess gowns. They go home, take off their uniforms, and parade around in more individually designed frills—if there are no more than three people around. The regulation is, if more than three are present they must wear their uniforms.

Finally my guide suggested dinner in the enlisted WAVES mess hall. This time all his pushes were of no avail. I sat smack at the side of the prettiest WAVE you ever want to see. She turned out to be the brave WAVE who clubbed a fellow while on duty one night at the main gate. It seems that the fellow wanted to get through the gate without a pass, shovi her aside. She promptly let hi have it with her service bludge The guy went out like a light. S said she didn't feel sorry for hi she just felt satisfied that she h been able to do her duty, aft only four weeks of indoctrinatio The captain cited her for brave and for carrying out orders wi out regard to personal safety. was the first time she had e beaten up a man.

While I prayed there would be a second time, while I w around, this is what we ate: co sommé with rice, roast leg of ve brown gravy, bread dressing, bu tered fresh peas, perfection sal ice cream, bread and butter, a coffee. It was just an ordina week-day meal. But rememb the members of our Armed For come first, regardless of sex. A be glad to take in a notch your belt.

Suddenly I remembered lieutenant. "How about going the barracks?" I asked him, ferring to a promise that I'd shown the bedrooms, too. looked rather morose by now presume I was getting too chu my with Audrey. He though was enough of a good day.

"You are a damned fool wri not a Casanova," came from stern friend, and so here I writing an article instead of specting bedrooms. Well, *c la guerre*, I guess. #



Model Salesman: 1943

"Salesmen, I want you all to give a hand to Ted Harper here who, for the last three months, has had the best record of any salesman on our staff! That's it—a big hand, fellows! Harper deserves it. I don't say the rest of you haven't tried. But during that period he has convinced more folks—both retailers and private consumers—that they can get along without our products for the duration than anyone on our staff! In town after town it's been the same story. Not a single sale rung up by Harper! It's phenomenal! You know what they say about him? They say he could talk esquimaux out of wanting furs!

"From now on, men, I want you to try to match Harper's record. You, too, can attain the depths of low pressure salesmanship if you only try. You, too, can master the arts of dissuasion and discouragement. And remember: Any damn fool can boost our products, but it takes a genius to knock them. Well, *be* a genius! Emulate Harper! Practically single-handed he's talked his territory out of wanting replacements so that we can convert a hundred per cent to war products.

"It's Harper's psychological approach as much as anything else that does the trick. Copy it! When you encounter possible customers, get them out of the mood quickly. Pull a long face. Groan. Scowl. Sigh. And of course get away as soon as possible. Don't let them try to lock you inside their homes or offices the way some unscrupulous buyers do. And if you can't avoid a sale by any other method, why then insult them. Call them Nazis or Fifth Columnists. Yeah, I admit that's usually unfair but it's all in a good cause. It's the best way in the world to build up our most valuable intangible asset—the thing that will be our most precious commodity until the war is over and we again have something to sell—bad will!"

—PARKE CUMMINGS

Harvest Time, 1943

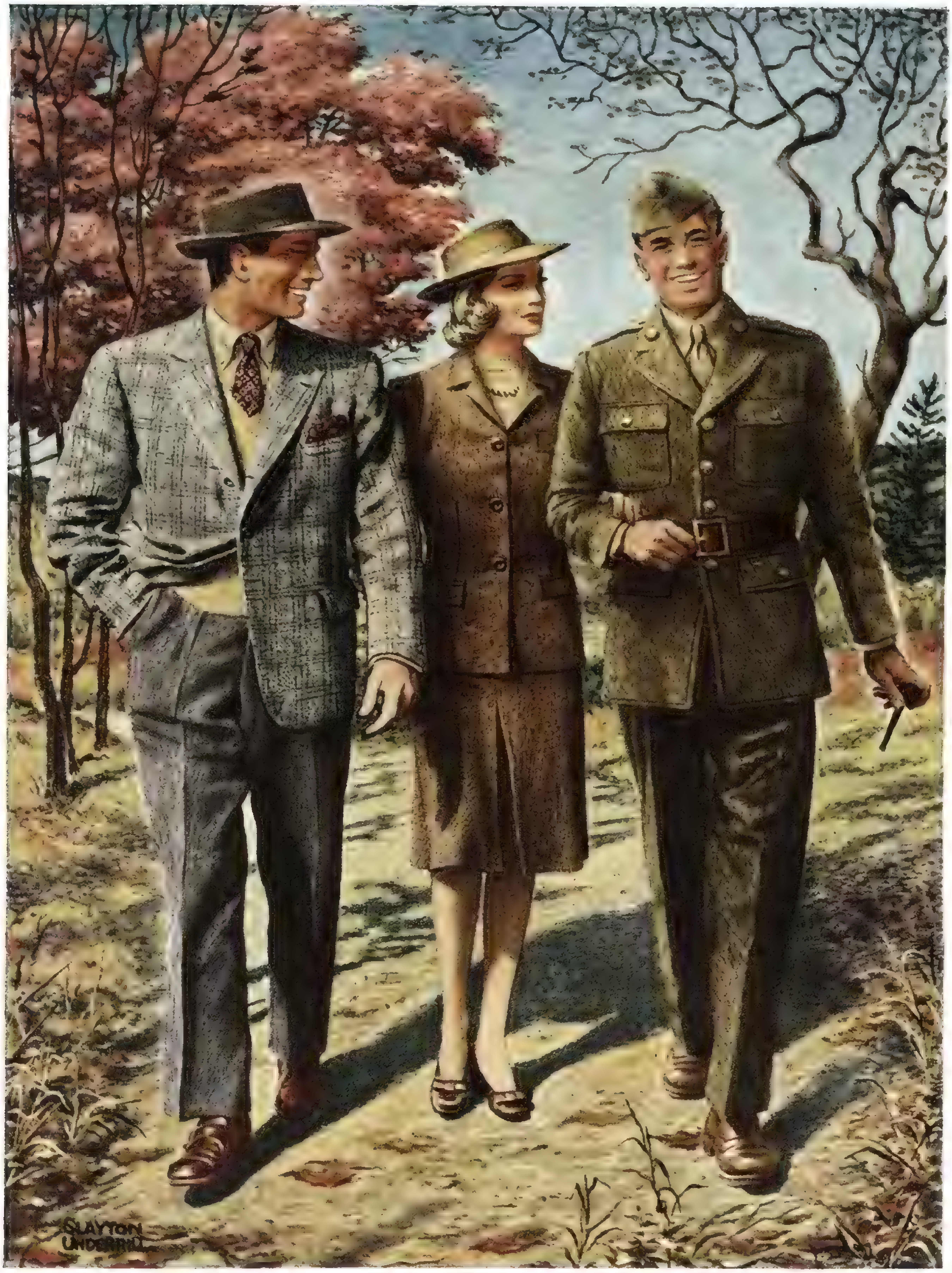
America makes the best of everything!

Americans are making the best use of their week-ends and vacations by helping bring in the crops. And many are making the best use of Schenley Royal Reserve by saving it for special occasions. All Schenley distilleries are producing vital alcohol for war purposes exclusively.

Before Anything Else, Buy War Bonds

SCHENLEY
ROYAL RESERVE

Schenley Royal Reserve, 60% Grain Neutral Spirits. Blended Whiskey, 86 Proof. Schenley Distillers Corp., New York City



pro patria and for the country

The man who is dressed *pro patria* requires no citations from us, his homage coming from where it will do the most good. But the chap who is attired for the country is fair game for the usual once-over. The blue and brown screen weave tweed jacket is in a class by itself, and at the head of that class. Note how the jacket's light threads minimize the boldness of the plaid design. The vital "V" that stylists used to talk about is well filled with oxford shirt, red foulard tie, and sleeveless pullover sweater in a chamois shade. The pork pie felt hat carries a silk ribbon. Tucked in the chest pocket is a foulard handkerchief. The slacks are plain grey flannel and the shoes brown calfskin in the monk front model. The girl's outfit shows a masculine influence, but under it beats a feminine heart that tells her that eyes left are right in this instance. And isn't it a beautiful autumn day!

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

...may I suggest you buy more U. S. War Bonds today?

I. W. Harper

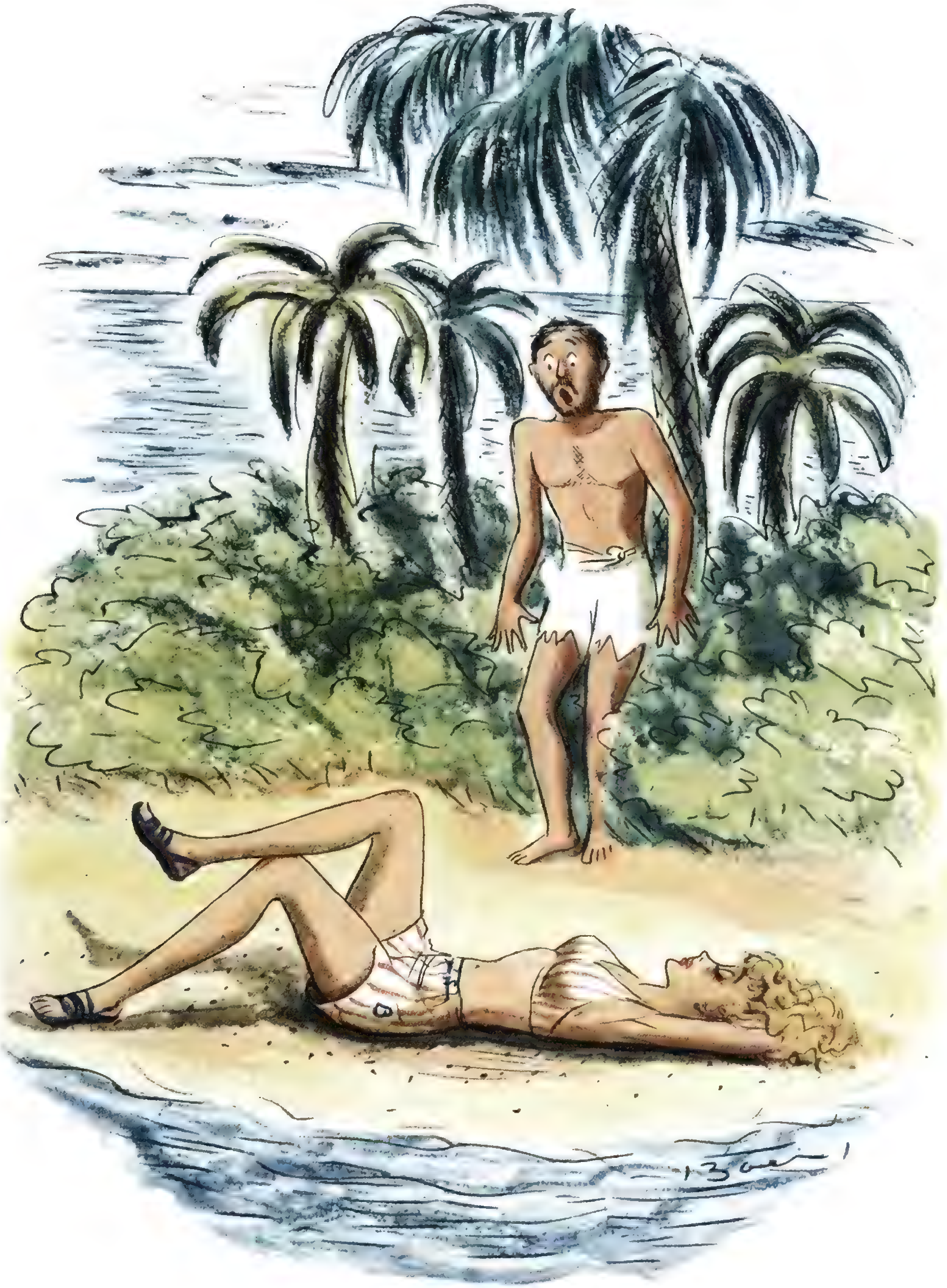
it's always a pleasure

I. W. HARPER

the gold medal whiskey

Bottled in Bond under the
strict U. S. Government standards.
Our distilleries today
are devoted to the production of
alcohol for war purposes only.

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, Bottled in Bond, 100 Proof. Bernheim Distilling Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky. | ***Tune in*** *Schenley's Cresta Blanca Wine Carnival Every Wednesday Evening C.B.S*

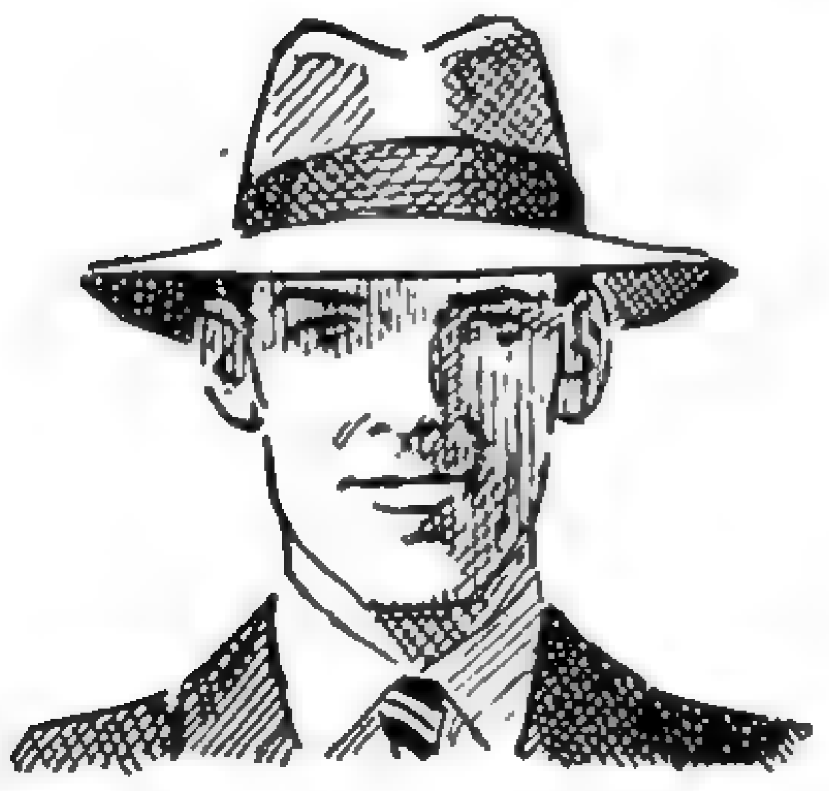


"Ain't it a damn shame? Plenty of water on this island, plenty of food, and now I get hallucinations!"

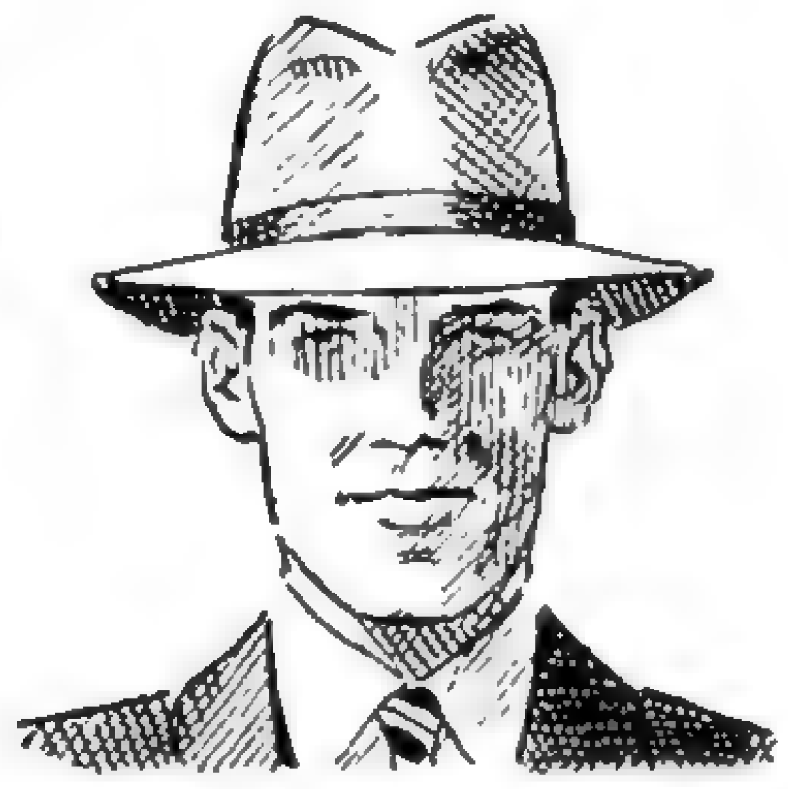
A Lid for Every Pan

Reducing men's faces to three general types, here is the hat conceived to compliment each

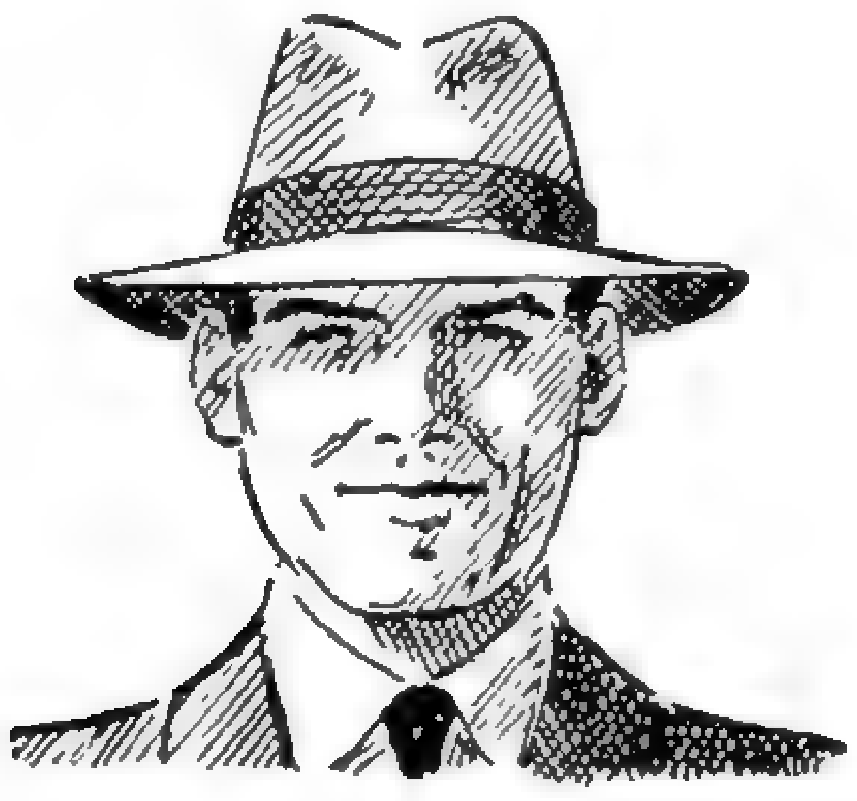
by O. E. SCHOEFFLER
WEARABLES



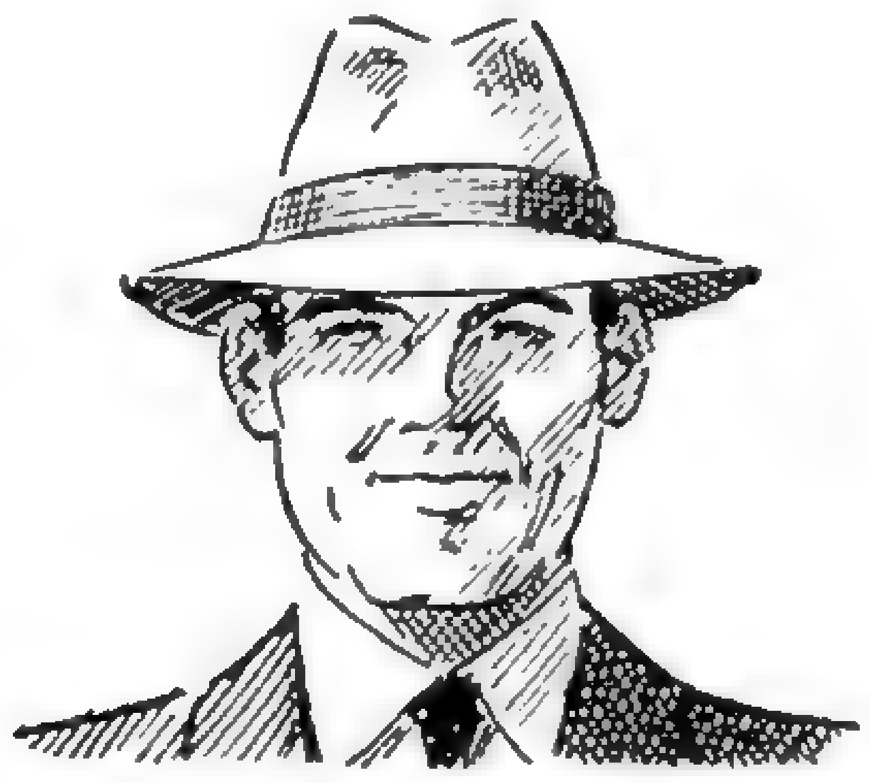
Right for slender face—Medium height, tapered crown, medium brim.



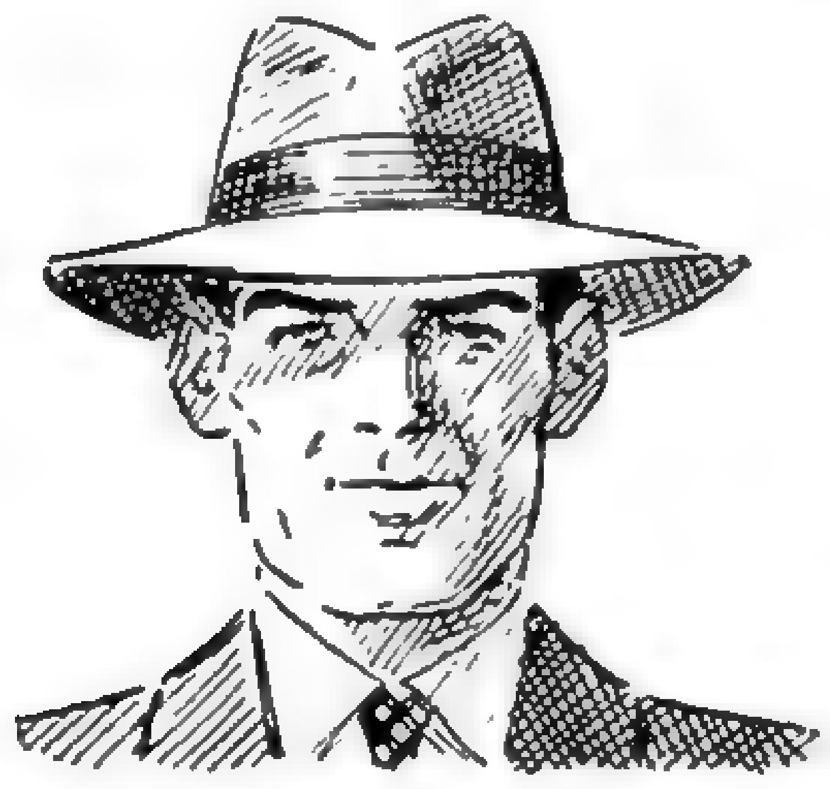
Wrong for slender face—Full high crown with narrow band and brim.



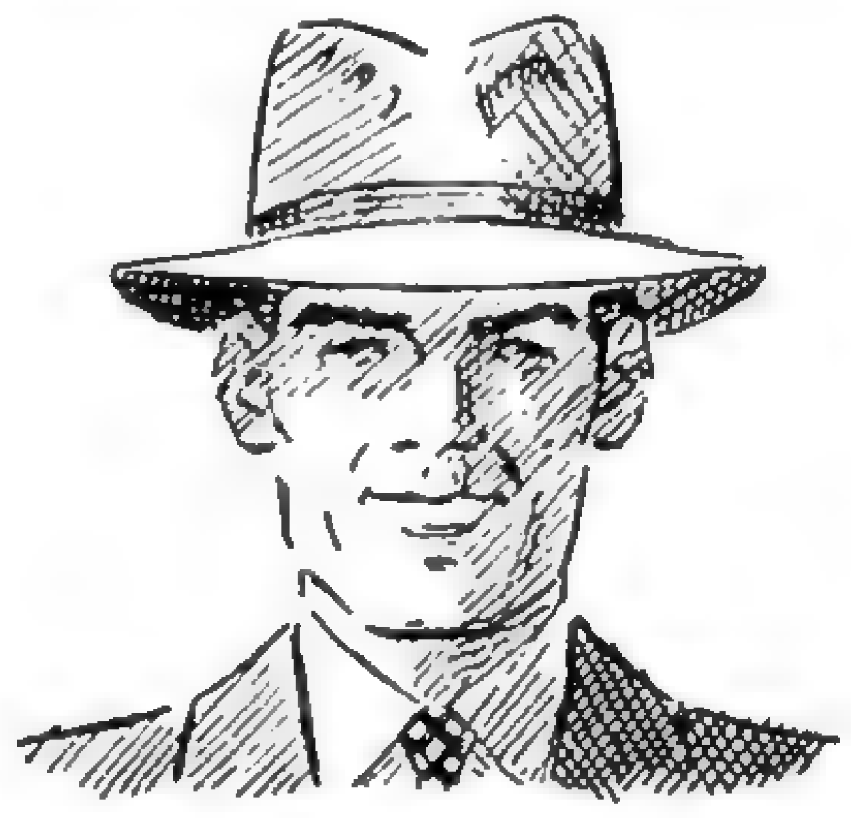
Right for round face—Fairly full tapered crown, flattish medium brim.



Wrong for round face—Crown too tapered and brim too deeply dipped.



Right for square-jaw face—Low crown and full brim with sharp snap.



Wrong for square-jaw face—High full crown, skimpy band and brim.

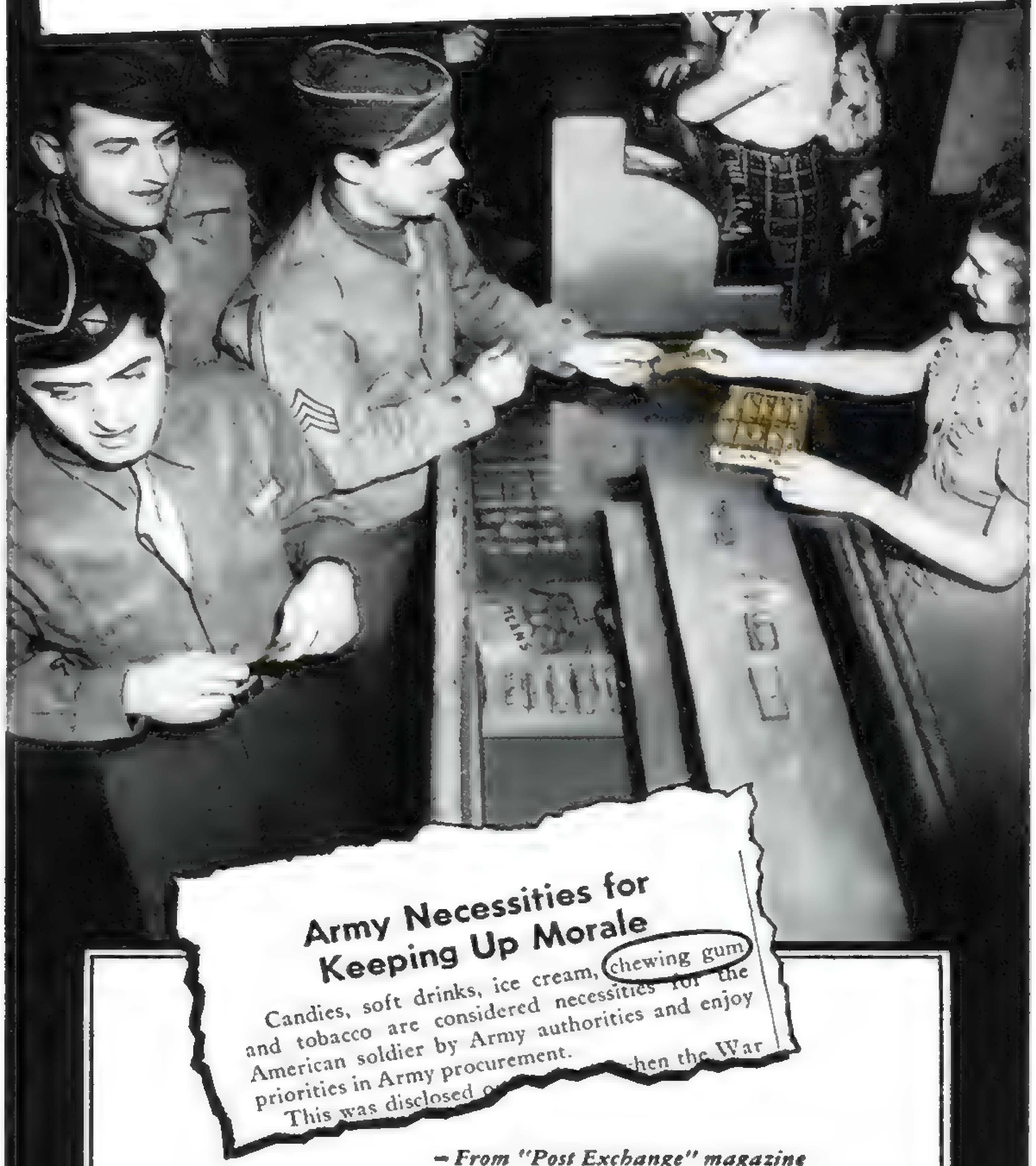
Rare is the man with strong convictions regarding the kind of hat that becomes him and the kind he should shun. There is something infinitely sad about the average male shopping for hats, viewing himself uncertainly in the mirror, looking to the salesman for encouragement. In happier times the little woman often trotted along, gave her mate's plumage official sanction, bolstered him with eyes of love. But lady riveters, first-aiders and WAACs have little time for such frivolities. And since men are now on their own, they really must master the fundamentals of selecting a hat. An eighth of an inch added to the crown or a bit less width on the brim makes all the difference.

If you have a long slender face, the crown of your hat should be tapered and not too high. The brim should be of medium width. A hat of moderate proportions tends to minimize long facial lines.

If you have a round face, it is the better part of valor to select a hat with a moderately full crown and medium width brim. Such a crown, if tapered, balances the fullness of your face. The medium width of the brim should have only a slight dip over the forehead. This tends to add length to the face. Avoid crowns that taper too sharply and brims that snap deeply over the forehead. Such crowns do not balance a round face. Deep-dip brims cut down the vertical line and tend to make the face look broader.

If you have a pronounced squarish jaw, a low-crowned hat with a full brim that snaps down sharply is your best bet. The crown appropriately conforms to the outline of the face. The brim of good width and fairly deep flange will do the most for you. The band should be of medium width. On your lists of *don'ts* should be the hat with squarish high crown, narrow band and narrow brim. With a narrow brim these proportions would make your public more conscious of that aggressive jaw—a fine characteristic to have, but not one to emphasize. ⧻

CHEWING GUM RANKS HIGH IN U. S. ARMY CAMPS



Army Necessities for Keeping Up Morale

Candies, soft drinks, ice cream, chewing gum and tobacco are considered necessities for the American soldier by Army authorities and enjoy priorities in Army procurement. This was disclosed o hen the War

– From "Post Exchange" magazine

Yes, at Post Exchange counters from coast to coast and overseas, chewing gum is a popular favorite with men in every branch of the service.

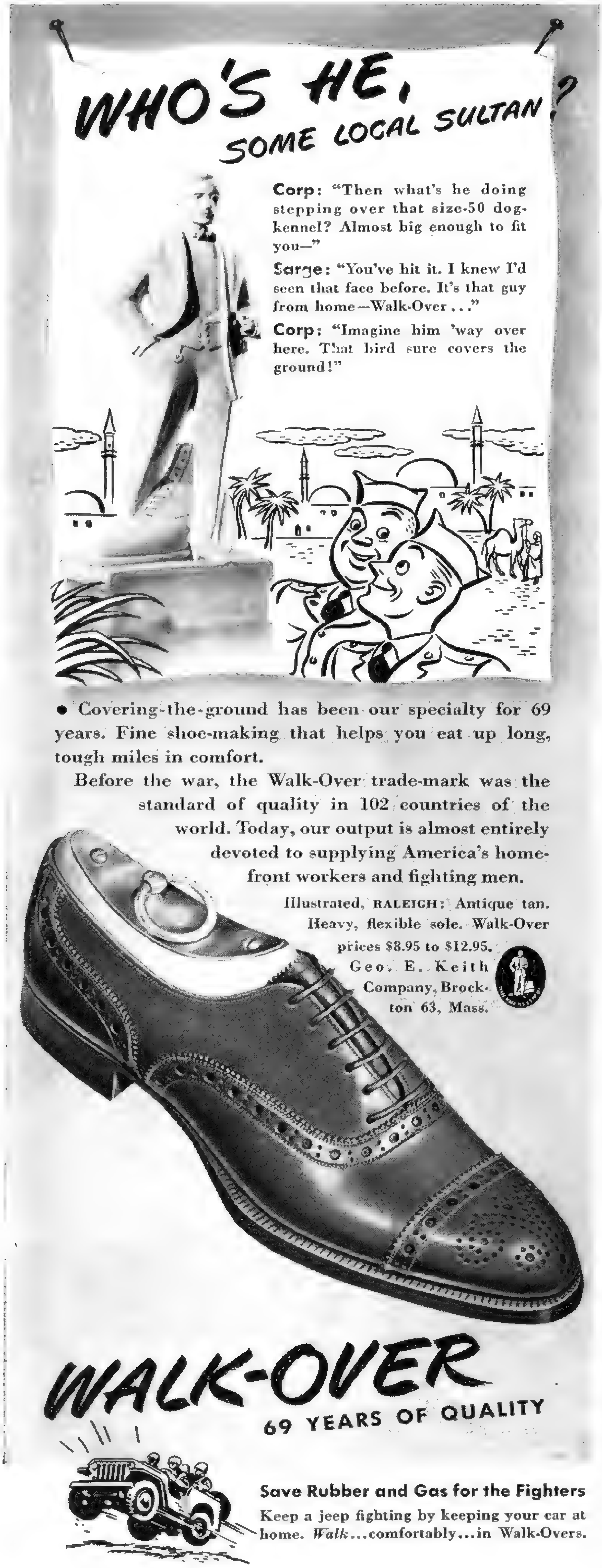
And no wonder! For soldiers everywhere soon discover that chewing gum is a welcome "refresher" when a man is tense, tired or thirsty.

So, if at times your dealer can't supply you when you ask for Beech-Nut Gum, remember . . . the Beech-Nut Gum that you *can't* buy is going to some soldier, sailor or marine . . . in a training camp at home, on a ship at sea or on a distant fighting front.

BEECH-NUT GUM
PEPPERMINT FLAVORED

Beech-Nut Gum

The yellow package . . . with the red oval


WHO'S HE, SOME LOCAL SULTAN?

Corp: "Then what's he doing stepping over that size-50 dog-kennel? Almost big enough to fit you—"

Sarge: "You've hit it. I knew I'd seen that face before. It's that guy from home—Walk-Over . . ."

Corp: "Imagine him 'way over here. That bird sure covers the ground!"

• Covering-the-ground has been our specialty for 69 years. Fine shoe-making that helps you eat up long, tough miles in comfort.

Before the war, the Walk-Over trade-mark was the standard of quality in 102 countries of the world. Today, our output is almost entirely devoted to supplying America's home-front workers and fighting men.

Illustrated, RALEIGH: Antique tan. Heavy, flexible sole. Walk-Over prices $8.95 to $12.95. Geo. E. Keith Company, Brockton 63, Mass.

WALK-OVER

69 YEARS OF QUALITY

Save Rubber and Gas for the Fighters

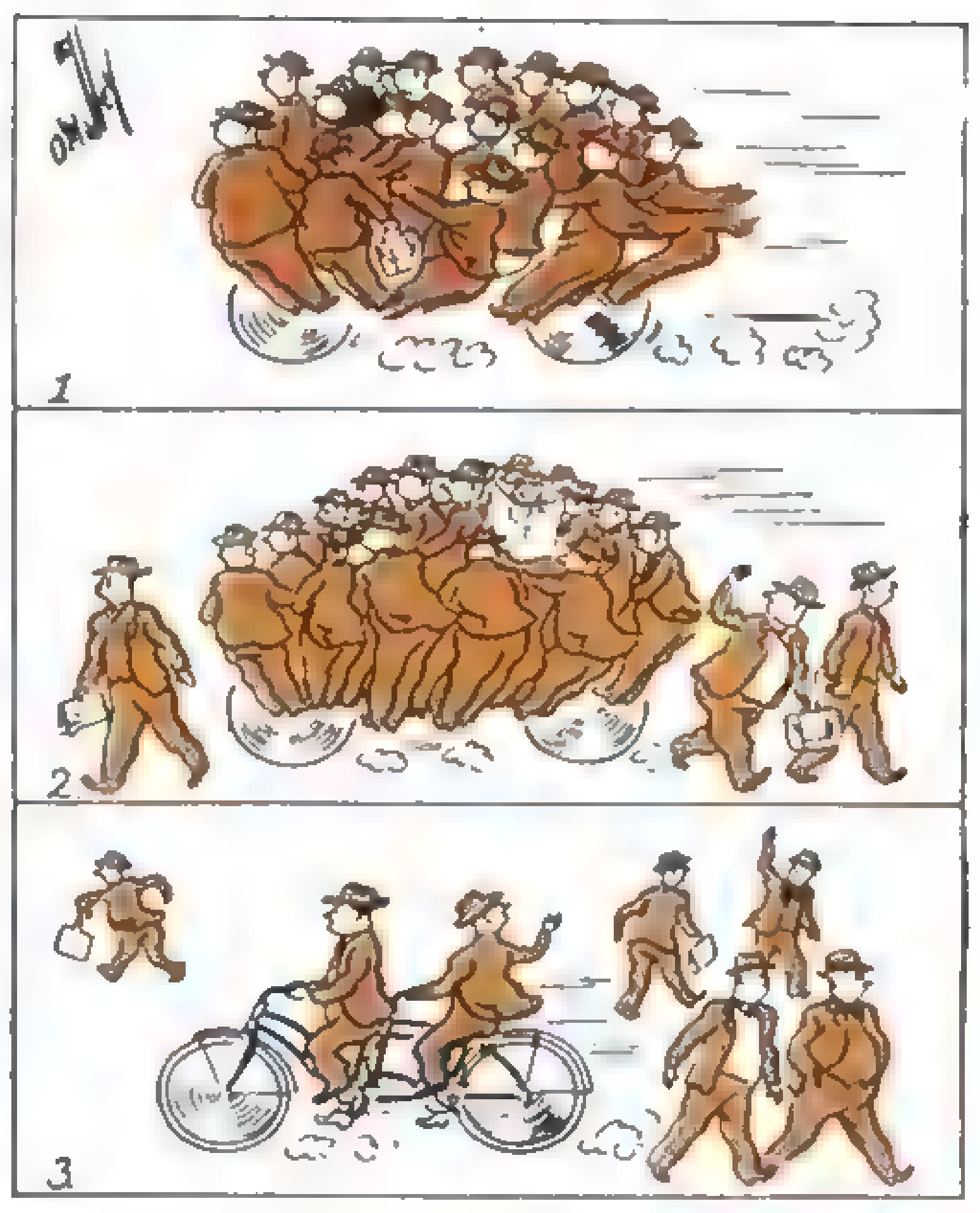
Keep a jeep fighting by keeping your car at home. *Walk*...comfortably...in Walk-Overs.

The Sporting Scene

A tilt with Professor Nearing who views professional sports as an opiate to lull the masses

by **HERB GRAFFIS**

• SPORTS •



This is going to be a very interesting and entertaining America if Professor Scott Nearing is correct.

The eminent economist and sociologist in an Esquire Sports Poll commented: "professional sport, including horse racing, is a dope peddled by the ruling class to keep the masses diverted and to prevent them from thinking about their troubles."

Thus there is discovered a ruling class whose existence generally has been unsuspected. If this ruling class achieves recognition such as Professor Nearing gives it from the rest of the public, high society is in for dizzy days. Young ladies of our first families will aspire to be presented to Mike Jacobs at the Court of St. Slug. Stately dowagers will curtsey before Mrs. Grace Comiskey, owner of the Chicago White Sox. The height of a fancy young man's ambition will be to be equerry to Col. Matt Winn. A career as lady in waiting to Mrs. George Marshall, Queen Mother of the Washington Redskins, will beckon to some distinguished woman who can trace her ancestry through Plymouth Rock, the Four Hundred, and the Stock Market Slump of 1929.

In pre-war Russia, the comrades used to say, "religion is the opium of the people." In wartime United States, Professor Nearing declares that professional spectator sports are the dope that has the public curled up in a bunk and dreaming untroubled fantasies. The Professor makes it clear, however, that while he is in favor of the abolition of professional sports spectacles, he would retain sports in which people participate.

The Professor's classification of professional sports promoters as dope peddlers incited debaters and annoyed some sports promoters who heatedly proclaimed that dope peddling was the one thing they had not done.

They were quieted by learning that Professor Nearing's reference to dope peddling was what is often called a figure of speech.

Among ma
comments
Professor Ne
ing's expressi
in the Esqu
Poll, was the
luminating
buttal writt
by Robert
Harlow in h
column *Pin*
hurst Scoreboa

Harlow is an exceedingly a
veteran sports writer now h
dling radio sports news for
Associated Press. Years ago
gave up his job on a New Y
paper to become manager
Walter Hagen. It was a bold r
for Harlow to take. Harlow i
bold soul. There never were a
certainties about Hagen for H
low except assurance of go
places and seeing things. That w
enough for Harlow.

The Hagen-Harlow team esta
lished professional golf as a
money sport and created a co
merce that since has yielded o
lence to Messrs. Sarazen, Smi
Snead, Hogan, Nelson and num
ous others. By the Nearing d
nition, and with no disparageme
of the beloved and colorful Hag
Harlow has been one of the m
influential of the dope peddle
and a ranking patriarch of Ne
ing's ruling class.

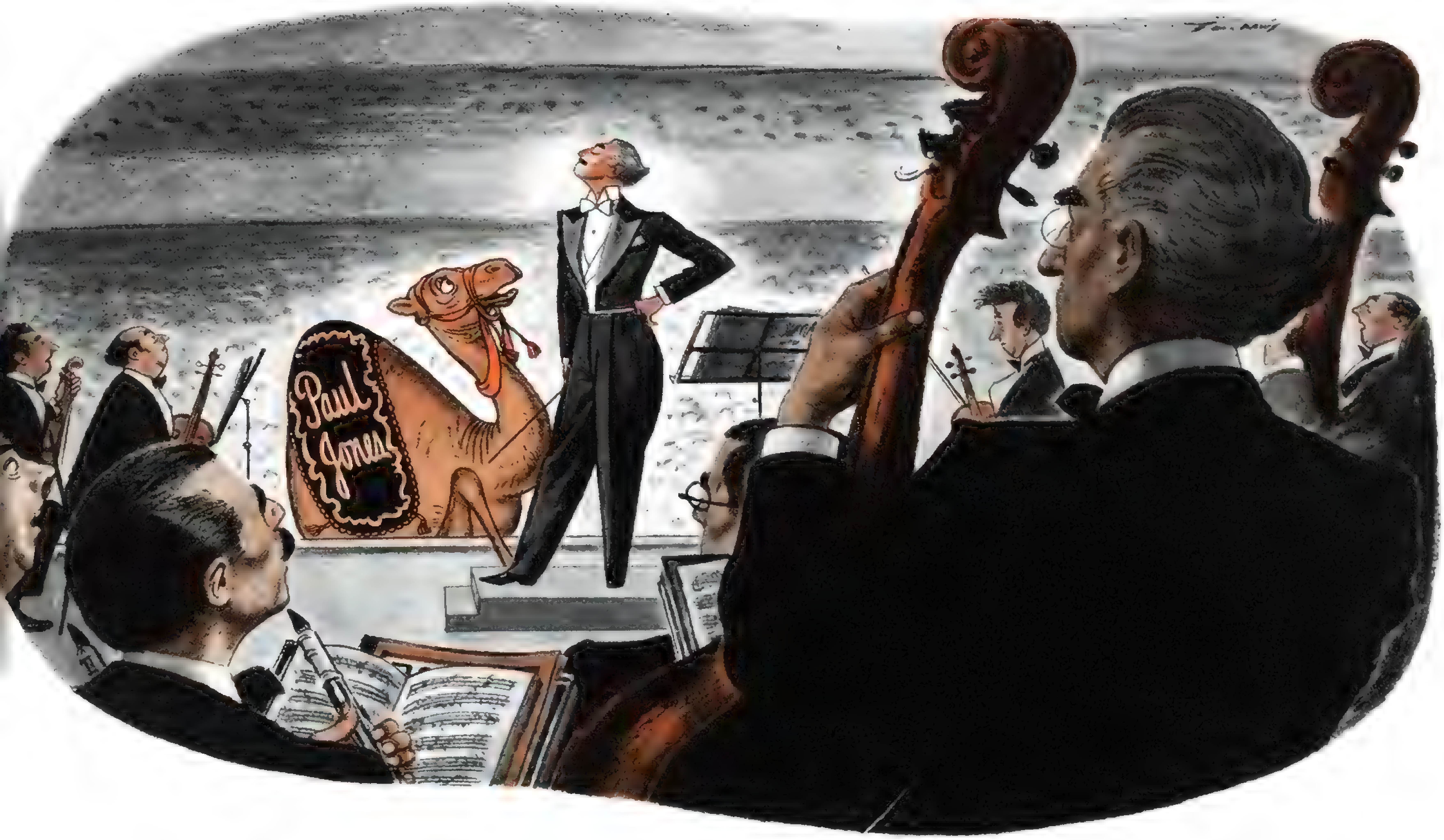
Some time after Hagen ate hi
self into belt caliber too big
golf's money competition, Harl
became press agent for Americ
golf shrine, Pinehurst. He
quired the local weekly ne
paper, the *Outlook*, and to its
culation of 1,000 in the No
Carolina sandhills delivers hi
self of his judgments, via
scoreboard column.

Harlow began his essay on
Nearing opinion:

"We want to compliment P
fessor Nearing for writing so
thing with a sparkle in it o
sporting subject these times. M
of the sports journalism today
very dull. This is to be expec
with bombs making a lot m
noise than base hits. Profes
Nearing's crack presents an ar
ment for controversy—someth
for the intellectuals of sports
any) to gab about."

With that opening to end
himself to fellow sports scrib
Harlow continued:

Continued on page



"Not if you were Beethoven, personally!"

CONDUCTOR: Camel, let us understand each other. I would not let you appear with my orchestra if you were Ludwig van Beethoven himself, personally!

CAMEL: *No,* Maestro?

CONDUCTOR: No, Camel. No. No, *NO!*

CAMEL: Not even if I told you that I was the Paul Jones Camel? The living symbol of the *dryness* in *dry* Paul Jones Whiskey?

CONDUCTOR: Not even if you told me you were the—Hey! Did you say a *dry* whiskey? Like a dry Champagne?

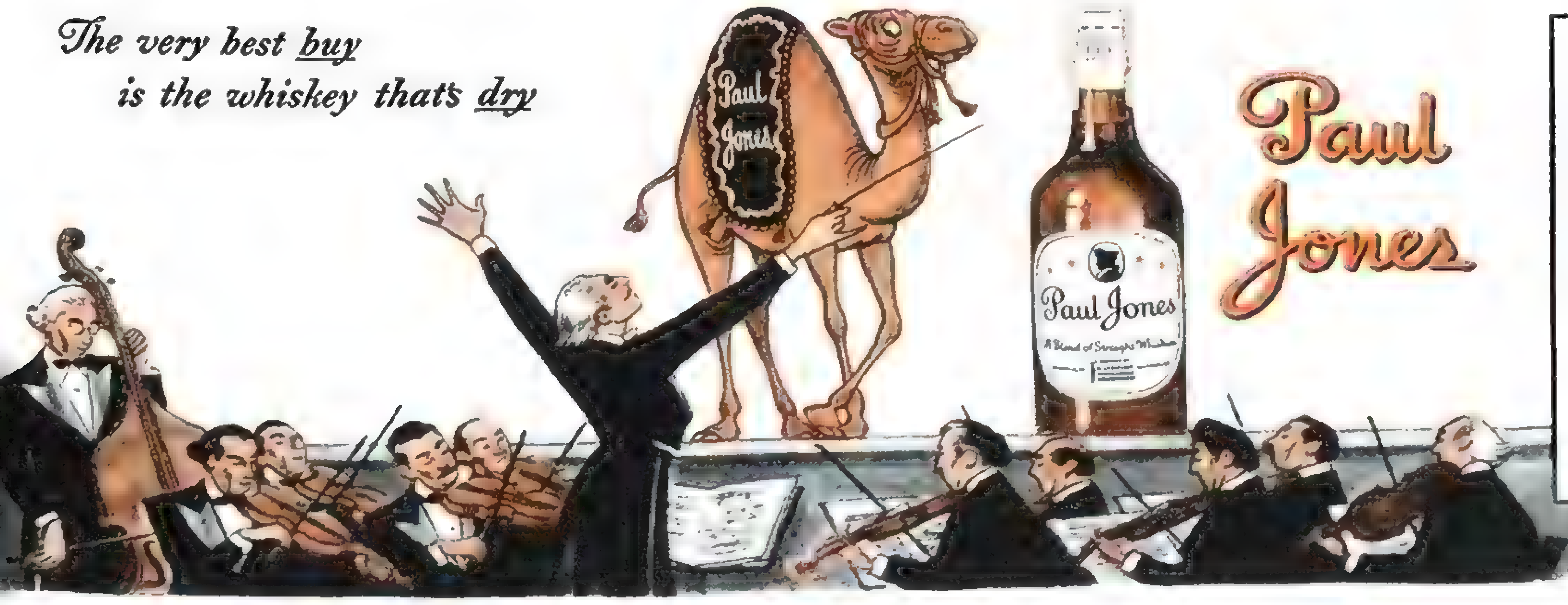
CAMEL: But assuredly, Effendi. Do you not know that this jewel among whiskies, this superlative Paul Jones, possesses the quality of *dryness?* Sahib, it is this *dryness,* or lack of sweetness, which brings out all that rich, peerless flavor which has made Paul Jones so justly famous.

CONDUCTOR: And this, Camel, was what you wished to say here tonight?

CAMEL: But what else, Effendi? For am I not the living symbol and chief prophet of the *dryness* in the wondrous and modestly priced Paul Jones?

CONDUCTOR: My friend, you will not only speak here tonight . . . but none other than I, Myself, personally will set your speech to music!

The very best buy
is the whiskey that's dry



An Explanation to Our Friends

IF YOUR BAR or package store is sometimes out of Paul Jones, please be patient. We are trying to apportion our prewar stocks to assure you a continuing supply until the war is won. Meanwhile, our distilleries are devoted 100% to the production of alcohol for explosives, rubber, and other vital war products. (Our prices have not been increased—except for government taxes.)

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof.
Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore

The

"AHWAHNEE"

a distinguished hat
tailored by Disney

. . . only about one man in ten thousand will be able to obtain this fine hat. It takes *time* and *hand work* to develop the soft, luxurious, velvety-smooth texture of the Robin Hood finish. Stop in at your local Disney agent *today* and select your "Ahwahnee."

. . . while you are there, ask to see the "Robin Hood," "Station Wagon," and other famous Disney styles.

Disney
HATMAKERS
358 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK CITY

The Sporting Scene

Continued from page 104

"Professor Nearing used to say a lot of things about the rich when he was teaching economics at the University of Pennsylvania. Having spent some twenty-five years in more or less close contact with the rich, since the days spent in Professor Nearing's class, we have to disagree with him. The rich, by and large, are very nice people. Some of them are a bit overbearing, but so are a lot of the poor, for that matter."

With that subtle paragraph, Harlow qualified himself as an authority on economics and sociology. Anybody who studied economics under Professor Nearing and Hagen, as Harlow has done, should know economics.

After recalling how Professor Nearing used to take big swings at the many methods by which wealth was bunched in this country, Harlow remarks:

"And in 1943, the Professor has finally got around to blaming the 'ruling class' which is merely another method of designating the wealthy, as trying to divert the attention of the masses from their troubles by giving them something else to get excited about.

"We will go along with Scott to the point that diverting the masses' attention is an old trick, and has been worked for centuries. Keeping the masses ignorant is one of the best ways of keeping them quiet. And diversions of all sorts play their part in taking the mob's mind off more fundamental things.

"But we think that Professor Nearing is spreading his economics pretty thin when he attacks horse racing as a dope peddled to make the masses forget their real troubles. It is our opinion that horse racing is promoted by professional gamblers for the purpose of diverting the masses' money from their pockets and makes them terribly conscious of their real troubles. If Professor Nearing wants any evidence along this line, we suggest he stand outside a race track and carefully scan the faces of the masses as they emerge from their session with the iron men, otherwise known as the pari-mutuel machines.

"If the races have taken the masses' mind off their troubles, they don't look it."

Mr. Harlow also has studied that situation at close hand. Also at empty hand.

Further conflict between the opinion of the old Penn master and pupil is registered by Harlow:

"Now about spectator sports. A large part of the audiences are members of the ruling class. This applies particularly to college football, a game which just grew, and was not a set-up for the purpose of distracting the attention of the masses from their real troubles. The same goes for baseball and all other spectator sports.

"We are inclined to think that for once Professor Nearing is off the beam. . . . Spectator sports, rather than injuring the march toward a proper division of the material benefits of the land, have aided the movement. That is, practically all spectator sports except horse racing, which helps to impoverish the people.

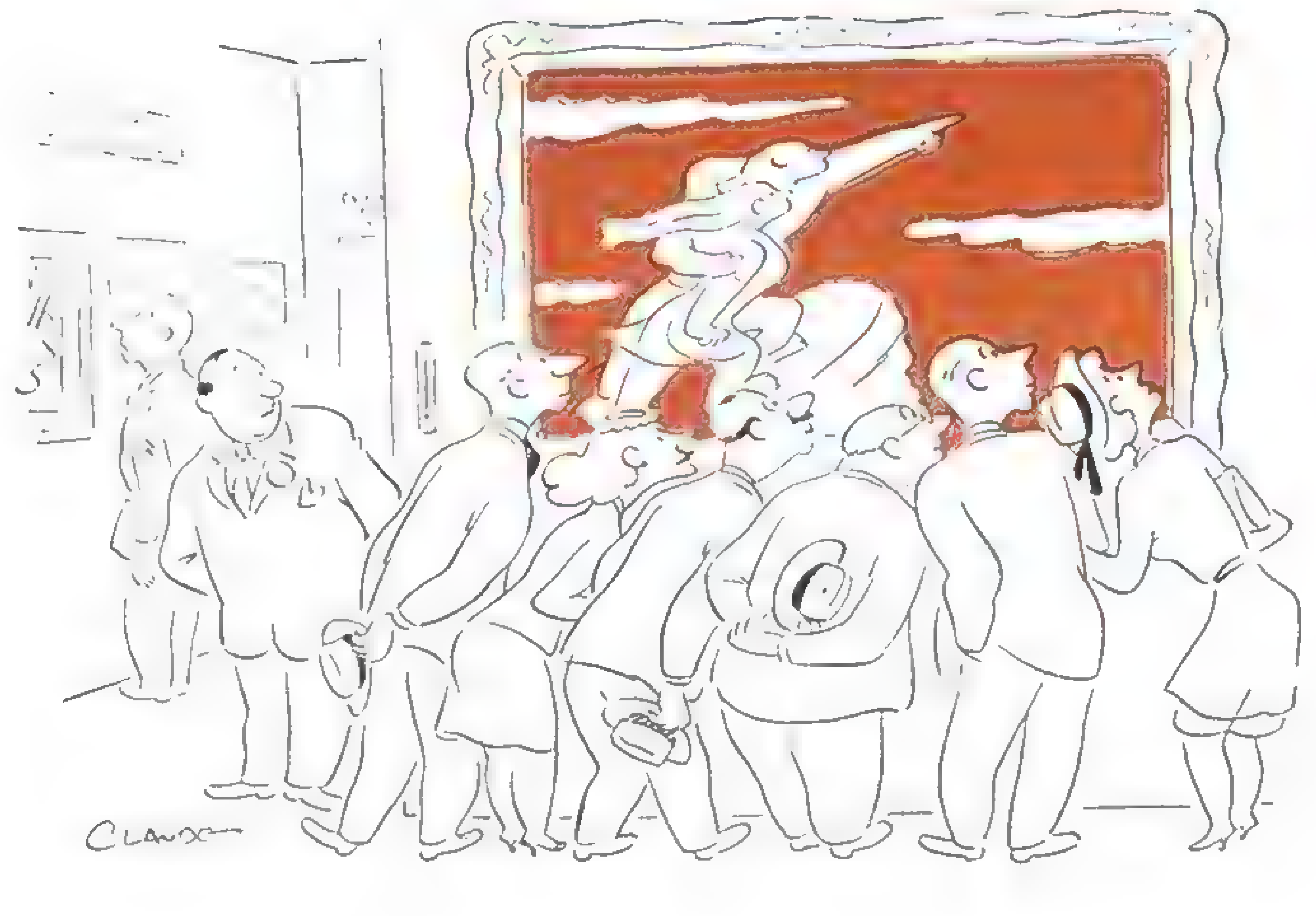
"Spectator sports aid in creating the vitality in the spirit of a nation which never was needed more than today. American boys who learned lessons of maneuvers and combat by playing or watching spectator sports are flying the planes, manning the guns, sailing the ships and winning the war for freedom."

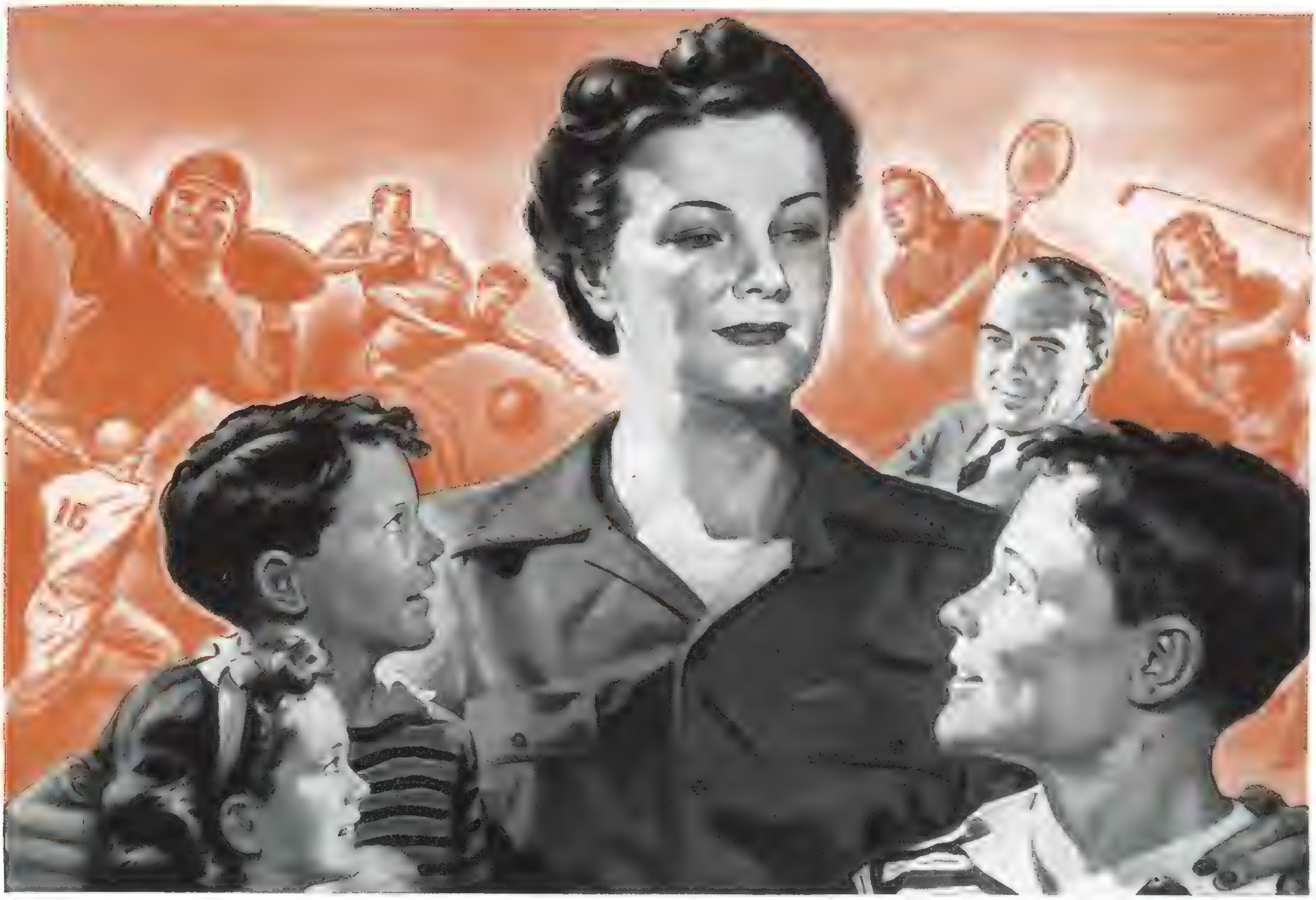
Thus, after a weary wait and much kicking around, spectator sports are championed by a vigorous intellect that picks tough competition when entering the lists against Professor Scott Nearing.

More valid from a purely scientific standpoint than the pro-spectator sports case presented by Harlow is the judgment of Dr. Edward A. Strecker, of Philadelphia, president of the American Psychiatric Association.

Dr. Strecker says that spectator sports' development of mob psychology is a valuable contribution to the required American

Continued on page 108





THE NEW COACH...*On the Home Front*

An important war job for the wives and mothers of America

UNTIL NOW, no American mother, as she tucked her little boy into his crib, has had to face the frightening thought that some day he would *have* to be a soldier. *Our* mothers have been spared that fear.

But today our women are sisters to the mothers in militarized foreign lands. War has come upon us. The sons, brothers and husbands of millions of American women are now, or soon will be, fighting soldiers of America—*fighters for freedom.*

And the men of other millions of our women are busy, or soon *will* be busy, producing the materials of war for our fighting men.

Now, with America determined to *fight to the death* for the things we hold dear, we cannot neglect these *human machines* upon which we depend for victory.

America's fighters must be *made* and *kept* physically fit for a winning fight against enemies who have lived and trained for war since childhood.

And this is where the patriotic women of America—women made of just as sturdy stuff as any women in the world, can do another important job for victory, and for postwar progress.

We need a Coach in every home where a boy is approaching military age. A coach, with a mother's love, to inspire this youth. To keep him playing our rugged American sports, which develop the *strength,* the *skills* and *agilities* that will assure him a better chance to win—and to come home from the war with a sound mind in a sound body.

The boy who can run a little swifter—who can leap into a foxhole or trench a fraction of a second quicker—whose hands and feet and brain work a split-second faster—will be a more competent and resourceful fighter because of that greater agility. In America's competitive sports—on our sand lots and on our school, college and university playfields, he can get this priceless training. See that he gets it.

We need a Coach in every home where there are *war-workers* and *civilian workers* on the Home Front. A Coach with a mother's deep interest—a wife's love—to keep these indispensable men exercising—playing their golf, tennis, badminton, softball, volley ball; doing their calisthenics, taking walks, gardening, etc. They, too, must be kept strong for the job ahead of us during the war and *after* the war.

We need a Coach in every home where there are growing daughters—a Mother-Coach. She must see that they develop the health and vitality—through regular exercise—that America's women must have to meet the problems of the war and the postwar age.

This is extra war work that the patriotic women of America are being asked to assume—a new job for them, but a job *they* will love because it's for the *ones* they love.

On *our* part, and we speak for the whole Sporting Goods Industry, we shall continue to voice the importance of America's competitive sports to the physical fitness of our fighters, workers and people. And we shall continue to supply all the sports equipment *that available materials permit.*

Will you accept the job of Coach in your home? Will you help keep your potential fighting men, your daughters, your war workers, your civilians physically fit for this great fight for Freedom and for a good postwar world?

Wilson Sporting Goods Co., *and* Wilson Athletic Goods Mfg. Co., Inc., Chicago, New York and other leading cities.

Wilson
SPORTS EQUIPMENT

IT'S WILSON TODAY IN SPORTS EQUIPMENT

For MEN WHO PACK-A-PUNCH

BELTS and BILLFOLDS by TexTan

Your job today calls for fighting fitness.. That's as much a matter of what you wear as how you feel. When you bend or stoop or lift, you want the feel of good leather around your waist. You want a heavy-duty belt with some heft to it, to give you a feeling of security and support.

TexTan Belts are made for 1943's "rugged individuals" ... made in the same tradition as the first TexTan models created for the rip-roarin' Texas Rangers. Down in Yoakum, Texas, skilled saddle maker craftsmen fashion TexTans, hand-tool them in original and authentic Western designs. You've got the look ... and the feel ... of two-fisted readiness when you're wearing a TEXAS RANGER or SADDLE CRAFT Belt by TexTan. Genuine, hand tooled styles, of tough saddle leather,

$3.50 to $6.00

Dealers who know their leather feature TexTan Belts and Billfolds. Should you not find TexTan merchandise, write TexTan, Yoakum, Texas, for name of nearest dealer.

TEXAS RANGER REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

SADDLE CRAFT REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

TexTan IS IN THE FIGHT

TexTan products are going to war. Today TexTan is producing the following equipment for the United Nations Forces

- Cavalry Saddles
- Signal Corps Pouches
- Navy Tool Kits
- Machine Gun Tripod Straps
- Helmet Chin Straps
- Pistol Holsters
- Sam Browne Belts
- U. S. Mail Pouches
- Sole Leather for Army Shoes
- Industrial Leather Sleeves
- Leather Washers

And Other Items by TexTan Yoakum, Texas

The Sporting Scene

Continued from pages 104-106

wartime spirit. The Doctor points out that spectator sports encourage the practice of vigorous rooting for the home team and against the foe. Thus conditioned as sports spectators, American crowds are more disposed towards collectively plugging for the national cause.

This authority's approval of spectator sports in wartime may remind some that over-emphasis on individualism in sports doesn't gear smoothly into the collective effort which is war. This is confirmed by the outstanding performance in combat of fighters who were team athletes in a happier yesteryear.

Maj. Raymond V. Schwanbeck, who was commander of the famed 30th squadron of the 19th bombardment group in the Pacific theater of war, has been quoted as observing that most of the first pilots in that combat zone were former athletes. His remarks put the O.K. of actual battle experience on a balance of good physical conditioning by sport and sport's teamwork training in discipline, cooperation and group spirit. One factor without the other is inadequate in preliminary training of young men for successful warfare.

Without crowds human nature wouldn't often evolve team performance to high finish and spirit. The inspiration of the crowd, and the tests to which the mob hysteria subjects athletes, have done more to build up the American sports structure as a war aid than generally is appreciated.

Spectatoritis, which numerous pedagogues and writers have sternly criticized as one of the nation's cardinal sins, has managed to survive. Like other sins, such as avarice, adultery and gluttony, spectatoritis seems to have been enjoyed greatly by the guilty. It does not appear to have slumped in popularity since the Roman emperors put on their sports circuses for the populace.

The Roman youngster whose pater rewarded his good behavior by taking him to the arena to see a champion gladiator unplug the guts of an alien challenger, hoped to become, someday, the winnah and the new champeen, himself.

Fundamentally the situation probably hasn't changed. Now the kid who has seeds of glamorous ambition sowed while he's in the stands may harvest his crop as a high ranking officer pins a medal on the young man's blouse.

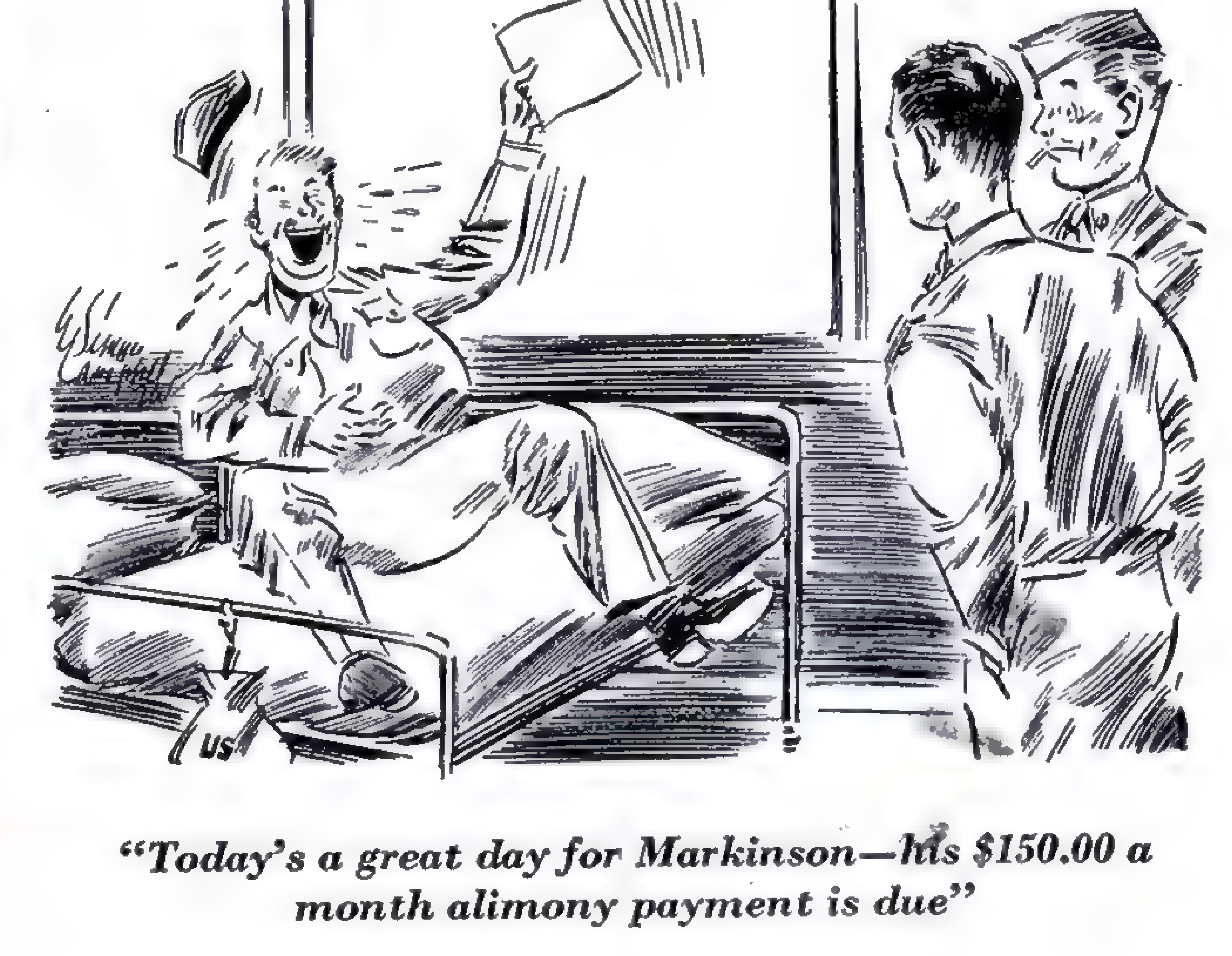
Despite censure of profound intellectuals who have been taking picks on spectator sports for years, there must be something intrinsically meritorious about the sit-down athletics. Otherwise the rump sports would have vanished from the cosmic scheme.

Instead of vanishing, spectator sports have held their own. Their gates have quite accurately reflected prevailing economic and leisure time conditions.

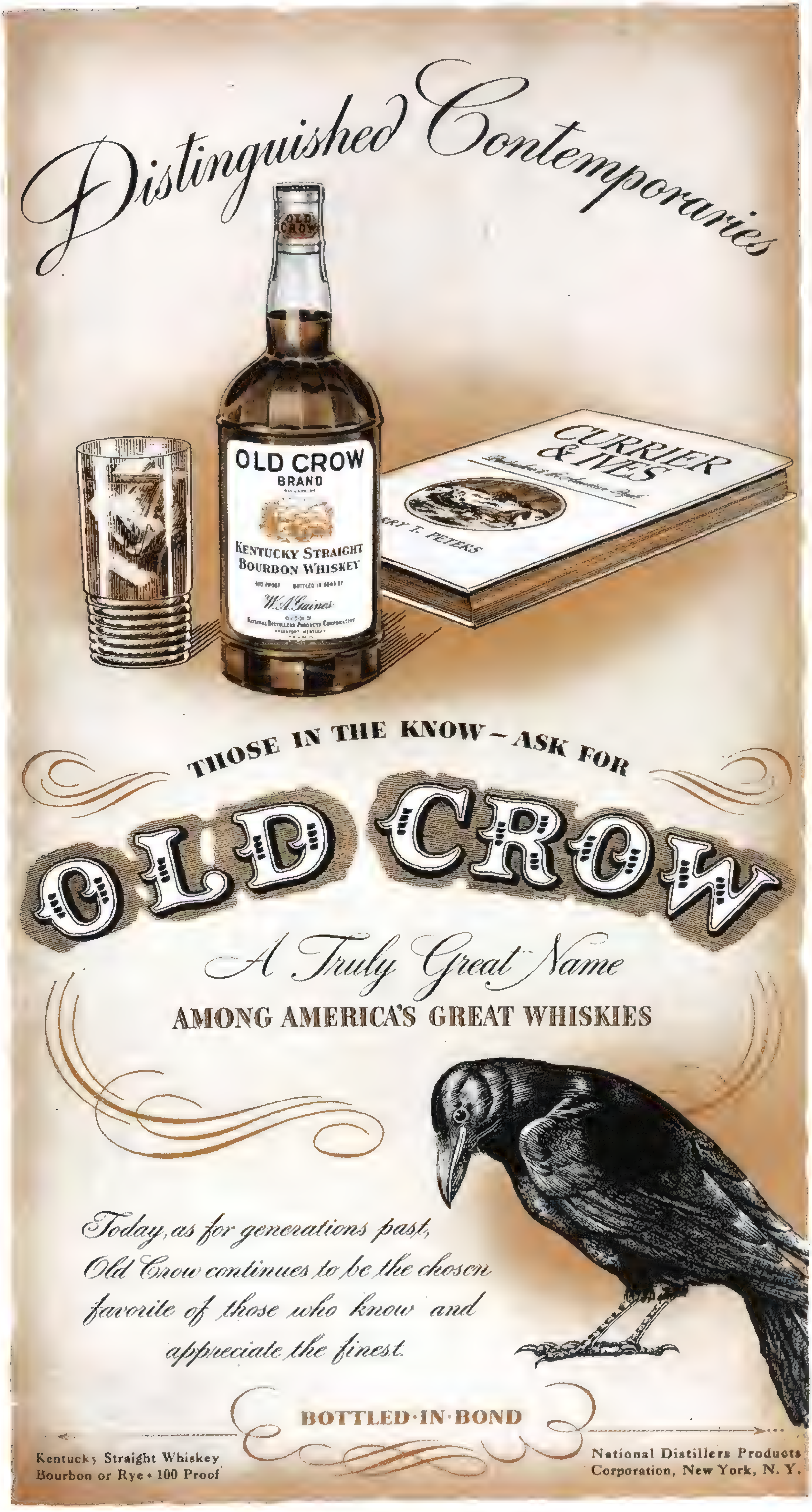
Some spectator sports shows of wartime have been welcome relief and good entertainment. Others have drawn crowds who attended as a matter of habit, and who were sorely disappointed by colorless performances. Since the end of the twenties American crowds haven't been so enthusiastic about spectator sports as they were previously, but the enthusiasms of the domestic populace about almost everything haven't burned so hotly as they did in the decade after the Warm-up War.

And as for the professional sports promoters being a ruling class, these regal characters at least are kept from getting too cocky by knowing their sovereignty depends entirely on the vassal suckers' dimes and dollars. Any royal family that can be ruined by subjects not standing in line at the box office doesn't appear to be much of a menace.

Economics of a very crude and direct nature operate at a sports box office. Professor Nearing can see economics at work by watching a neighborhood fight promoter chisel the preliminary boys after he has presented a card that didn't draw enough people to pay for printing the tickets. ⧺



"Today's a great day for Markinson—his $150.00 a month alimony payment is due"



Distinguished Contemporaries

THOSE IN THE KNOW—ASK FOR

OLD CROW

A Truly Great Name

AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

Today, as for generations past, Old Crow continues to be the chosen favorite of those who know and appreciate the finest.

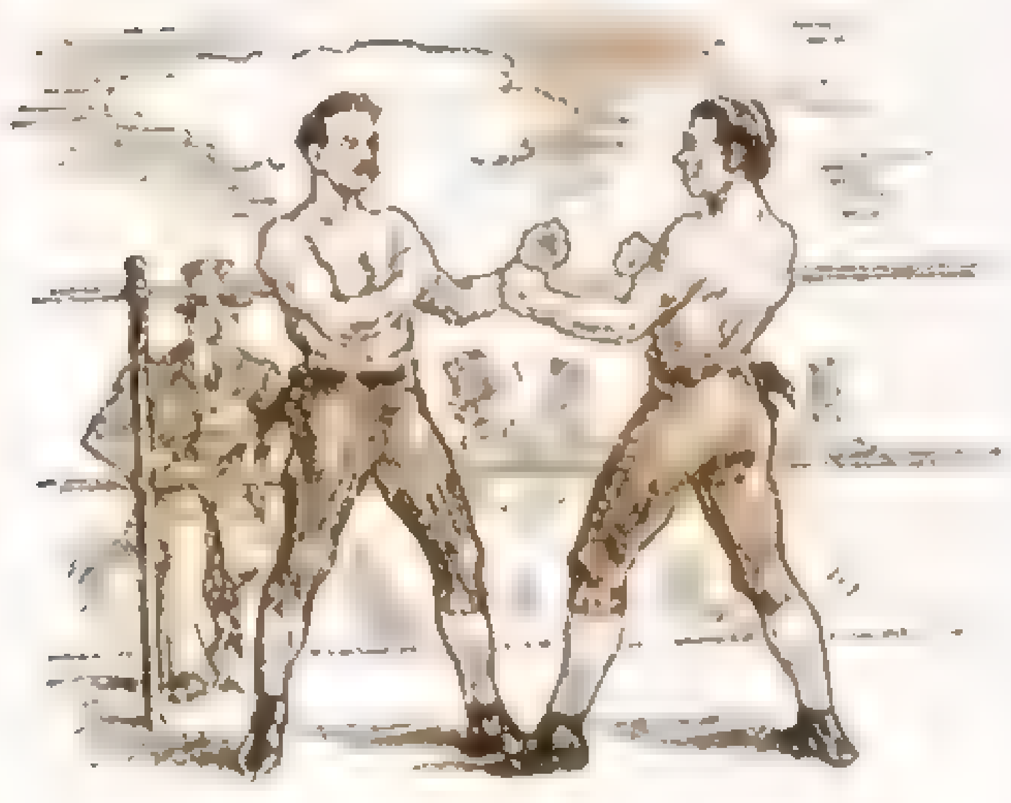
BOTTLED-IN-BOND

Kentucky Straight Whiskey
Bourbon or Rye • 100 Proof

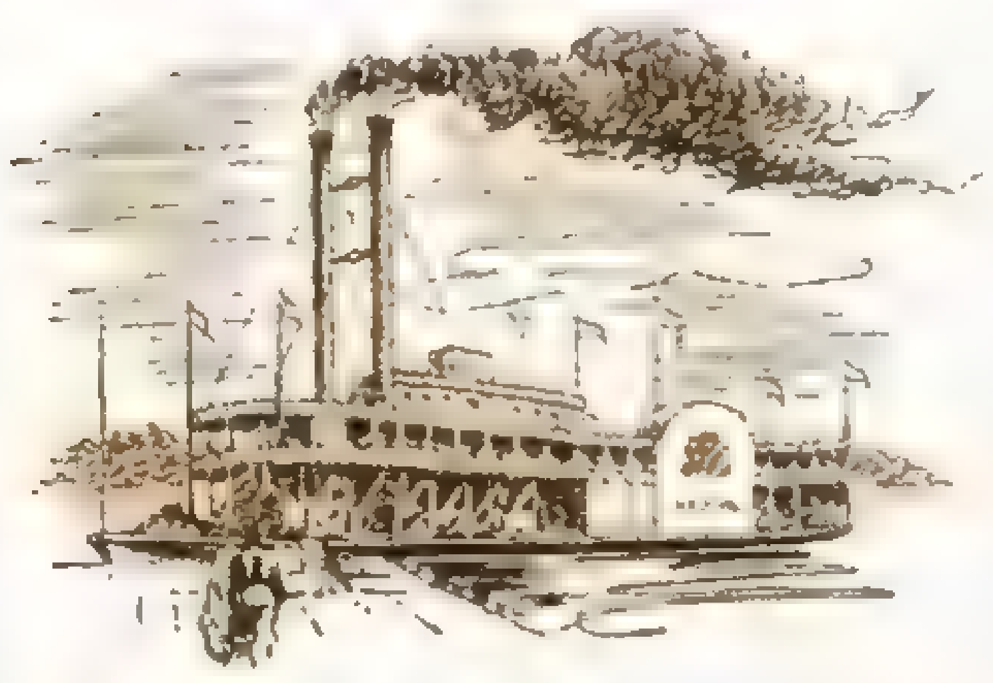
National Distillers Products
Corporation, New York, N. Y.

TODAY

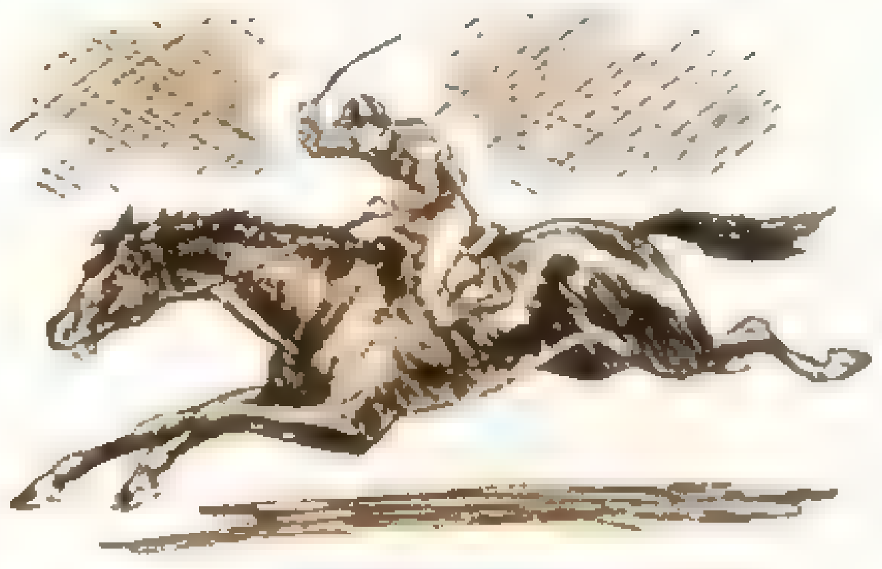
as in past generations, OLD CROW is favored by "those in the know"



Bare-knuckle bouts sometimes went seventy-five rounds in those days—but boxing fans always found time for a round or two of Old Crow after the fight.



The days of the old sidewheeler saw Old Crow's fame not only nation-wide, but world-wide. Wherever good whiskey was known and appreciated, Old Crow was a favorite.



The first Kentucky Derby was run in 1875 and Old Crow, already a champion in its own right, was there to toast the winner.

AND TODAY Old Crow is still the favorite....

WAR NOTE: Our distilleries are engaged in the production of alcohol for war purposes. The Old Crow being sold today comes from reserve stocks made long before America entered the war. These stocks are necessarily limited. So be patient if you cannot get all you want *when* you want it. This whiskey is four years old.

ESQUIRE ON THE RECORD

BEST SELLERS

Transient If you care to review the musical choice of the classes and masses, here they are. Leading off are the transient records, grouped in the order of their popularity according to our own true point system. Figures show the cash register music prompted by the discs at each source, whether manufacturer or dealer. Louisville's statistics came from the Record Shoppe; Beaumont's from Neches Record Shop; Reno's from the Mariner Music Co.; Oak Park's from Tunnis Publishers; and Seattle's from Hopper Killy Co.	RCA MFG. CO. (NATIONAL)	COLUMBIA RECORDING CORP. (NATIONAL)	DECCA RECORDS (NATIONAL)	LOUISVILLE, KY.	BEAUMONT, TEXAS	RENO, NEVADA	OAK PARK, ILL.	SEATTLE, WASH.
Don't Get Around Much Anymore (Victor 26610 with Duke Ellington) (Decca 18503 with the Ink Spots)	1		3	1	1		2	
As Time Goes By (Victor 20-1526 with Rudy Vallée)							1	
Moonlight Becomes You (Columbia 36668 with Harry James)		1						
Begin the Beguine (Bluebird B-7746 with Artie Shaw)								1
I'll Find You (Decca 18545 with Jimmy Dorsey)			1					
There's a Star Spangled Banner (Bluebird 9000 with Elton Britt)						1		
I've Heard That Song Before (Columbia 36668 with Harry James)					2			
Boogie Woogie (Victor 26054 with Tommy Dorsey)	2				3			
For Me and My Gal (Decca 18480 with Judy Garland)			2					
Taking a Chance on Love (Columbia 35869 with Benny Goodman)				2				
In the Blue of Evening (Victor 27947 with Tommy Dorsey)						2		
One O'Clock Jump (Columbia 36232 with Harry James)								2
All of Me (Columbia 36675 with Count Basie)		2						
Let's Get Lost (Columbia 36673 with Kay Kyser) (Decca 18532 with Jimmy Dorsey)		3		3				
Brazil (Victor 27702 with Enric Madriguera)	3							
That Old Black Magic (Victor 20-1523 with Glenn Miller)							3	
Cow-Cow Boogie (Capitol 102 with Freddie Slack)								3
Oh By Jingo (Bluebird 30-0812 with Spike Jones)						3		
Permanent Check-marks indicate where permanent albums are scoring beats with their popularity among the long-hair fans.								
Rapsodie Espagnole by Ravel (Columbia X-MX-234 with Rodzinski and the Cleveland Orchestra)		√						
Concerto No. 5 in E Flat Major for Piano and Orchestra by Beethoven, op. 73 (Victor DM-939 with Artur Schnabel, pianist and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra)	√							
Concerto No. 1 in B Flat Minor by Tchaikowsky, op. 23 (Victor DM-800 with Horowitz at the piano and Arturo Toscanini conducting the NBC Symphony Orchestra)	√				√			
Firebird Suite by Strawinsky (Victor DM-933 with Stokowski conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra)				√				
Scheherazade by Rimsky-Korsakow (Victor DM-920 with Pierre Monteux conducting the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra)						√		√
Nutcracker Suite by Tschaikowsky (Victor DM-265 with Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra)					√	√		√

Engineers Bridge New Guinea River Under Fire

WITH JEEPS FROM WILLYS-OVERLAND

An American army engineer who had just returned from active service in New Guinea, described this exciting incident. From his vivid word picture Mr. James Sessions, famous war artist, painted the illustration above. The army engineer says it is "amazingly realistic." This is the story:

"It was one of those hot, sweaty days in the jungles of New Guinea. Our fighters had driven the Japs back all the day before, through tangled jungle and over rocky escarpments.

"A force was to cross the river about two miles downstream. And that meant another bridging job for the engineers, in broad daylight.

"With our combat guard, our trusty Jeeps from Willys-Overland and bridge equipment, we covered those two miles in nothing flat.

"We had hardly begun when we heard planes overhead and we all knew we were in for a tough, hazardous job, under fire.

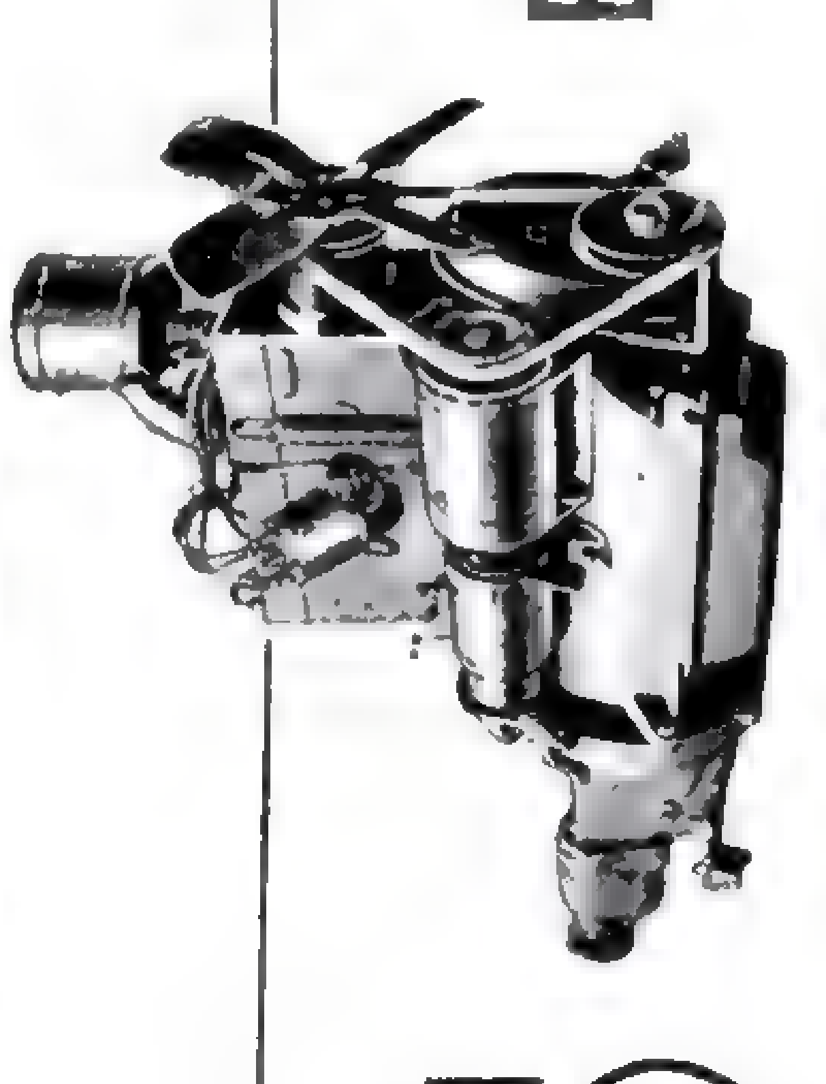
"The big pontons were quickly inflated. A Willys-built Jeep hauled them into the water, one by one. Another Jeep nudged them into position and held them against the current. Skilled engineering hands secured the pontons and laid the flooring.

"Meanwhile, other Jeeps had ploughed across the river and their crews were blasting away at Jap planes that were continually bombing and strafing the operation.

"With the engineers and their 'mighty' Willys-built Jeeps working as a perfect team, we laid that emergency bridge in record time.

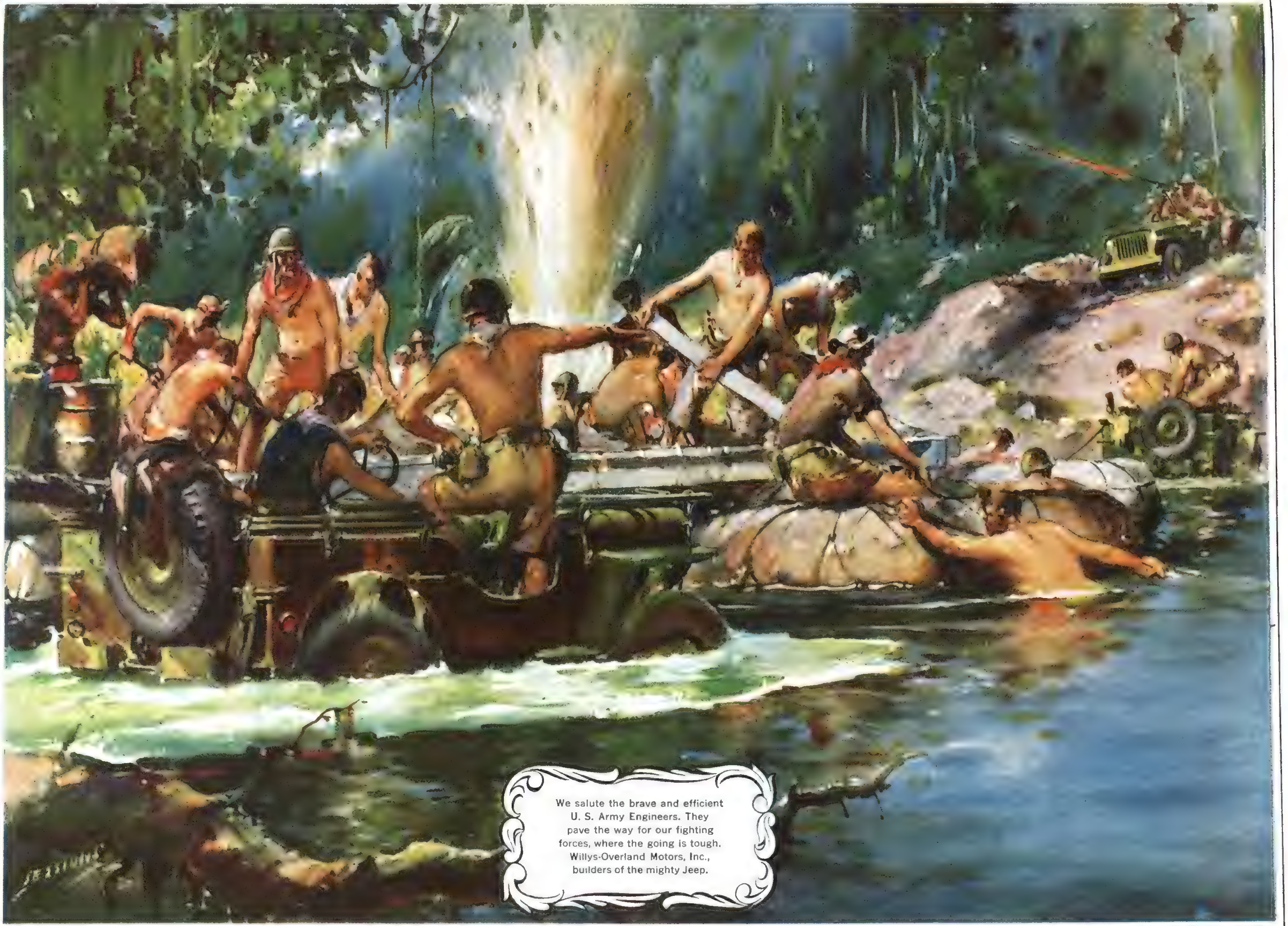
"The last floor plank was hardly in place, when our flanking troops came into view. They crossed the bridge and the attack moved forward as planned—to give the Japs another helluva beating!"

The heart of every fighting Jeep in the world—and the source of its amazing power, speed, flexibility, dependability and fuel economy—is the Willys "Go-Devil" Engine, the design of which was perfected and is owned exclusively by Willys-Overland.

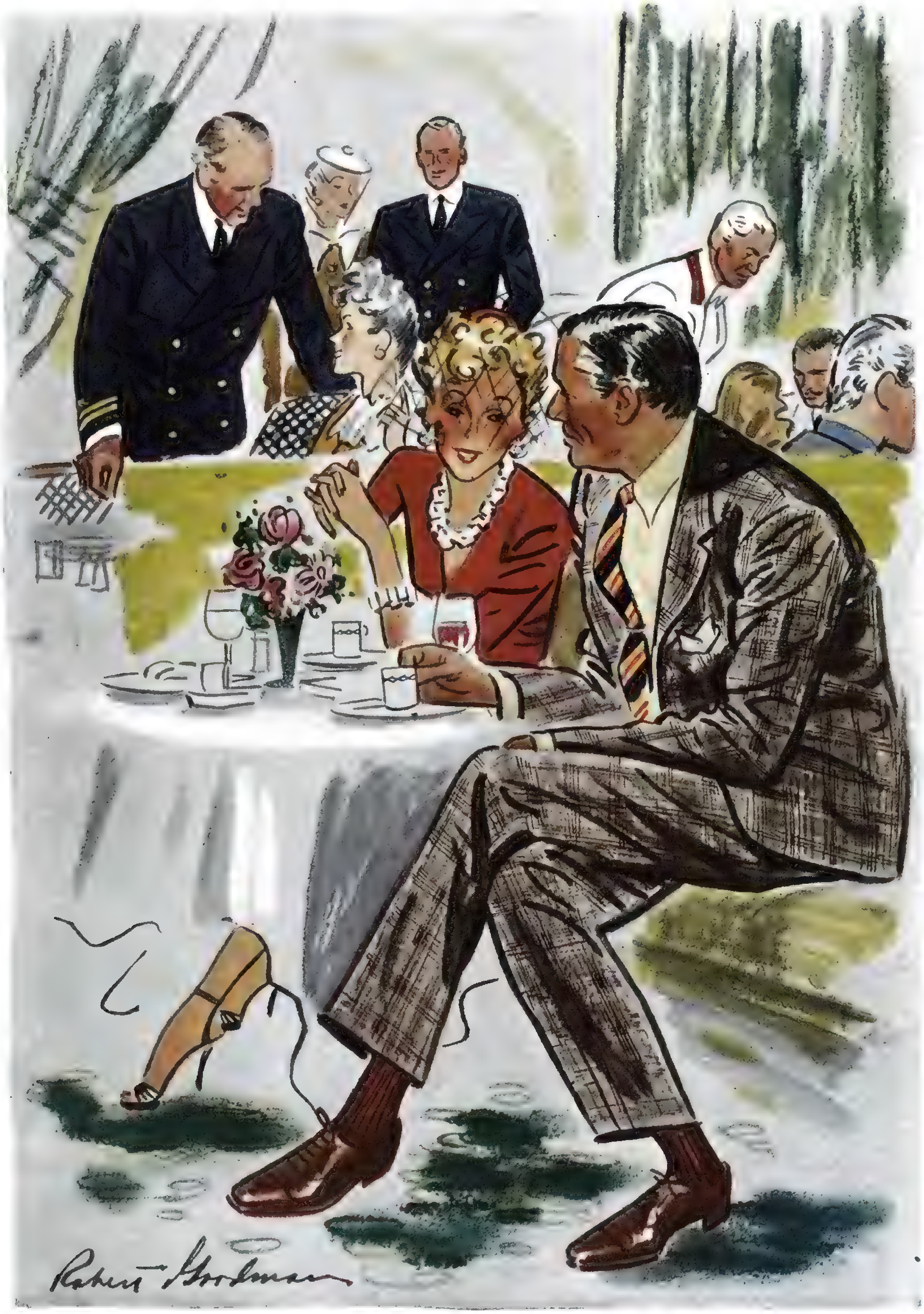


THE SUN NEVER SETS ON THE MIGHTY JEEP

WILLYS BUILT JEEP



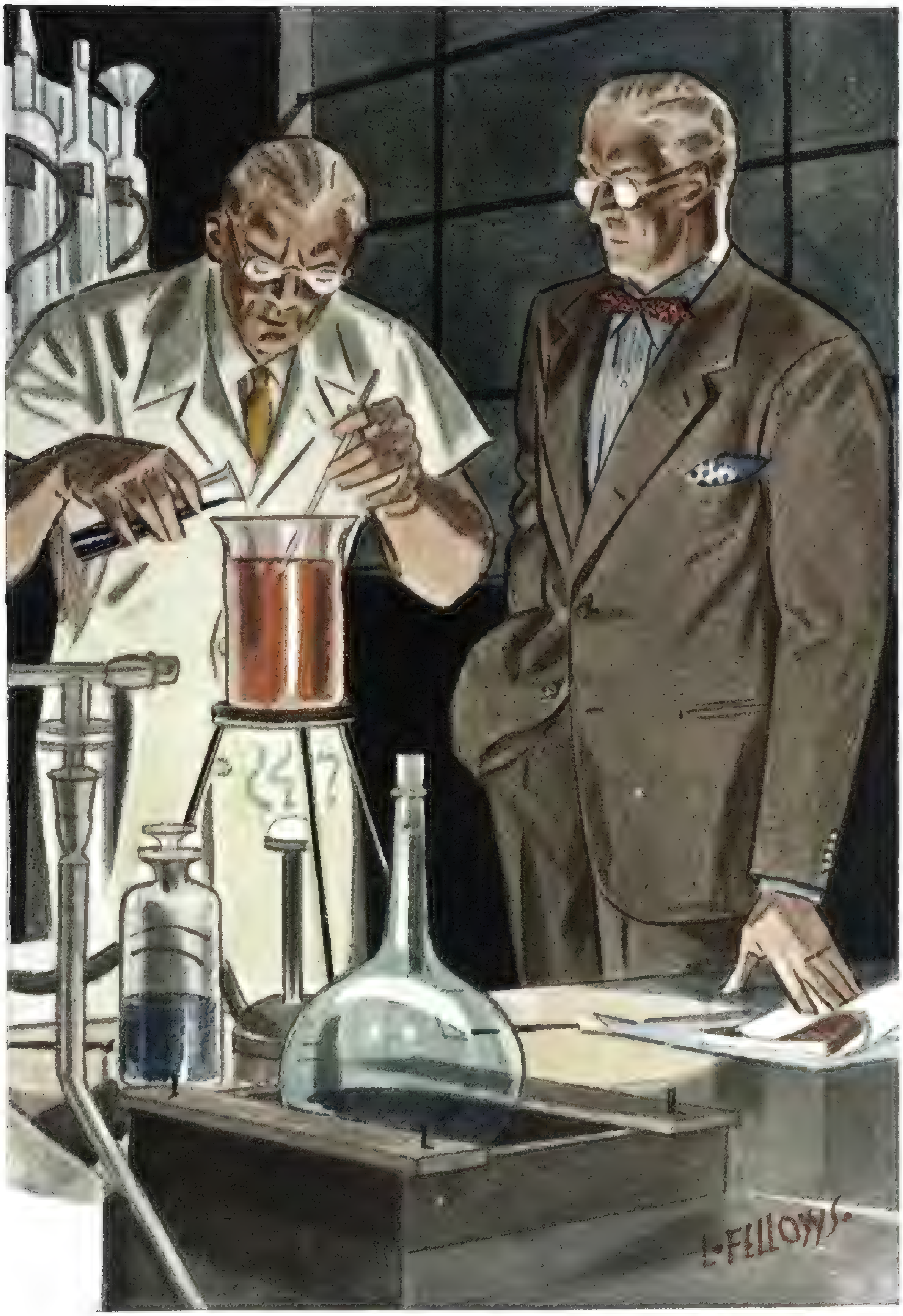
We salute the brave and efficient
U. S. Army Engineers. They
pave the way for our fighting
forces, where the going is tough.
Willys-Overland Motors, Inc.,
builders of the mighty Jeep.



one if by land, two if by sea

Recommended for lieutenants is the blue uniform with brass buttons, preferably kept well polished; two gold stripes of even width add a nice touch of color to the sleeve and . . . Where are we? Dreaming again? Oh well, if we can't put our two cents in, we can at least add one mill's worth by pointing out that the uniforms of the sea-going gentlemen are a sensible summer version, in lightweight fabric, of the regulation outfit. The landlubber wages lunch in a Glen Urquhart plaid whose light colored warp threads effectively bring out the pattern of the weave. The jacket is a single-breasted model and its coloring, accented markings on a light brown ground, is cool and crisp for summer. With it are worn an ivory colored shirt with plain collar, repp tie in blue, maroon and gold stripes, maroon lisle half hose with clocks and dark brown shoes in a town last that has the smartness of simplicity.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)



the mixture as before

These boys are really cooking with phosgene. We hope Dr. Caligari knows that stuff in there isn't noodle soup; judging by his expression, his pal has a few doubts on that score. The sartorial formula, at least, is time-tested. . . . 1 tropical worsted suit + X lightweight accessories — 1 vest = 1 cool cucumber. Homo Sap has learned only in recent years that lightness in color and lightness in weight are two different things. This Roan Tan shade, in fact, is so deep as to be almost anti-soil, an admittedly welcome virtue these days, but its weight is as light as white. The jacket is single breasted with lapels rolled to the middle button. The shirt is of an exceptionally thin Madras and the tie is a figured foulard with pointed ends. The bow tie is a cool-appearing, abbreviated appendage that is particularly appropriate for hot weather wear and has become more popular than ever this season.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

BOTTLED IN BOND
OLD FORESTER
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
This whisky is distilled by us only, and we are responsible for its richness and fine quality. Its elegant flavor is solely due to original fineness developed with care There is nothing better in the market
DISTILLED BY BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY CO. INC., AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY
100 PROOF
BROWN · FORMAN · KENTUCKY
THE MARY ANN
There is nothing better in the market

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY COMPANY, INC., AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY

The Esquire Sports Poll

Continued from page 79

W. Stephens for California against Ohio State in 1921 Rose Bowl game.

V. J. "Vee" Green, athletic director at Drake, gave some particulars on the play that was mentioned most frequently:

> The Michigan player kicking off said to the Illinois center: "Where is this guy Grange? We want to kick to him." The Illinois center replied: "He's right back by the goal posts. Go ahead." Michigan did, and Grange returned it 95 yards for a touchdown. That was the opening play of the 1924 dedication of the Illinois Memorial Stadium. Before it was over Grange made four more long runs of 67, 56, 44 and 15 yards for touchdowns as Illinois won, 39 to 14.

O. G. Willoughby, Iron Mountain, Michigan, *News*, told of the: "Arnold Herber to Don Hutson 60-yard pass on the first play of the Packers-Bears season-opening game in 1935 at Green Bay. After catching the pass, Hutson ran 27 more yards for the touchdown that gave the Packers the game, 7 to 0."

Dick Cullum, *Minneapolis Times*, gave the following beautiful description of Andy Uram's famous run:

> There were 68 seconds left to play in the Nebraska-Minnesota game at Minneapolis on October 10, 1936. Nebraska had the ball on its 43-yard line. During the series of plays leading up to the punt, Fullback Sam Francis, Nebraska's best punter, had been removed in favor of Sophomore Ron Douglas. The Nebraska side always contended that if Francis had remained in the game, his experience would have dictated a punt out of bounds, the logical maneuver; and the Gophers would never have had the chance for their great play. Douglas punted a high, short one to Bud Wilkinson on Minnesota's 28-yard line. It was an easy one to cover and several Nebraska men were converging on Wilkinson when he caught the ball near the sideline to his left. I think Wilkinson had his mind made up to lateral as soon as he heard the tacklers charging down on him but used his head and made a complete feint first. He caught the ball and took the first step or two in a fading run to the inside and backward, drawing all the tacklers toward him. It was not until one of them had him by one leg and was hauling him down that he let the ball go. Uram caught it on the 23-yard line. It was unquestionably one of football's finest plays from there on. Bernie Bierman has called it the most perfectly executed spur-of-the-moment play ever to come to his attention. He insists that every man used the maximum of good judgment in every one of the many maneuvers involved in clearing the way for Uram who, himself, used perfect judgment in setting his pace and choosing his course. "It was," said Bierman," the only play I've seen which arose spontaneously and reflected perfection in every detail." It has often been said, in enthusing over a great run carried along by great blocking that "every opposing player was on his back" as the runner crossed the goal line. In this play, however, this statement is literally true. A careful check of the movies shows that, at one stage of the play, every Nebraska player was, in dead truth, flat on his back. The fact that this phenomenal and brilliant play decided a tough ball game, 7 to 0 in the final minute has helped make it stick.

Tom Lieb, Florida, named the "Pass by Chris Cagle in the Army-Notre Dame game in 1929, which was intercepted by Jack Elder of Notre Dame and brought back 98 yards to give Notre Dame the game, 7 to 0 and a National championship." **O. E. "Babe" Hollingberry,** Washington State, took Brick Muller's 70-yard pass to Stephens, end, for touchdown in the 1921 Rose Bowl game with Ohio State." **Fred Digby,** *New Orleans Item*, rated: "Jack Cannon blocking out three Georgia Tech men for Notre Dame on a punt in the 1929 game in Atlanta."

Leo R. Meyer, Texas Christian coach, settled for: "A trap play used by David O'Brien, who after getting through the line, lateralled to Sparks in the TCU-Rice game of 1938." **Robert E. Hooey,** *Ohio State Journal*, Columbus, Ohio, picked: "Chic Harley's run in deep mud and his kick following for extra point against Illinois at Champaign in 1916 to defeat the Illini, 7-6." **John O'Donnell,** Davenport *Democrat and Leader*, took the late Nile Kinnick's great moment in the 1939 Minnesota game. "With two minutes to go and trailing, 9 to 7," he wrote, "Nile Kinnick of Iowa shot a 35-yard pass to Bill Green, a play on which they had practiced all week, and Bill caught the ball in the end zone for the winning touchdown."

Clark Shaughnessy, University of Pittsburgh, chose Kmetovic's run back of a punt in the 1941 Rose Bowl game with Nebraska, which ended the scoring at 21-13. He wrote:

> Nebraska kicked from behind their goal out to about midfield. Pete Kmetovic feinted a start up his left side line; then cut across the field. The feint drew all the Nebraska players coming down under the punt to their right. The Stanford players blocked them off one-by-one as they turned to catch Kmetovic as he cut back. Not a Nebraska man was able to get in position to try for a tackle, and at least seven of them were knocked down.

Curiously enough, **Glenn Presnell,** Nebraska coach, also rated Kmetovic's run in the Bowl as the greatest play he had ever seen.

Harry Stuhldreher, Wisconsin coach, liked best: "The winning play in the Wisconsin-Purdue game in 1941. A pass from Halfback John Tennant to End Ray Kreick with 6 seconds to go won the game 14-13. The extra point was converted by Bob Ray, after the gun." **Dick Loughrin,** KYSM, Mankato, Minnesota, rated "Jay Berwanger's 80-yard run through Ohio State in 1935." **Joe Gembis,** former Michigan star who coaches at Wayne University, told of: "William 'Flop' Flora's catching the shortest punt on record. It was in the Michigan-Navy game at Ann Arbor in 1925. Navy kicked from behind her goal line and Flora, Michigan end, caught the ball about one foot from the kicker's toe. He had rushed in; got the ball in the breadbasket; hung on to it and scored a touchdown, as Michigan won 54-0."

"One of the most spectacular

Continued on page 116

"How does your garden grow, Grady?"

GRADY: Okay, Jockey!—if my back holds up. Boy—remember when you could buy as much of any brand of beans, peas or tomatoes you wanted?

JOCKEY: It's hard to get almost every well-known, trade-marked article because the government naturally has first call on all raw materials and products. For instance, Jockey Underwear—of which I'm the trade-mark—is in greater demand than ever before. But we can't come *close* to supplying enough of them.

GRADY: Don't I know? Haven't I hunted everywhere for Jockey?

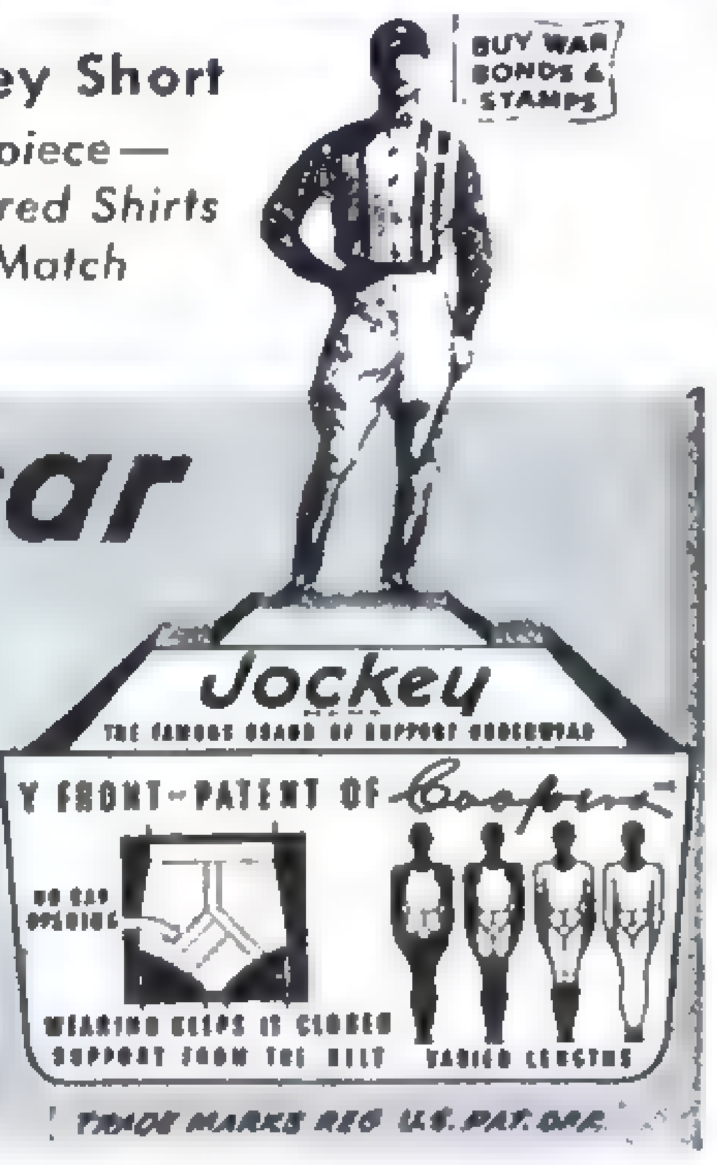
JOCKEY: So have many civilians. Like all popular brands it's worth shopping for. Do you buy *everything* by trade-mark?

GRADY: Yes, I guess I do. It's the surest way of getting your money's worth. How can I tell the flavor by the size of a tomato even though now I'm quite a gardener—I buy trade-marked products that I know and trust—and my system hasn't been proved wrong yet!

JOCKEY: It never will, Grady. Trade-marks like me are assurance that manufacturers will spare no expense to retain your good will. They use all their designing skill plus commodity research to be sure that any forced change still wins your approval as the best that can be made with available raw materials. That's why it pays to shop for trade-marked products!

GRADY: Right, Jockey! Every imitation I ever accepted only made me want the original more.

Jockey Short
Two-piece—
Contoured Shirts
to Match



Jockey Underwear
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Coopers INC.
KENOSHA / WISCONSIN
NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO SEATTLE
Made and distributed in Canada by Moodies, Hamilton, Ont.; in Australia by Speedo Knitting Mills, Pty. Ltd., Sydney; in British Isles by Lyle & Scott, Ideal House, London; in New Zealand by Lane-Walker-Rudkin, Ltd., Christchurch, S 1

The Esquire Sports Poll

Continued from pages 79-115

plays I have ever seen," wrote **Frank Leahy,** Notre Dame coach, "was by Charlie O'Rourke of the 1940 Boston College team in the Georgetown game. With one and a half minutes left to play B.C. was leading by 3 points, with the ball 90 yards from a touchdown. B.C. decided to take an intentional safety. O'Rourke went into long punt formation, took the ball from center in the end zone, and raced back and forth from sideline to sideline, in the end zone, for all of 20 seconds before he was finally tackled."

A. Paul Menton, *Baltimore Evening Sun,* was among many who spoke for the deciding play of the 1939 Rose Bowl game, in which "Al Krueger caught Doyle Nave's forward pass for the winning touchdown in the final 30 seconds as U.S.C. beat Duke, 7 to 3. I happened to be the umpire."

E. W. Midgett, coach at Tennessee State College, Murfreesboro, Tennessee, described a great Tom Harmon play in the 1940 Michigan-Ohio State game, which Michigan won, 40 to 0, as follows:

> The formation was unbalanced line to left. Westfall had been receiving the ball from center and giving it to Harmon on reverses or else keeping the ball himself and spinning through the line for nice gains. Ohio State was terribly over-shifted to stop Harmon on these reverses; so on this play Harmon, after receiving the ball from Westfall, turned and circled deep and around his own right end, eluding the defensive end by his own skill in the open field, and then picked up a line of blockers, I think five, from his own left side of the line, who convoyed him over the goal-line. You could hear those blocks in the second tier of seats.

Mill Marsh, *Ann Arbor News,* told of: "Harmon running 20 yards across the field, 20 yards back and then 80 yards ahead for a touchdown against Penn in 1940." Crisler concurred in this as the greatest play he ever saw.

J. H. Samuel, *Augusta Herald,* rated this one:

> In the 1921 Georgia-Virginia game at Athens, Puss Whelchel, Georgia guard and one of the best in the game, ripped through the line, smeared backs and knocked an attempted pass some 15 yards down the field. Never slowing up, he caught the ball and ran on for a touchdown.

C. Kenneth Van Sickle, *Ithaca Journal,* favored: "Paul Governali's desperation pass in the final minute to Halfback Otto Apel for a 67-yard scoring play which beat Cornell, 14-13 in 1942 at Baker Field, New York." **Dwight Marvin.** Troy, *Observer-Budget,* recalled: "Arthur Poe's goal from field in the Princeton-Yale game of 1899, which won the game 11 to 10 just 26 seconds before time was called." **Harvey L. Southward,** *Lynn Item,* was there the day: "Charlie Brickley drop-kicked five field goals for Harvard against Yale in 1913.

Stubby Currence, Bluefield, West Virginia, *Daily Telegraph,* was among those citing Eric ("Red") Tipton's punting against Pitt in the snow at Durham. He picked his "punt out of bounds in the coffin corner on the 2-yard line to pave the way for the block punt which gave Duke the victory."

H. E. Collbran, Denver, told of the most famous Whizzer White run, as follows:

> Byron (Whizzer) White, caught the kick-off at the opening of the third quarter (when the score was 7-0 in favor of Utah over Colorado at Salt Lake City in 1937) at the center of the 15-yard line, ran to the right slightly in the wrong direction; was almost trapped on the 5-yard line in the corner of the field; then headed directly for Utah's goal through the whole Utah team, for 93 yards. Final Score: Colorado University, 17; Utah University, 7. This inaugurated White's subsequent reputation and was primarily responsible for Colorado that year winning the Rocky Mountain Conference.

E. F. Caraway, Lehigh coach and former Purdue end, told of a play:

> In the Harvard-Purdue game in 1927 when Welch passed to Hutton for a 60-yard touchdown. The play was a great play to me because: Welch, a halfback, was running wild that day. This was his first college game and Harvard didn't know anything about the Purdue team. Toward the end of the game the defense of Harvard was watching Welch very closely, as he faked a sweeping end run to his right, the whole Harvard secondary defense rushed to stop him. It seemed that he waited just long enough to draw them in, stopped and threw to Hutton, the left end, who had streaked down the side-line unnoticed.

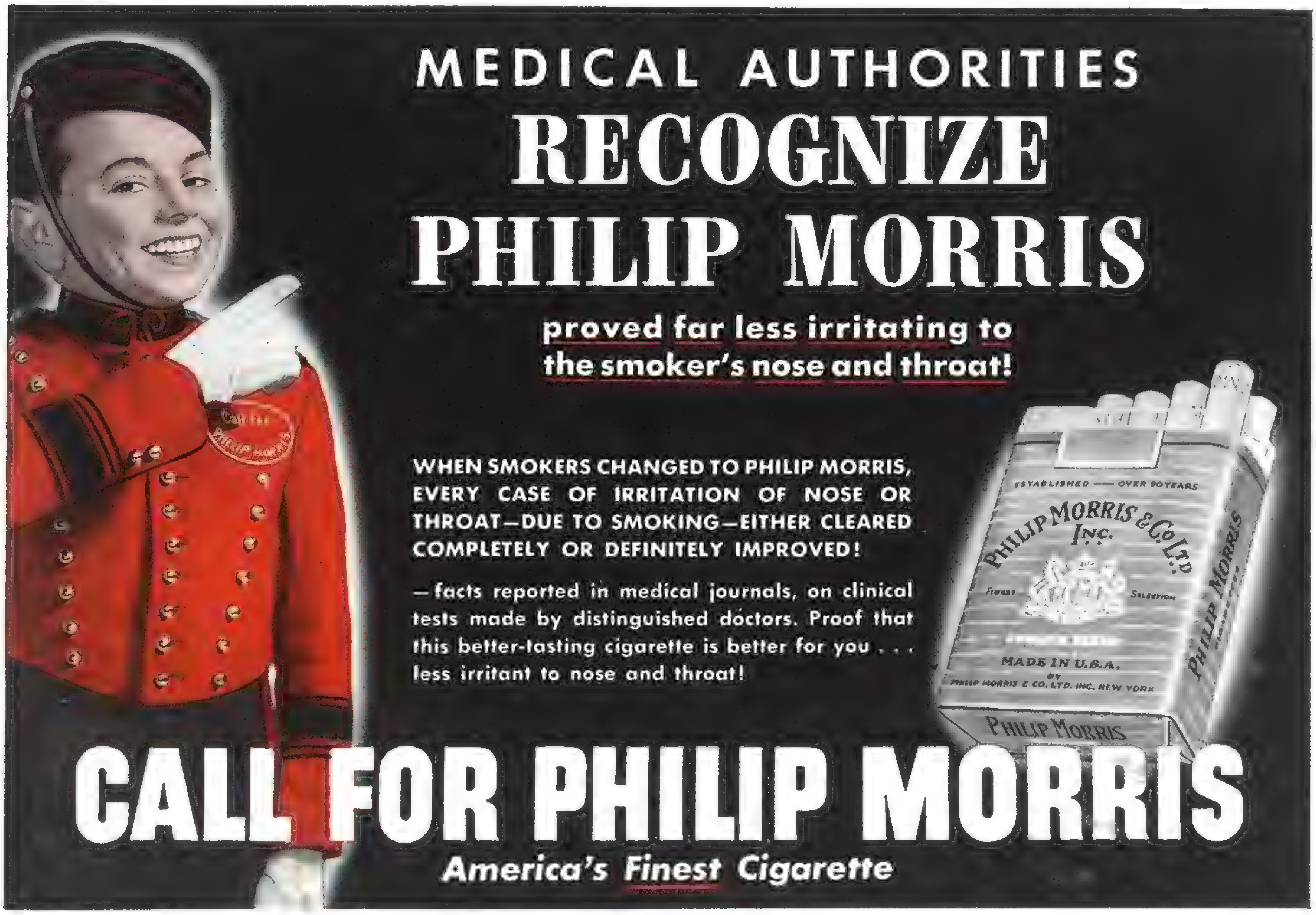
Lieutenant A. J. Yunevich of the Naval Air Station, Lakehurst, New Jersey, told of another great play by Welch:

> In 1931 at Bloomington, Indiana in the Purdue-Indiana game Ralph ("Pest") Welch, now coach of the University of Washington, ran down the side line for 40 yards and without any blocking from his Purdue team-mates bowled over three men in making this run. The three men were lying some 8 yards apart unable to get up.

Captain John E. Whelchel, coach at Annapolis, specified the Great Lakes touchdown against the Navy in 1918 when a player ran out from the bench to try to tackle the ball-carrier.

E. E. Mylin, Lafayette coach, recalled the play in which "Zirinsky of Lafayette intercepted a pass one-handed over his head with his back turned, then reversed and went 60 yards through West Point to score and win the game in 1940." **Floyd Olds,**

Continued on page 118


MEDICAL AUTHORITIES
RECOGNIZE
PHILIP MORRIS

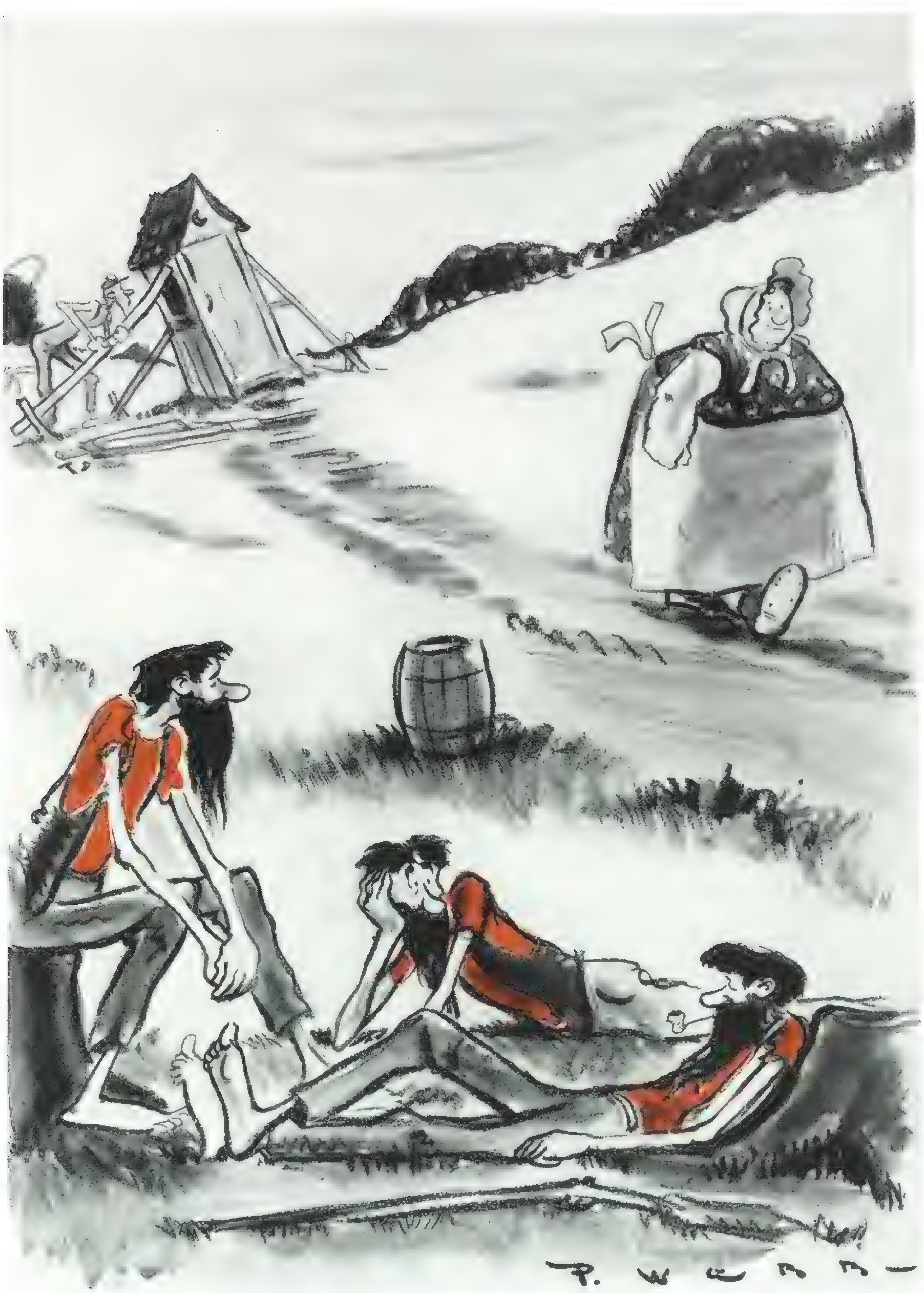
proved far less irritating to the smoker's nose and throat!

WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF NOSE OR THROAT—DUE TO SMOKING—EITHER CLEARED COMPLETELY OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED!

—facts reported in medical journals, on clinical tests made by distinguished doctors. Proof that this better-tasting cigarette is better for you . . . less irritant to nose and throat!

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS
America's Finest Cigarette

Call for Philip Morris
ESTABLISHED — OVER 90 YEARS
PHILIP MORRIS & CO. LTD. INC.
FINEST SELECTION
MADE IN U.S.A.
BY PHILIP MORRIS & CO. LTD. INC. NEW YORK
PHILIP MORRIS
PHILIP MORRIS



"Gawdamighty! What'll Aunt Winny do to the old car springs when it's time to tote her home?"

PARK & TILFORD
RESERVE
"The Blend of Experience"
Your assurance
of Good Taste
– because it is
the finest-tasting
Whiskey of its type
in America
100 YEARS OF QUALITY
P&T
FOUNDED 1840
P&T
PARK & TILFORD
RESERVE
WHISKEY
A BLEND
Blended and Bottled by
PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC.
NEW YORK, N.Y.
PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y. • 70% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • 86.8 PROOF

The Esquire Sports Poll

Continued from pages 79-115-116

Omaha World-Herald, spoke of:

A Nebraska punt by All-American Ed Weir against Notre Dame on Thanksgiving Day, 1925. On the first play after the opening kickoff, Weir kicked 66 yards to the Irish 4-yard line. It so jolted the team which had lost only to Army, that Nebraska made two quick scores and won the game, 17 to 0.

Royal Brougham, *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*, brought up "The Gil Dobie 'Bunk Play' thirty years ago, when Quarterback Wee Coyle scored for Washington by hiding the ball on his hip so effectively that not even the officials knew where it was." Another favorite old-time hidden ball play was recalled by **Robert E. Harlow,** Sports Editor Press Association, New York, who mentioned the time "when the Indian, Mt. Pleasant, tucked the ball under his jersey and ran for a touchdown against Harvard."

Bob Wilson, *Knoxville News-Sentinel*, went for:

The sensational 54-yard run by Johnny Butler, Tennessee halfback, for a touchdown against Alabama, October 21, 1939, to start Tennessee off to a 21-0 victory. The game attracted such football authorities as Grantland Rice, Francis Wallace, Henry McLemore, Joe Williams, Clarence Budington Kelland and others, and they all agreed that Butler's run was one of the most spectacular they had ever witnessed.

Participants in this poll were the public, the sports editors, the sportscasters, the football coaches, and the men at Brooks Field, Texas, and Enid Army Flying School, Enid, Oklahoma.

Brooks Field, "Mother Field" of the Air Corps, was a war baby of 1917, springing from foundations laid on December 8, 1917, a quarter of a century before Pearl Harbor. Originally it was known as Gosport Field, after the system of training devised at Gosport, England. In 1918 it was re-named in memory of Lieutenant Sidney J. Brooks who was killed in a plane crash on the eve of his graduation.

A high altitude record, the first mass parachute jumps and several record non-stop flights are among the many "first" to Brooks' credit. Alma mater to Lester Maitland, Stanely Umstead, Orvil Anderson, Charles Lindbergh, Frank Hawks and Claire Chennault, Brooks Field also is proud of seventy other men who have been decorated in the war. Located just seven miles from San Antonio, heart of the nation's flying training program, Brooks Field is the home of both the Air Corps' Observation School and an Advanced Flying School for both single and twin-engine pilots.

A recent innovation in training, introduced by Colonel Stanton T. Smith, the field's commanding officer, permits cadets to be checked off in fighter planes even prior to their graduation as flying officers. In addition to their regular flying instruction, cadets receive observation training and graduate with the dual rating of pilot-observer. With the many types of planes on the field—B-25s, A-17s, AT-6s, O-52s and others—observers and cadets can duplicate almost any type of mission they will later meet in combat.

Seventy-five years ago, along Chisholm Trail, pioneers pushed herds of cattle across what is now northern Oklahoma. Today a new breed of pioneer, the aviation cadet, is flying the same route in a silver monoplane. The old Chisholm Trail is still there, but now, as seen from a training plane, it's a thin ribbon of concrete highway at the front door of the Enid Army Air Field.

Enid Army Flying School began one day in August, 1941, and in record time rows of neat white barracks were built, runways were laid, administrative building and hangars erected. Above, training planes roared in echelon, did slow rolls, practiced landings and performed the maneuvers their young pilots would soon use in combat.

When the young cadets arrive at the Enid base, which is under the command of Major General Gerald C. Brant, they have been through pre-flight and primary flight training and are ready to learn how to master the heavier, more powerful BT-15s. They also study aerodynamics, meteorology, radio code, formation flying and night flying. Then they go to advanced school, the last step toward winning their wings. ##

MERCHANT MARINE IN PORT ➧

Unsung heroes are the members of the United States Maritime Service. Upon their courageous efforts depend the movements of food, ammunition and other essential supplies to ports throughout the world. They are trained and skilled in the many phases of modern shipping. Torpedo, gunner, radio, carpenter, shipfitter, cook and other mates perform their duties day after day at constant risk. Devotion to their branch of government service typifies these men. One, for example, who has had five ships torpedoed from under him, during his latest experience floated on a bag of flour amid exploding depth charges which lifted him out of the water many times. He is again eager to go back to sea. On the opposite page, a Merchant Seaman is sketched with his folks on Riverside Drive in New York City. He is telling them proudly of his life on the Liberty ship resting at anchor in the Hudson River, just below the George Washington Bridge. His father, incidentally, has on a blue striped grey worsted suit, white broadcloth shirt with low-slope collar, small figured Macclesfield type of tie, grey felt hat with rolled brim and dark brown shoes.

CLAYTON

6 famous Esquire Checkpagers
27 knockout glamor girl photographs
24 pages of diary and date calend
Esquire's Date Book
4 aptitude tests for da
6 side-splitting Esquire cartoons
3 complete Esquire articles
16 pages for good names and numbers
A deck
B deck

esky buy-products

THE NEW 1943 ESQUIRE DATE BOOK

A little cuff-jotting shows why this sensational plastic-bound Esquire Date Book's a record-breaking buy Its 27 glamor girl shots (19 of them in full-color) alone are well worth the 50c you pay for the book, and its amusing editorial tidbits will give you a lively fund of entertainment in addition. Get your copies at **50¢** each

1 SIZE 5x7

2 BRIDGE SIZE

VARGA GIRL PLAYING CARDS

These gorgeous Varga Girl Playing Cards are crowd collectors at any card table. Printed on sturdy cellulose-coated stock, they're cleanable, sleek and snappy. And they cost only a dollar a deck With every pair of decks we'll send free a 64-page "What's the Score" booklet, which contains rules for Gin Rummy, a handy scorepad, and 30 Esquire cartoons **$1** a deck

ESQUIRE, P. O. BOX 1719. CHICAGO 90, ILLINOI

please send me:

1____ Esquire Date Books @ 50¢ each
2____ pairs of Varga Playing Cards @ $2.00 per pair
______"A" decks of Varga Playing Cards @ $1 per deck
______"B" decks of Varga Playing Cards @ $1 per deck

I enclose $______________, payment in full. U. S. ORDERS ONLY. NO STAMPS PLEA
NAME ________________________________ PLEASE PR
ADDRESS __________________ CITY & STATE __________

"You Are Welcome!"

Continued from page 49

checked him with a gesture and became more explanatory.

"Wait until you've heard it all," said Partridge. "Then you can decide what action to take. In the first place she may not be a spy. In that case I'm a fool, but there's been no further harm done. But there's an easy way of finding out. In her wastepaper basket there's an envelope of the Torricelli Hotel addressed to me and torn in four pieces and with a rough diagram in pencil on the back. If that envelope isn't there any longer—you can find out without her knowing you're interested, I suppose—then she's a spy."

"Yes?" The man behind the desk only sighed the word.

"And if she is a spy," went on Partridge, "you'll have to decide whether to arrest her or not. I suppose you'll have to ask Security and the Admiralty and the Navy Department and everyone else about that. It's not my job, thank God!"

"But what do you advise?" The man behind the desk had a very gentle voice. Partridge shrugged his burly shoulders.

"If I had to say," he said, "I should say leave her free for a bit. She's got a very cockeyed idea about how the Desmond-Partridge Detector works. And I gave her some hints on how to neutralize the Detector which I wish to God Jerry would act on. He might—I think it's a chance worth taking, and I backed the hints up with a lot of circumstantial detail about how we settled Bronheim's hash. It was a good story; I think they'll believe it."

The man behind the desk waited for Partridge to go on speaking.

"She had pretty nearly everything," said Partridge, meditatively. "I don't know who gave her the facts, but whoever did must be pretty good. She must have known Jack Desmond was a bachelor—she would never have taken the chance if he had been married of my having seen his wife. She knew all about the Detector as far as it had gone to the outbreak of war. Of course she had to take the chance of my calling the Embassy at Washington to check up on her being a British Government servant, but it wasn't much of a chance—dammit, she brought that off because I *didn't* call the Embassy."

The soft-spoken man behind the desk did not look up from the diagram he was scrawling on his writing tablet.

"What gave her away?" he asked, and Partridge shrugged again.

"Little things. She was in a suite a bit too grand for the class of British Government servant she said she was. And she said she had only been in the States for three weeks, and she ordered a 'highball' instead of calling it 'whisky and soda'."

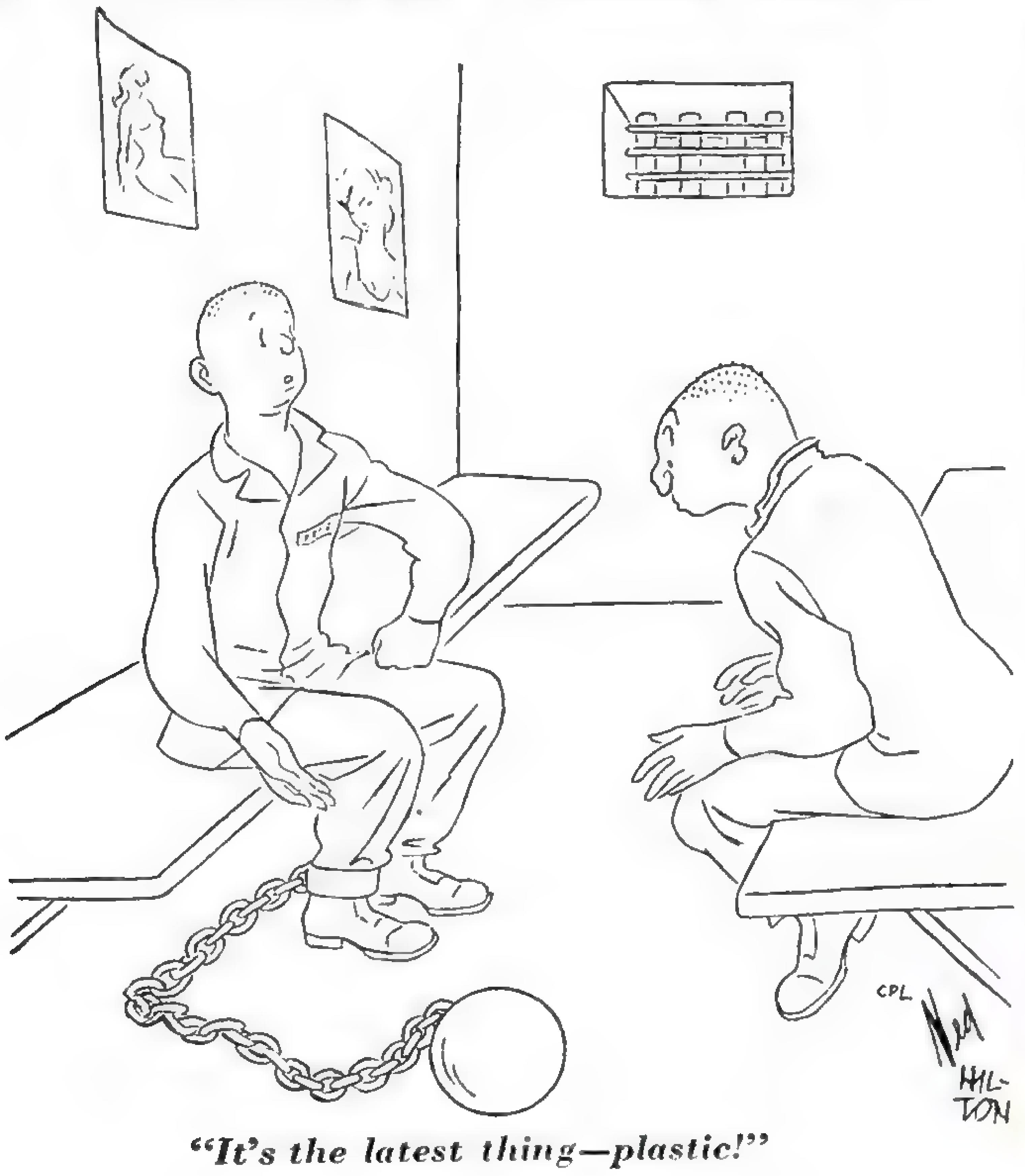
"Not very much to go on," said the man behind the desk.

"That wasn't anything like all. She said, 'You're welcome.' No one who had been in the States for only three weeks would have picked up 'you're welcome'."

A little silence ensued as both men meditated on the British habit of encountering thanks with a boorish silence.

"Anything else?" asked the man behind the desk.

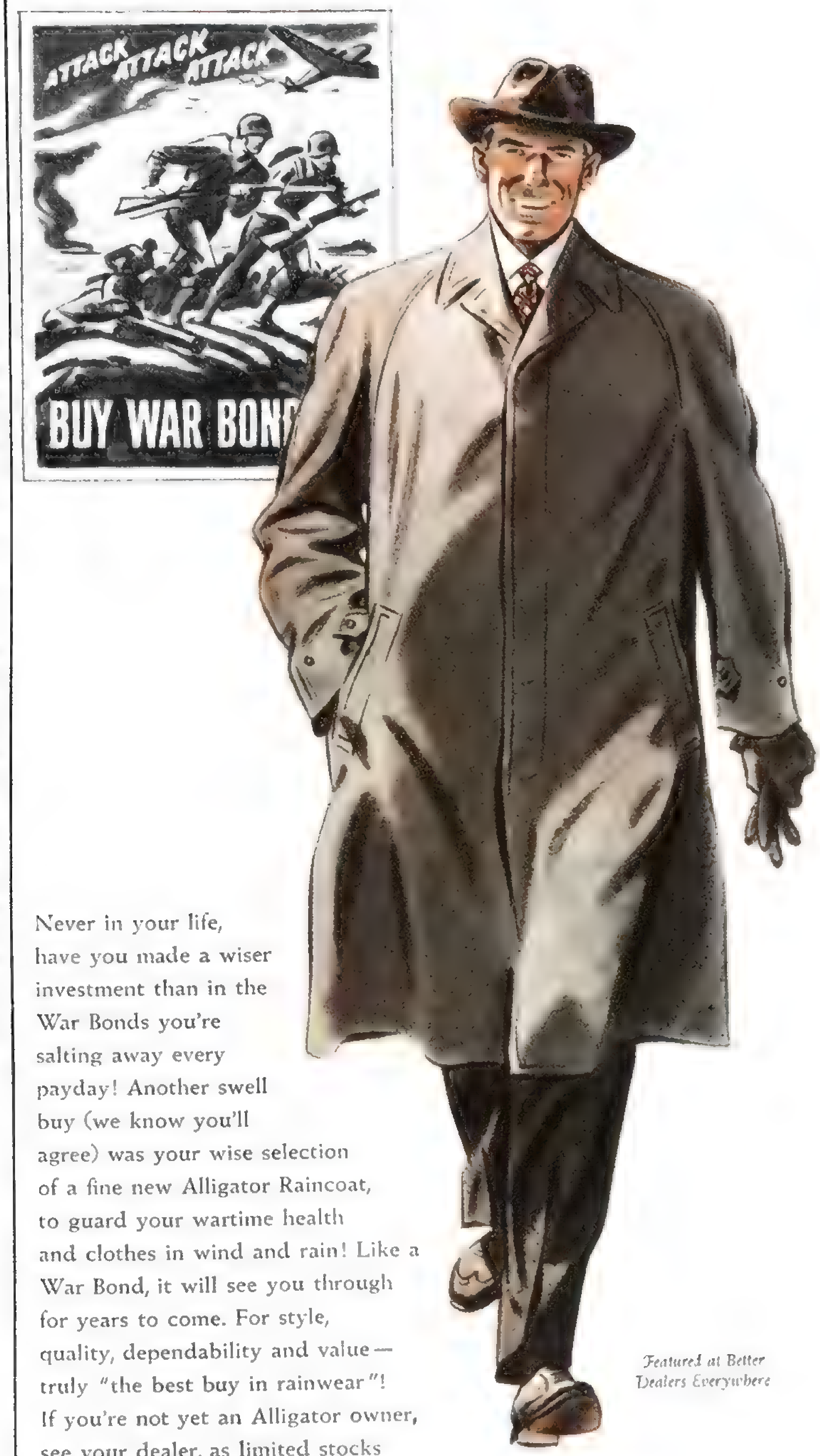
"Yes, what settled it was when she said 'gotten'. That's another of the things no Englishwoman would say. If she'd said, 'Have you got it into shape' I'd be in two minds. But she didn't. She's a nice-looking woman, too."



"It's the latest thing—plastic!"

BEST BUY

you ever made!



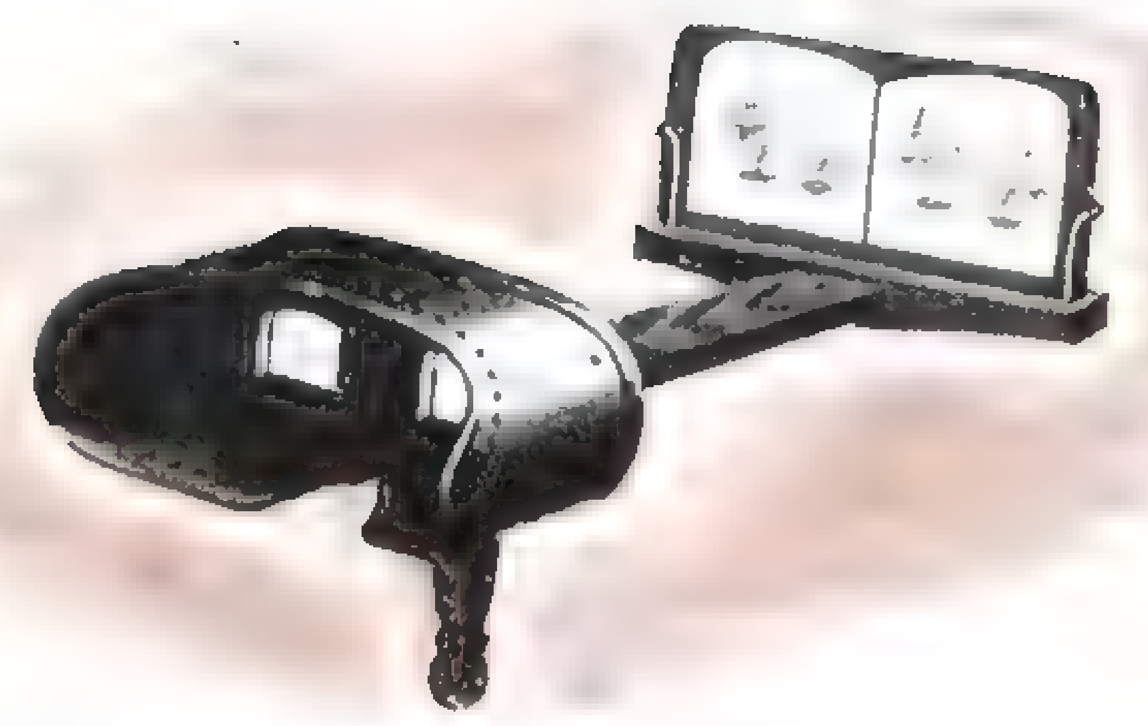
Never in your life, have you made a wiser investment than in the War Bonds you're salting away every payday! Another swell buy (we know you'll agree) was your wise selection of a fine new Alligator Raincoat, to guard your wartime health and clothes in wind and rain! Like a War Bond, it will see you through for years to come. For style, quality, dependability and value—truly "the best buy in rainwear"! If you're not yet an Alligator owner, see your dealer, as limited stocks are available. The Alligator Company, St. Louis, New York, Los Angeles.

Featured at Better Dealers Everywhere

ALLIGATOR

Rainwear

because . . . IT'S SURE TO RAIN!



It looks different . . . today

New York's skyline in 1820

. . . but he's still the same!

1820 was the year Johnnie Walker got his start . . . over in Scotland. Today he's just as smooth and mellow as ever. Still the same old Johnnie Walker...a good name to have on the tip of your tongue.

Due to British War Restrictions gold foil has been eliminated and other slight changes have been made on the *outside* of the familiar Johnnie Walker bottle—but *inside* Johnnie Walker whisky remains unchanged.

BORN 1820
Still going strong

Johnnie Walker
Red Label

JOHNNIE WALKER

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

RED LABEL 8 YEARS OLD | Both 86.8 Proof | BLACK LABEL 12 YEARS OLD

CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., New York, N. Y.
Sole Importer

Stars in Service

Yesterday's college athletes are helping to beat the Axis in this life-and-death contest

▪ SPORTS ▪

"Mother and Dad would be furious if they knew . . ."

ROBERT CARL SILHAVEY of Overland, Missouri, former tennis star at the Rolla, Missouri, School of Mines, was a second lieutenant in the engineer corps in the Philippines when the Japs struck. His commanding officer in one of the engagements had a group of engineers along the Luzon roads, waiting for the American troops there to get out before the Japs appeared. They were then to blow up the bridges. In one important position, the charge failed to explode, and with the Japs approaching by train with machine guns mounted on flatcars, Lieutenant Silhavey, while the engineers of the combat unit covered him, sprinted 100 yards and placed another charge of TNT under the bridge and exploded it. He then joined a handful of other men, who fought a small battle behind the Jap lines and after thirty days of wandering, back of the enemy lines, in which it was estimated they walked 350 miles, finally rejoined their command. Lieutenant Silhavey was with General Wainwright at the fall of Bataan and is believed to be a prisoner.

* * *

Lieutenant Donald Wayne Johnson of Dunning, Nebraska, played on the basketball team at Kearney State Teachers College, Kearney, Nebraska for four years. On December 19, 1939 his 21 points gave his team a 42-39 victory over Midland College. That was his last basketball game.

In 1941 he was sent to England and was made first pilot on a B-17. During the time he was in England, he and Lieutenant Gibson recommended to the Army Air Corps that bullet-proof glass and turrets be installed on the B-17. The request was granted and has been Lieutenant Johnson's gift to the Army Air Corps.

Brought back to this country, he was on a routine flight on April 6, 1942 near Tucson, piloting with a crew of seven men. One of the motors caught fire and Lieutenant Johnson ordered his crew to jump. Two of the crew members did get out, but as a third jumped, his parachute caught in the doorway and trapped the rest of the crew inside.

An investigation after the crash suggested that it might have been possible for Lieutenant Johnson to have parachuted to safety, but because there were still crew members in the ship unable to get out, he must have felt it best to try to get them down safely. Unfortunately, however, the big bomber was within a few hundred feet of the ground and crashed, killing all five left on board.

* * *

Captain William Cope in 1937-38 was all-Ohio forward on the Mount Union College basketball team that won the Ohio Conference championship. In the war as a Flying Fortress pilot he has taken part in 95 bombing operations around the Solomons, winning the DSM.

In a letter to Coach Bob Wright who has guided eight Mount Union teams to championships, Captain Cope wrote:

> Glad to hear the boys are doing so well. Tell them to win one for me while I'm helping win one for them. The well known elementary "fake" works in this racket, too. *Dip a wing* to the left and cut right—this leaves you free to dump your eggs on their basket. All is quiet now but who knows when they may try again. We hope it is soon.

* * *

Captain Art Nehf, Jr., son of the former big league southpaw, has won the Distinguished Flying Cross for his gallantry as a Marine flier in the Pacific war zone. Joining the Marines immediately after his graduation from the University of Arizona in 1941, where he was a long-hitting, rifle-armed baseball star, Captain Nehf was seriously injured when his fighter plane crashed into the sea during an aerial dogfight some months ago. The surgeons who patched him up doubted that he would ever fly again. But in a few months he was back in the air, jubilantly knocking down three Zeros in revenge. ⵌ

because it's

BASIC

In the first 6 months of 1943 The Chicago Daily News carried more Total Display Advertising than any other Chicago newspaper—morning, evening or Sunday.* . . . This leadership measures the esteem which advertisers hold for The Daily News as Chicago's BASIC advertising medium. . . . The million reader-friends who read this home and family newspaper constitute the KEY-AUDIENCE of Chicago and are so regarded by advertisers, as the following figures show:

1st Paper	**THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS**	**4,363,406**
2d Paper	Daily Tribune	4,048,447
3d Paper	Daily Herald-American	2,827,343
4th Paper	Daily Times	2,543,255
5th Paper	Sunday Tribune	2,530,841
6th Paper	Daily Sun	1,931,498
7th Paper	Sunday Herald-American	1,574,407
8th Paper	Sunday Sun	1,055,926
9th Paper	Sunday Times	422,479

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

FOR 67 YEARS CHICAGO'S *HOME* NEWSPAPER
ITS PLACE IN THE HOME IS ONE OF
RESPECT AND TRUST

DAILY NEWS PLAZA: *400 West Madison Street*, CHICAGO
DETROIT OFFICE: *7-218 General Motors Building*

NEW YORK OFFICE: *9 Rockefeller Plaza*
SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE: *Hobart Building*

**Source: Media Records. For fair comparison, liquor linage omitted since The Chicago Daily News does not accept advertising for alcoholic beverages.*

Cordova
LAST
Style 4520
New Dura-Sole*
Rubber Heel

Nunn-Bush
Ankle Fashioned Oxfords
FOR ADDED STYLE MILEAGE

The same fine craftsmanship that developed *Ankle-Fashioning* steadfastly functions at Nunn-Bush. These are war times. Some changes in materials have necessarily occurred. But the Nunn-Bush devotion to quality is committed to fit and comfort standards that give a high order of shoe satisfaction. We are determined that the name Nunn-Bush shall always merit your confidence.

*Nunn-Bush DURA-SOLE is a new composition sole which *outwears* leather of equal thickness. It is pleasingly flexible, moisture-repellent and smart in appearance.

Most Styles $10 to $13.50

BUY SAVINGS BONDS

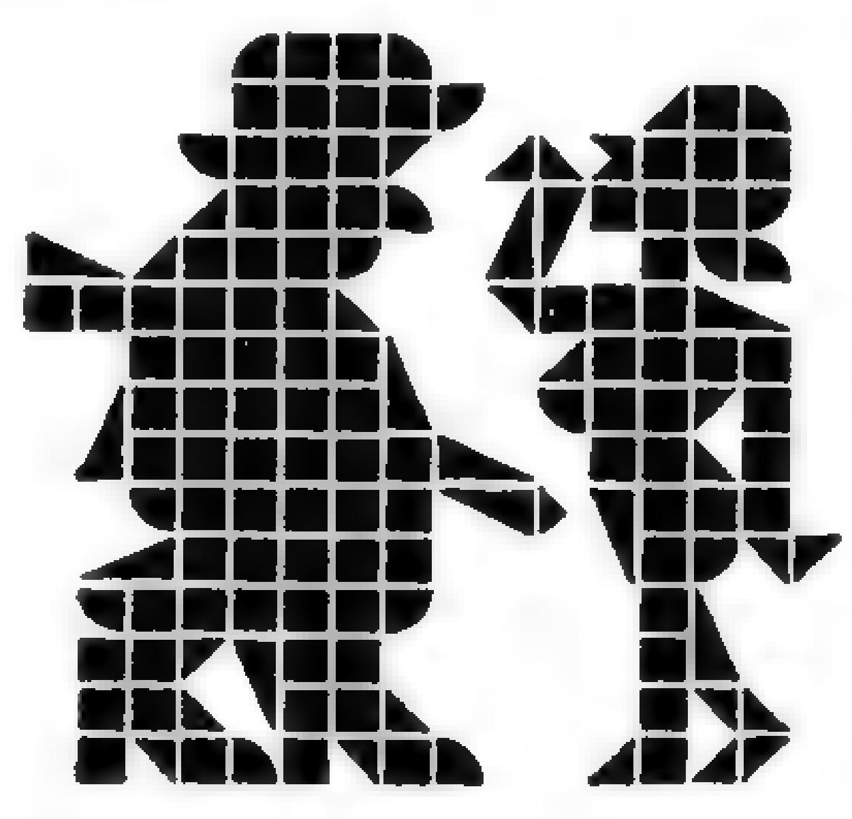
Parade
LAST
Style 2503
A Military Style
Leather Sole

See your Local Nunn-Bush Merchant
NUNN-BUSH SHOE CO · *Manufacturers* · MILWAUKEE

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 88

effective. Many might think that *'Tis Pity* must originally have had a *succès de scandale*, because the theme deals with incest, as did Euripides, Racine, Shelley, and Wagner's *Die Walküre*, but the fact remains that not only is *'Tis Pity* Ford's best play, but it is one of the outstanding tragedies between 1616 and 1642. It is a genuine tragedy of blood. Toward the end, the brother murders his sister, and rushes into a formal dinner party brandishing her heart on the end of a knife; I wondered how they would manage this in Hartford, but there was no heart: we had to imagine it. Havelock Ellis, who edited Ford's plays in 1888, said that the sister's cry when she was stabbed, "Brother, unkind—unkind!" was feeble. Mr. Ellis was not too familiar with Elizabethan English. She did not mean "ungentle" brother, she meant *unnatural* brother; *contrary to kind*, as we say the *kindly* fruits of the earth.



And She Gets Bigger Game

When guys go hunting
they're inclined
To bales of clothes and
heavy boots;
When gals go hunting you
will find
Their tastes incline to
bathing suits.

In 1895, Maeterlinck, later author of *Monna Vanna* and *The Blue Bird*, translated part of this play in French and produced it in Paris, whereupon appeared the following article which I have preserved from the New York *World*.

PARIS SHOCKED BY A PLAY

Paris has been shocked. This difficult feat was accomplished by Maeckirling, who adapted and produced a play by the old Elizabethan dramatist Ford, under the title of *Annabella*. The whole play is unfit to discuss in a respectable newspaper, though it may have suited the coarse tastes of the English public three centuries ago.

The principal incident is one in which brother makes love to sister. The theatre-going public is scandalized by the coarse details. In one scene the lover tears Annabella's heart out and throws it on the stage. For this purpose a sheep's heart was first used, but the blood caused the ladies—even the actresses—to faint, so now a red flannel heart is substituted. Still people flock to see the piece from curiosity.

That the New York *World* called Maeterlinck "Maeckirling" is not surprising; in 1895 Maeterlinck was very little known in America. But the King of Abyssinia, Menelek, often spelled "Menelick," was on the front page nearly every day. His death was much more exaggerated than that of Mark Twain, so much so indeed that one newspaper, being fed up, announced, "Menelick, who died last week, is in very poor health." A schoolboy, being asked who Maeterlinck was, wrote, "He is the King of Abyssinia."

The atheist and pessimist, Schopenhauer, who greatly admired Wagner, which admiration was fully returned, was unspeakably shocked by the first act of *Die Walküre*. He wrote on the margin of the score words like "horrible!" "shameful!" and finally at the stage direction "Curtain" he wrote, "It's high time."

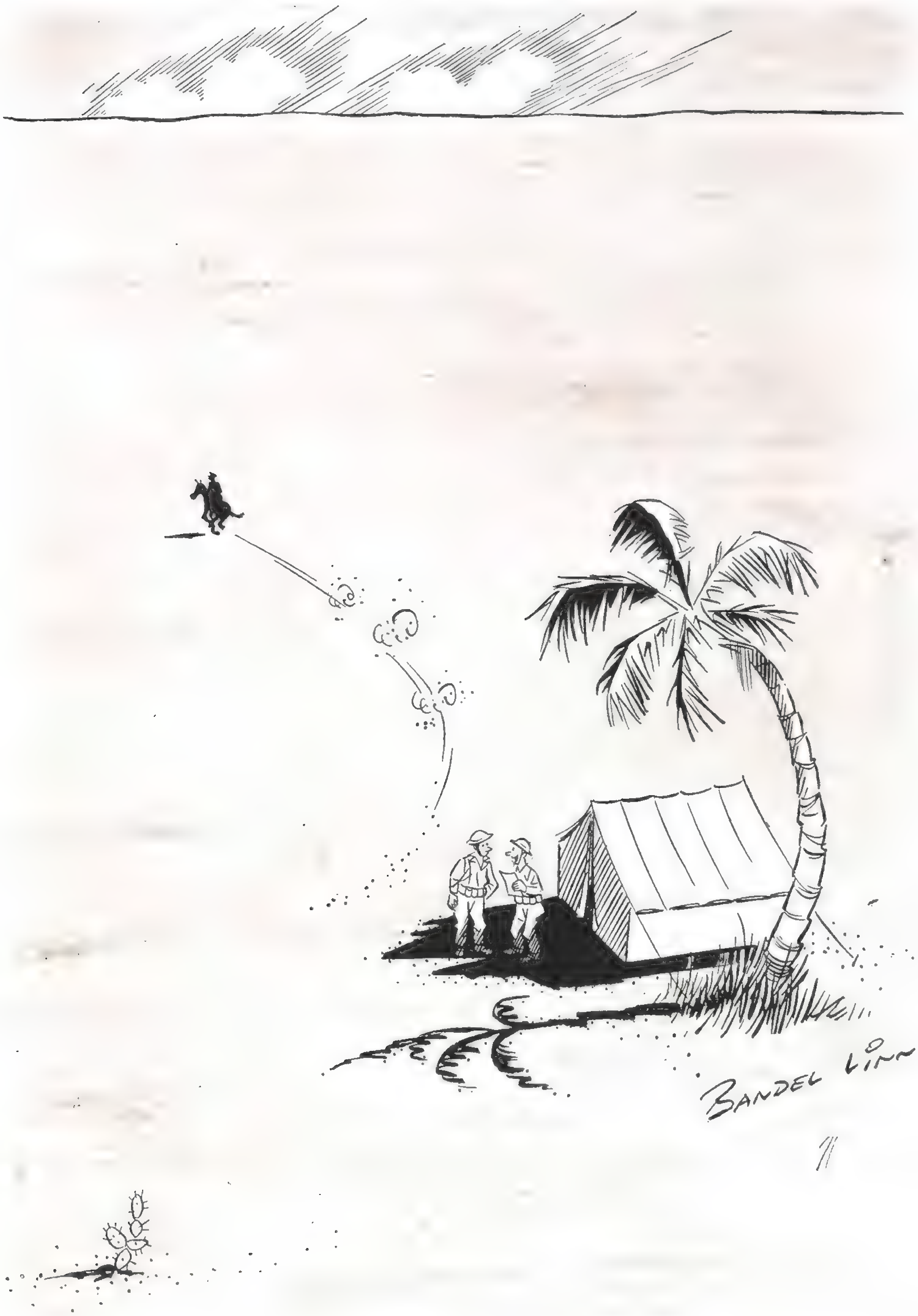
Among the new books, one combining scholarly research with a very high percentage of entertainment, is *This Was New York*, by Frank Monaghan and Marvin Lowenthal. The secondary title is *The Nation's Capital in 1789*. It is well illustrated and pleasantly unclogged with footnotes. It is a description of New York City in 1789, with George Washington as first president. Columbia University, which gave several thousand degrees this year, was then what Mr. Mencken is fond of calling a "one building university." Reading this book is living in New York 154 years ago. The authors have made good use of the newspapers of the day, of advertisements, of theatre programs, etc., and have maintained from beginning to end the atmosphere of 1789, political, commercial, religious, and social.

This is one of the most interesting books on American history I have ever read; nor have I ever read one that so vividly reproduced the past. I do not see how any American could read it without receiving continuous entertainment along with definite instruction.

Dr. Bret Ratner, the distinguished New York physician and specialist in asthma, has produced a really colossal work of more than 830 pages, called *Allergy, Anaphylaxis and Immunotherapy*. This book is the fruit of painstaking research extended over many years combined with a crowded daily practice. For those medical or scientific people who are able to understand it technically, I should think it would prove of immense value, and I myself am mute with wonder, both for the enormous number of cases described and the ideal quality of the scientific style in which the book is written.

After the war is over, I hope we shall have some books written by people who have lived on and in the Island of Malta since 1939. No spot in the world has been more terrifically bombed, but the little island is still there. I can express my feelings only in a poem:

Nothing can alter
Gibraltar or Malta. ⌗


BANDEL LINN

"My request for a day's furlough has finally been okayed!"

Any rum drink tastes better when made with
Ron MERITO
THE PUERTO RICAN MOUNTAIN RUM
Ron Merito
WHITE LABEL
4/5 QUART · 86 PROOF
Ron MERITO PUERTO RICAN RUM

RUM HIGHBALL
1 jigger RON MERITO (Gold Label). Serve in highball glass with ice. Fill with sparkling water or ginger ale.

DAIQUIRI
Juice of ½ green lime, ½ teaspoon sugar, 1 jigger RON MERITO (White Label). Shake well in cracked ice.

RUM COLLINS
Juice of whole green lime (or jigger lemon juice), ½ teaspoon granulated sugar, 1 jigger RON MERITO (Gold Label). Shake well with cracked ice. Serve in collins glass with ice, and fill with sparkling water.

It's Puerto Rican *mountain distilling* that gives peak flavor to Ron Merito—and it's this unique *mountain flavor* that gives life, zest and extra deliciousness to your favorite rum drinks! See for yourself! Order Ron Merito today! Try it in a highball, daiquiri, cuba libre or collins. You'll agree that mountain distilling makes Ron Merito the most delicious rum you ever tasted.

Available in both Gold Label and White Label. 86 Proof. Write for free recipe booklet. Address National Distillers Products Corp.. 120 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

Twelve Records and Exile

Continued from page 50

gets its musical inspiration:

Duke Ellington—*Lightnin'.*
Duke Ellington—*Echoes of Harlem.*
Duke Ellington—*Cotton Tail.*
Duke Ellington—*The Gal from Joe's.*
Duke Ellington—*Warm Valley.*
Duke Ellington—*The Flaming Sword.*
Duke Ellington—*Rocking in Rhythm.*
Duke Ellington—*Sepia Panorama.*
Louis Armstrong—*Knockin' a Jug.*
Charlie Barnet—*You're My Thrill.*
Afternoon of a Faun.
Daphnis and Chloe.

To a real jazz collector, twelve records are only a crumb before the banquet, but if they are good ones they make excellent antipasto. For those who snoop in second-hand stores and First Avenue music shops, I have compiled a list of records which cover modern American jazz from the time it was just an itch in a drummer's hand to the present.

The older recordings which start this list off are my own selections. The more recent examples were chosen for me by Leonard Feather.

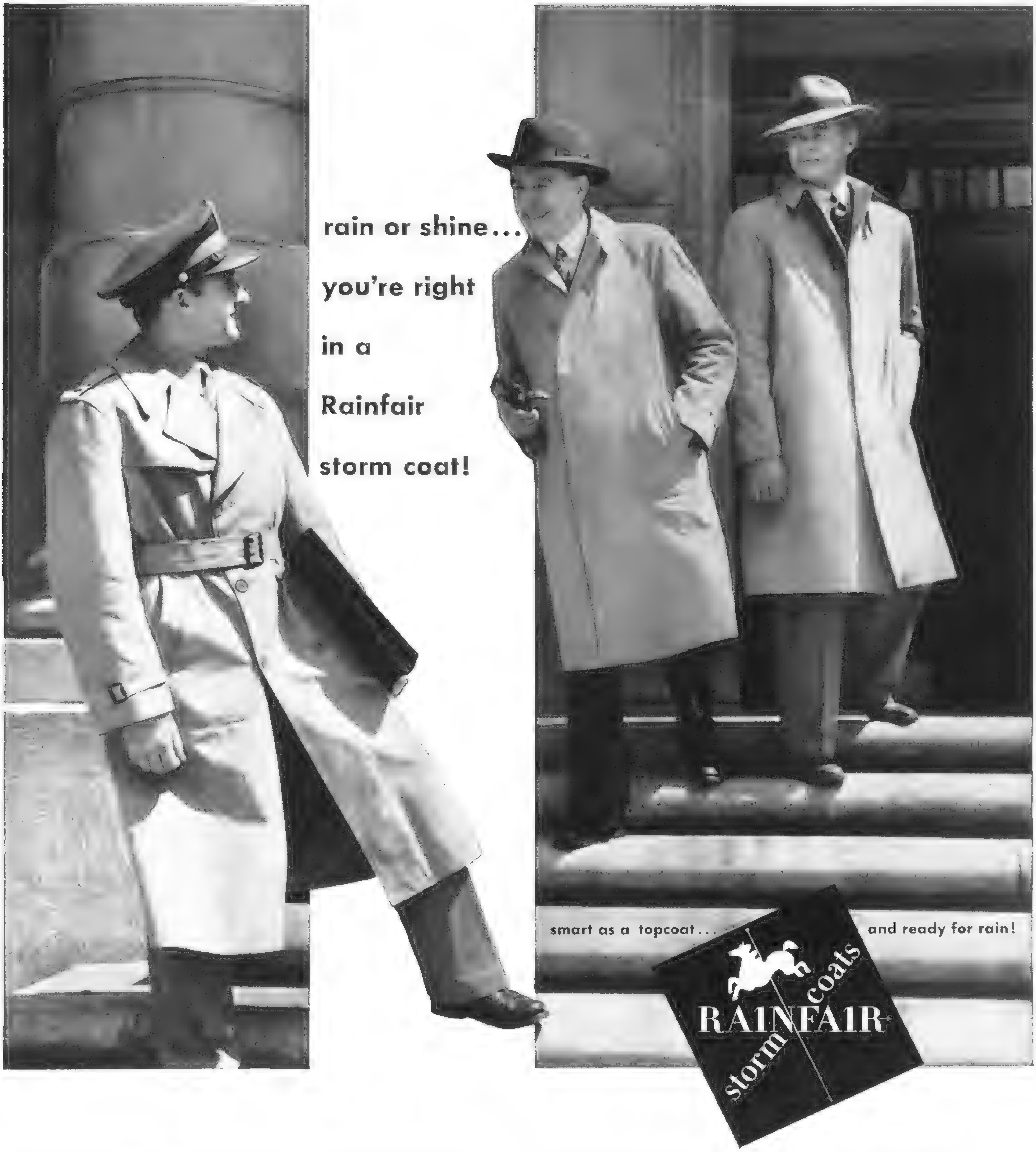
Original Dixieland Jazz Band—*Tiger Rag.* Victor, Columbia.
New Orleans Rhythm Kings—*That Da-Da Strain.* Gennett.
Original Wolverines—*Shim-Me-Sha Wabble.* Brunswick, Vocalion.
Bessie Smith—*Empty Bed Blues.* Columbia.
Bessie Smith—*Yellow Dog Blues.* Columbia.
Louis Armstrong—*West End Blues.* Columbia.
Louis Armstrong—*Shine.* Okeh.
Louis Armstrong—*Hey Lawdy Mama.* Decca.
Duke Ellington—*The Mooche.* Victor, Brunswick.
Duke Ellington—*Black and Tan Fantasy.* Victor, Brunswick.
Duke Ellington—*East St. Louis Toodle-Ooo.* Victor, Brunswick.
Jimmie Lunceford—*Annie Laurie.* Decca.
Bix Beiderbecke—*At the Jazz Band Ball, Jazz Me Blues.* Columbia.
Bix Beiderbecke—*Somebody Stole My Gal.* Okeh.
Glen Gray's Casa Loma Orch.—*Indiana, I Never Knew.* Brunswick.
Benny Goodman—*Blue Skies.* Victor.
Chicagoans—*Nobody's Sweetheart, Liza.* Okeh.
Chicagoans—*I Found a New Baby.* Brunswick.
Mound City Blue Blowers. *One Hour, Hello Lola.* Victor.
Red Nichols—*Ida, Feeling No Pain.* Brunswick.
Miff Mole—*Alexander's Ragtime Band.* Columbia.
Venuti-Lang—*Farewell Blues.* Vocalion.
Jelly Roll Morton—*Mamie's Blues.* General.
Ladnier-Bechet—*I Found a New Baby.* Victor.
Ted Lewis—*Dallas Blues, Royal Garden Blues.* Columbia.
Jimmy Noone—*River Stay 'Way from My Door.* Brunswick.
Memphis Five—*Rampart Street Blues.*
Quintet of Hot Club of France—*Some of These Days.*

Benny Goodman—*Clarinet A La King.* Okeh.
Benny Goodman Sextet—*Gone With What Wind?* Columbia.
Artie Shaw—*Concerto for Clarinet.* Victor.
Artie Shaw's Gramercy 5—*Summit Ridge Drive.* Victor.
Tommy Dorsey—*For You.* Victor.
Jimmy Dorsey—*Sorghum Switch.* Decca.
Duke Ellington Panorama—Victor Album.
Jimmie Lunceford—*What's Your Story, Morning Glory?* Columbia.
Jimmie Lunceford—*Blues In The Night.* Decca.
Lionel Hampton—*Flying Home.* Decca.
Lionel Hampton—*Blue.* Victor.
Count Basie—*You Can't Run Around.* Okeh.
Count Basie—*Fiesta in Blue.* Okeh.
Teddy Wilson & Billie Holiday. Columbia Album.
Anthology of White Jazz. Decca Album.
Anthology of Colored Jazz. Decca Album. #

ESQUIRE ON THE RECORD

CAMPUS CHOICE

Dance records preferred by hep cats at three seats of learning appear in this chart, ranged in order of their drawing power. The digits show the relative popularity of each disc among the undergraduates indirectly polled. Figures for the University of Washington came from the University Book Store and Record Shop in Seattle; Girard's, from the Co-operative Music Co., of Philadelphia, and Harvard's from the Record Shop of Cambridge, Massachusetts.	UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON	GIRARD COLLEGE	HARVARD COLLEGE
Let's Get Lost (Columbia 36673 with Kay Kyser)	1	6	
I've Heard That Song Before (Columbia 36668 with Harry James)		1	
Sing, Sing, Sing (Victor 25796 with Benny Goodman)			1
Don't Get Around Much Anymore (Decca 18479 with Glen Gray)	2		
That Old Black Magic (Victor 20-1523 with Glenn Miller)		2	
One O'Clock Jump (Columbia 36232 with Harry James)			1
It Started All Over Again (Victor 20-1522 with Tommy Dorsey)		3	
Well, Git It! (Victor 27887 with Tommy Dorsey)	3		
Two O'Clock Jump (Columbia 36232 with Harry James)			3
Taking a Chance on Love (Columbia 35869 with Benny Goodman)	4		
Brazil (Columbia 36651 with Xavier Cugat)		4	
Moonlight Becomes You (Victor 20-1520 with Glenn Miller)			4
Velvet Moon (Columbia 36672 with Harry James)	5		
"Murder," He Says (OK 6695 with Gene Krupa)		5	
Royal Garden Blues (Victor 25326 with Tommy Dorsey)			5
A Good Man Is Hard to Find (Commodore 1504-5—Jam Session No. 3)	6		



Haven't you always wanted a coat that could take wet weather... yet was styled to fit and look like a smart "fair weather topcoat"? That's exactly what Rainfair gives you. Every Rainfair Storm Coat is expertly tailored from quality fabrics that look well and wear well longer... and every Rainfair is *showerproofed* to keep you always ready for rain. You're dressed right for *any* weather once you own a Rainfair!

Remember, military needs are our first responsibility this year. Rainfair dealers, however, are supplied with new civilian models now. But we suggest you see them soon. **Buy War Bonds first!**

left: tackle twill commando . . . 21.00 officer's type *showerproofed* storm coat made from the famous Skinner's Tackle Twill*. Other officer type Trench Coats in fine tan gabardines. 14.50 to 24.50

center: grafton . . . 11.50 expertly tailored Balmacaan style coat of fine top quality gabardine *showerproofed* for rainy day protection. Sleeve and deep yoke lining of lustrous rayon. Regular length. Choice of light olive, taupe and fawn.

right: belmont . . . 12.50 light as a feather to wear and to carry, a comfortable, medium length Rainfair of durable Element Cloth, *showerproofed* for wet weather. Rayon yoke and sleeve lining. Slash pockets. Button fly front. Light olive or Bleached Bone.

free: write today for illustrated booklet of Rainfair Storm Coats that make you shine in any weather . . . address:
Chicago Rubber Clothing Company, Racine, Wisconsin. *REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Prices slightly higher West of the Rockies

A Triumph by MARLBORO
Celanese* Honeyspun
A Rayon Fabric

HERE'S the morale booster for wartime workers . . . a honey of a dress-work shirt, La Playa' styled by Marlboro. Flannel-feeling, rugged wearing, luxurious looking, laundry-perfect, it's the ideal round-the-clock shirt, on the swing shift . . . or off shift! Worn open collar—or with a tie, you'll be a well posed picture of effortless comfort either way . . . why not say "Celanese Honeyspun" to your Marlboro retailer today?

The Marlboro Shirt Co., Inc., Baltimore, Md.

SHIRTS BY Marlboro LA PLAYA DRESS-WORK CLOTHES

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

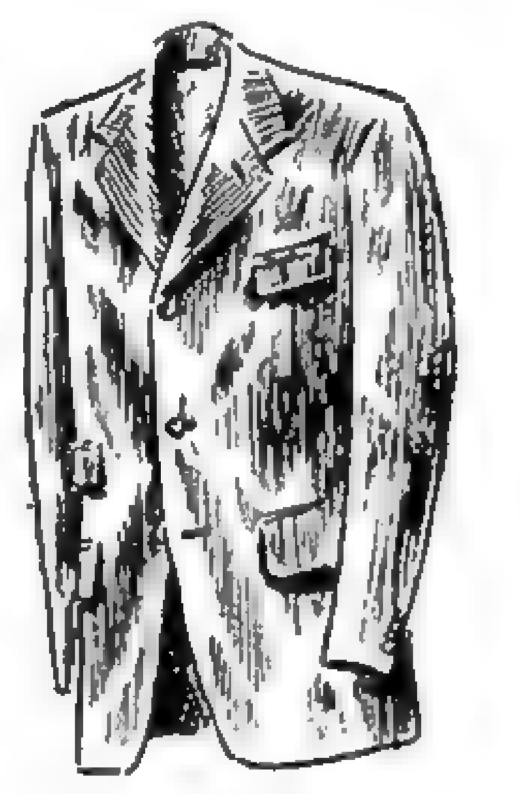
First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 85

unidentified dark beauty whom also, blast the luck, I have never met. I think I shall send the boys postcards inscribed, "Having wonderful time. Wish I were there."

An MGM press agent for Saroyan's *The Human Comedy*, quotes me as saying, "If there is anybody remotely resembling a genius today in American letters his name is Saroyan." Saroyan is all right, but there happen to be several other persons today in American letters remotely resembling geniuses and besides, I never said it the one way or the other.

Quips the Beaumont *Enterprise:* "When a radio comic observed, 'My wife is my severest critic,' George Jean Nathan replied, 'That's just wishful thinking.'" I haven't listened to a radio comic in years. (Maybe that accounts for the age of the gag.)


The natural shade corduroy jacket, made of cotton, saves wear of woven garments after work hours, and has a good rating.

"Al Rosen, producer of *Good-Night Ladies*," states the Chicago *Times*, "claims he was sent on his hunt for old farces by reading a piece of George Jean Nathan. Mr. N., sensitive to a war-weary public, wanted to know where were all the funny, bawdy shows that stole the spotlight during the first world war. This set Rosen poking around and the result can be seen at the Blackstone." The only thing I recall ever having written about those old bawdy shows is that they were rubbish and should remain buried evermore.

A movie magazine not long ago published an article quoting various men as to their choice of a screen belle for a desert island companion. It seems my selection was a Miss Mary Martin. The only occasion on which I ever laid eyes on her was in a musical show five years ago called *Leave It To Me*, in which, for all of a strip-tease, she didn't do anything particular to me. The idea of being marooned on a desert island with Miss Martin or any other movie queen is scarcely my notion of a hot time. Maybe a couple of days with Veronica Lake wouldn't be so bad, provided Veronica did not get her hair wet, didn't talk too much, and knew how to whip up a good palm-leaf salad, but I think I'd have a better time, at any rate after those first couple of days, with someone to talk to like Max Beerbohm or my old sidekick Mencken, provided he had foresight enough to bring along a barrel or two of drinkable Scotch.

In one of his books, Noel Coward writes that he met me at a party after the opening of one of his worst failures, *This Was a Man*, and that I rushed up to him and warmly apprised him I thought the play a masterpiece. *This Was a Man* was junk, and so I wrote. Furthermore, I have hardly thought any play of Mr. Coward's a masterpiece.

Irving Hoffman, genial correspondent for the *Hollywood Reporter*, some months ago chronicled that on one and the very same night I had been in "21" with a lovely Chinese girl, in the Stork Club with another, in El Morocco with still another, in Armando's with yet another, and in the Oak Room of the Plaza with a Japanese beauty. On that night I spent seven hours in Luchow's drinking beer with Stanley Schaefer, head of the Cornell University Press. Maybe I missed something.

According to the columnists, I always contemptuously leave a play I don't like at the end of the first act, calling the producer bad names on my way out and making a snooty scene generally. Of eighty plays I reviewed during the past season, I left exactly nine after the first act and, at that, several of my colleagues beat me to the exit by ten to fifteen minutes.

It has similarly come to be a tradition that I am an inordinately dressy fellow and rarely attend a theatrical opening, even one down in Greenwich Village, minus full evening regalia, including the top hat, white gloves and ebony walking stick. I didn't put on a tail coat once during the last season; I sported a dinner jacket on only ten out of the eighty occasions; for the rest, I permitted my dazzling splendor to be confined to an ordinary business suit, negligée shirt and soft brown hat. The journalistic technique of making a man a dude and hence something of a jackass has now been in operation upon me for about thirty years. I am very far from being a dude; how far I am from being a jackass is for my customers to decide. But, I have never been able to see how good clothes inevitably constitute a man a ninny, whereas apparel that looks as if it had been fished out of a swill-pail constitutes him a handbrother to Socrates, Nietzsche and Harry Emerson Fosdick.

"A playwright whom he had denounced recently took Nathan to irate task," says the Philadelphia *Record*. "How do you know about playwriting if you have never written a play?" demanded the playwright. "Well," replied Nathan, "I have never laid an egg either, but I can tell a bad one when I smell it." That, all by itself, should be enough to queer me with at least ten or fifteen million people.

From telegraph to television...

A GRAND OLD CANADIAN NAME

The war has first call on all our communication facilities today. And distilleries are now 100 per cent devoted to producing alcohol for war chemicals and synthetic rubber.

That's why supplies of Corby's are limited. Your dealer is out of it from time to time. Be patient with him. He may have the whiskey with the famous Canadian name next time you ask for it. It's well worth asking for again.

Occasional acquaintance with Corby's now will lead to lasting friendship after victory.

PRODUCED IN U. S. A. *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender*

1861 First Message sent over telegraph lines spanning the continent. A new era of American communication started... 3 years after Corby's made its first bow to start a new tradition of fine whiskey.

N. Corby
BUY WAR BONDS
CORBY'S
Reserve
ON LABEL AND CARTON
N. Corby
BLENDED WHISKEY
BLENDED AND BOTTLED FOR
JAS. BARCLAY & CO. LIMITED
PEORIA - ILLINOIS

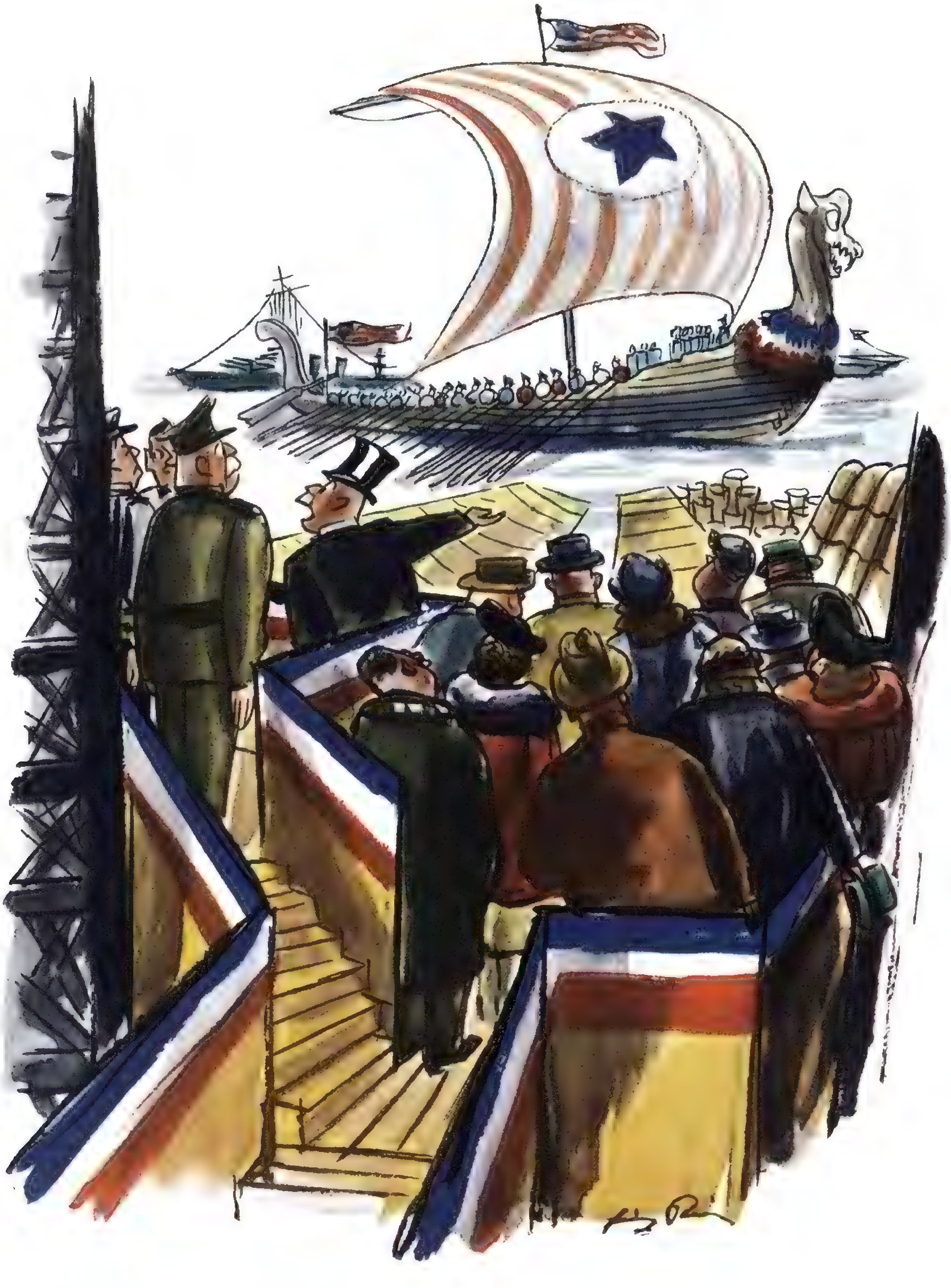
1876 First Complete Sentence transmitted over the telephone by Alexander Graham Bell. Another forward step in communication. Corby's had 18 years of fine whiskey tradition.

1920 First Radio Broadcast of press bulletins, Harding-Cox election returns, when most receiving sets had earphones. And Corby's had been an established whiskey name for 62 years.

1941 Television Authorized for commercial broadcast. The last stage reached in the development of communication of sight and sound without wires. Today, Corby's is considered by many the last word in fine whiskey.

86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits
Jas. Barclay & Co., Ltd.
Peoria, Illinois

Now I'm on every Corby's bottle asking you to BUY WAR BONDS



"My God, what will Kaiser think of next!"

Each day from factory, field and office there comes a tired army that needs to step aside from the tumult of the times. This home-front army finds relief from tension in the neighborly talk and simple pastimes that have helped to make our country great. These hours of relaxation become happier, more content with a glass of friendly SCHLITZ . . . brewed with just the *kiss* of the hops, none of the bitterness.

Like a Melody
No bitterness

Just the KISS of the hops . . .

Schlitz
Guest Bottle
Schlitz
THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS
Schlitz
BEER

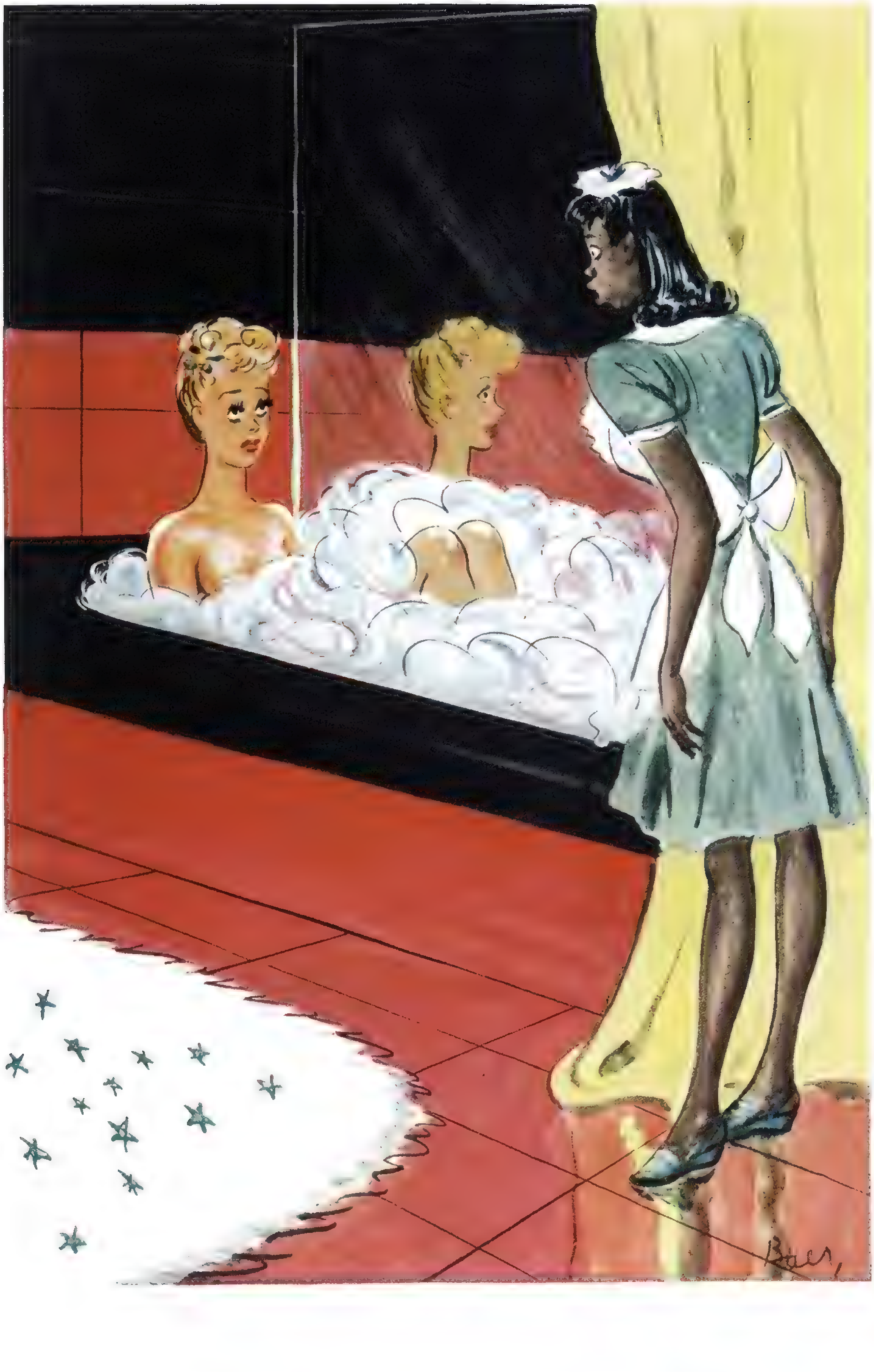
Schlitz

—all of the delicate hop flavor—none of the bitterness. That famous flavor found only in Schlitz is ***in tune with American taste.*** Once you drink America's most distinguished beer you'll never go back to a bitter brew.

In 12-oz. bottles and Quart Guest Bottles. On tap, too!

Copyright 1943, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS



"Miss LaRue, that Life *photographer is here again"*

They Film for Navy

Continued from page 69

know almost as much about the principle of the mechanism as someone who has gone to a Diesel school. He is thus equipped to follow the more advanced teaching on the subject just as well as those who brought definite knowledge into the classroom with them. But if it weren't for the film, the trainee without prior knowledge would lack the fundamentals necessary to follow the teaching, for a human instructor just couldn't recreate certain physical objects picked up by a camera lens.

By no means the least valuable aspect of visual education, as it has been worked out by the Training Film Branch, is that phase of the program that conditions trainees emotionally for circumstances in which they might find themselves in the future. This emotional conditioning, which is bound to have far reaching beneficial results when it is incorporated in peacetime educational curricula, is a direct product of the present war.

Things have been happening on destroyers, cruisers, battle wagons and flat tops since Pearl Harbor that never happened before in the whole history of Naval warfare. In the last war there were no dive bombers to lay eggs down smokestacks or on the flight decks of carriers. The result was that when things like that began to happen in the beginning of this war some sailors became either confused or panicky. And who could blame them, for while they had been thoroughly trained in what to do and what not to do under given circumstances, the circumstances themselves were new, sudden and terrible to the men.

Classroom instructors, no matter how good they were, simply hadn't been able to give the trainees a clear picture of, for example, precisely what a dive-bombing raid was like. Gunnery officers, for instance, had received practical and blackboard instruction as to how and when to handle ammunition and how to let go at stationary and moving targets—but there had been no way of simulating the battle conditions under which the things taught would have to be carried out. Then the Navy's Special Devices Section stepped in with a new way of using training films. Scenes of actual dive-bombing attacks, with accompanying sound, were, and are still being, shown to trainees, so that a man who has never been at sea, let alone in a dive-bombing raid, can sit in a safe place and see and hear exactly what such a raid is like. Thus, when the real thing catches up with him, he is not knocked off balance emotionally. It is a fact that men who have had prior emotional conditioning through training films give a better account of themselves in an actual battle than those who have not had the benefit of such training.

A brilliant example of emotional conditioning is to be found in a phase of training given to Naval flying students. The student sits at a set of airplane controls, enclosed at the top of a high cylinder. He looks down at the base of the cylinder and sees there a film unreeling—a film taken on an actual flight during which the plane carrying the cameraman was subjected to a withering barrage from the ground.

The man at the controls in the top of the cylinder is supposed to maneuver in such a way that he will avoid being struck by the barrage being aimed at him. Delicate and intricate devices record his movements in relation to the direction of the barrage, and when he leaves the controls at the top of the cylinder he can ascertain whether he maneuvered properly.

To add to the realism, the sounds that he would hear while flying through a ground barrage are all reproduced in their corresponding intensities—the sound of his own motor, the intermittent barking of the ground guns, and the shells whistling and exploding about the plane. Some student fliers taking this test have got so rattled by the realistic noises that they have frozen the stick and washed out. But even the unhappy students themselves agree that it's better to get the real low-down on their emotional reactions in the test cylinder rather than on a flight over a lonely island in the South Pacific.

The possibilities of emotional conditioning of high school and

Continued on page 136

IT'S ONLY A SMALL GARDEN I DON'T NEED ANY HELP!
-ALI-

THE Taylor-Made SHOE

PROOF THAT CUSTOM CHARACTER NEED NOT BE EXPENSIVE

Known BY THE COMPANY IT KEEPS!

That the Taylor-Made shoe is found in the leading stores in hundreds of cities and towns is ample evidence that it is, for value, workmanship and style, one of America's outstanding shoes . . . and has been for over fifty years.

E. E. TAYLOR CORPORATION • BOSTON

Allentown, Easton Bethlehem and Reading	Farr Bros. Co.
Asbury Park	Bob and Irving, Inc.
Atlanta	Davison-Paxon Co.
Auburn	Bennett and Tracy
Baltimore	Goodman's
Bluefield, W. Va.	Bluefield Shoe Co.
Boston	Stetson Shoe Shop
Bridgeport	D. M. Read Co.
Buffalo	The Kleinhans Co.
Cambridge, Mass.	Leopold Morse Co.
Cedar Rapids	Higbee's
Champaign	Overgard, Inc.
Charlotte	Tate-Brown Co.
Charlotteville	J. N. Waddell Shoe Co., Inc.
Chicago	Mandel Brothers
Cincinnati	The H. S. Pogue Co.
Cleveland	Halle Bros. Co.
Dayton	Ray's
Daytona Beach	Nelson's
Denver	Gano-Downs Co.
Detroit	R. H. Fyfe & Co.
Des Moines	Field Shoe Co.
Evansville	Sater's
Fargo	Strauss Esquire
Galveston	E. S. Levy & Co.
Greenville	Johl and Bergman
Greensboro	Younts-DeBoe Co.
Hanover	James Campion, Inc.
Houston	Mosk's
Indianapolis	L. Strauss & Co., Inc.
Ithaca	The Sport Shop
Jackson, Mich.	Bozin's
Kalamazoo	Bell Shoe Co.
Kansas City, Mo.	Robinson Shoe Co.
Lake Charles	Wallace & Walter Herbert
Lexington, Ky.	Phillips Shoe Co.
Lincoln, Neb.	Magee's
Little Rock	Farrior Brokerage Co.
Los Angeles	Silverwood's
Louisville	Martin's
Lowell	Morse's Shoe Store
Lynchburg	Bell's Shoe Store
Miami	Cowan's
Minneapolis	Brown Clo. Co.
Morgantown, W. Va.	Reiner & Core
Nashville	Frank Scott's
Newport News	Adams Shoe Store, Inc.
New York	The Nettleton Shops 17 West 33rd St., 5 West 50th St. 365 Madison Ave.
Olean	Hannifan & Co.
Peoria	Block and Khul Co.
Petersburg	Standard-James Shoe Co.
Phoenix	Bush Footwear
Philadelphia	Stern & Co.
Pittsburgh	Stetson Shoe Shop, Inc.
Portland, Me.	Gordon's, Inc.
Portland, Ore.	Armishow's
Portsmouth, N. H.	Shaines
Rochester, Minn.	The Men's Shop
Rochester, N. Y.	McFarlin Clo. Co.
Royal Oak, Mich.	DeJulius Bros.
Rutland	Wilson Clo. Co.
Saginaw	Heavenrich's
Salt Lake City	McKendrick Shoe Co.
San Antonio	Guarantee Shoe Co.
San Francisco	The Emporium
Santa Maria	Broadway Bootery
Savannah	Morris Levy's
Schenectady	Patton & Hall
Scranton	Scranton Dry Goods Co.
Seattle	Turrells
Shamokin	Leavens & Donlan
Sharon, Pa.	James Ingram
Sioux City	E & W Clothing House
Springfield	Stetson Shoe Shop
So. Bend, Ind.	Robertson Bros.
St. Petersburg	Rutland's Men's Store
Tampa	Weil-Maas
Toledo	Lasalle & Koch Co.
Trenton	George Weiss
Tulsa	Clark's
Utica	Sautter's Sons, Inc.
Washington, D. C.	Julius Garfinckel & Co., Inc.
Wilmington	Sauter's Shoe Shoppe

THE Taylor-Made SHOE

They Film for Navy

Continued from pages 69-135

college students seem to present a field that can be explored only by sound pictures. It has long been axiomatic that a certain percentage of campus geniuses are at least moist behind the ears for a considerable period after graduation simply because they have been taught virtually everything but experience. While there is no substitute for experience, emotional conditioning via shadows wired for sound will do until a genuine substitute comes along.

Today, a girl in high school or business college is taught how to take shorthand and how to transcribe her notes and type them out. Her process of learning is carried out under conditions that would be ideal, though impossible, in the average business office. She is not interrupted in her stenography and typing by ringing telephones and other routine interruptions, slamming doors, the chatter of other girls or the emotional disturbance caused by the behavior of a boss whose wife is running around with another man. In the classroom of the post-war era the secretary-to-be will be, through the medium of sight and sound, conditioned to a world of actuality instead of a world of theory.

Another feature of education via the screen is that the teaching is imparted in a controlled atmosphere. The darkness necessary to a room in which a motion picture is shown is an important factor in removing distractions, such as a blonde co-ed two seats in front of a football star. Then, too, the emphasis is precisely where the emphasis is wanted—on the screen.

It is a singular fact that prior to the present war, training films had their trial by fire not in schools and colleges but in industry, particularly the automotive industry. Widely scattered personnel in the big Michigan plants have for years been instructed by films in the problems arising from annual changes in engines, chassis and bodies. Roofing concerns, oil companies, machine tool companies and the tractor industry, among others, long ago appreciated the value of visual aid in clarifying training processes and standardizing instruction to salesmen. Right now, the Navy is taking a leaf from industry's book by including, in a series of shipbuilding films, indoctrination reels especially for shipyard workers. These pictures, shown to new workers before they go on the job, acquaint the men in half an hour or less with the over-all picture of a shipyard and their place in the general scheme—knowledge that could otherwise be acquired only by a long and progress-slowing tour of the yard. The principle in operation here is that of bringing the mountain to Mohammed.

In August of 1941, four months before Pearl Harbor, the Secretary of the Navy issued a directive to the Chief of the Bureau of Aeronautics to ". . . fulfill the photographic requirements of education and training in the Naval service." Thus, the Navy's training films came under the jurisdiction of the Bureau of Aeronautics because of the Bureau's long time experience in Naval photography.

The Training Film Branch of the Bureau's Photographic Division was assigned to the actual production. Today the personnel of the Branch numbers one hundred and seventy, of whom eighty are officers and thirty-five are enlisted men, the balance being civilian authorities in a wide variety of subjects.

The human make-up of the Training Film Branch has been amazingly well-chosen for its complex administrative-educational-production task. The key personnel have had educational as well as film production experience. The educational consultants are trained in the application of psychology to audio-visual problems. The Branch's project supervisors have had motion picture and slide film production experience with commercial training film companies, or in Hollywood, tempered with a training viewpoint. The procurement, distribution, and cataloguing officers have had business experience with the film industry; the writers, a background in radio and motion picture script writing. Among the Branch's specialists are airplane pilots, engineers, college and high school teachers and school administrators; men with Doctor's degrees in psychology, biology and education; radio and motion picture producers, and certified public accountants. Each finds scope for his specialty in the business of producing films for the immensely varied training program of the Navy.

Requests for specific film productions originate from training officers in various Naval training centers here and abroad. Each request states the reasons why audio-visual treatment of a particular subject is necessary. While a large percentage of the subjects were anticipated, many films are produced as a direct result of unpredictable circumstances arising in actual combat. A noted Navy flier who had considerable experience tangling with the Japs in the South Pacific theatre returned to Washington with the comment, "All I've ever been taught is

49TH ST
5TH AVE
49TH ST

Two "musts" in a back-to-school wardrobe!

Monarch's Kerry and Bomber • • •

ANOTHER FALL is just around the corner. Before long you'll be kicking sixty yards and passing forty for good, old "Granite," the coach. Ahead is a tough training grind . . . but, even so, there's at least one bright spot in the clouds . . . for here's one thing you can bet your whole allowance on and be sure of winning. If there's a coach around on the art of dressing . . . on the art of looking both smart and comfortable . . . he'll tell you to put all your dough on the Kerry and the Bomber. They're both brand new Fall styles . . . and they're both made by Monarch, creators of "Better Outdoor Garments" for Men and Young Men. Just to be certain you're in the right pew, be sure to go to a Monarch dealer . . . and insist on the Monarch label.

The Kerry (left)—the ulster of ulsters . . . of wool and cotton gabardine with Alpaca Pile collar and lining and protective pile wristlets. Both smart and warm. Men's and Prep's sizes.

The Bomber (right)—a truly handsome coat of suede leather with contrasting leather buttons. Rayon-lined. Sizes 36 to 48. 30-inch length. Colors: Chestnut and Caribou.

LEATHER AND FABRIC JACKETS
FOR MEN AND BOYS
LEISURE COATS AND FINGER-TIPS

Monarch
MILWAUKEE

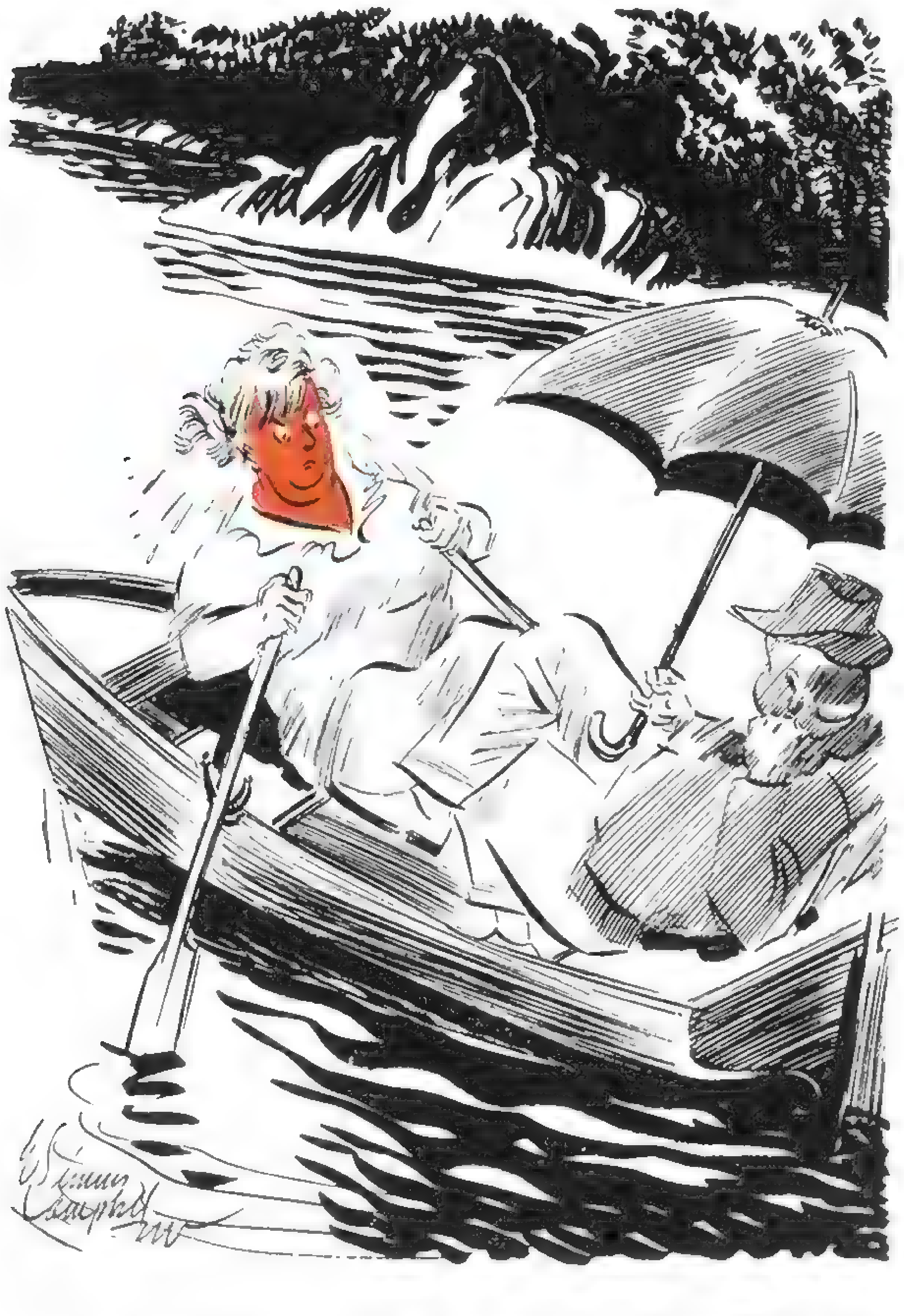
wrong." This flier, who was not so anxious to be the best pilot as he was anxious to be the oldest one, thereupon proceeded to enlighten his superiors on certain invaluable observations that he had made in combat. The result is going to be a series of animated films of inestimable value, now in course of production. The flier's observations are naturally cloaked by military secrecy, but what he found out through actual experience—and what he will be able to impart to other fliers through the best medium extant—will unquestionably operate greatly in our favor in the air over the South Pacific in the near future.

Repeatedly, after our fliers began operating in the South Pacific, pilots found themselves in rubber boats on the lonely reaches of the ocean after having been shot out of the air. Time after time these men, walking skeletons after long days without food, told stories of our own planes passing overhead and not noticing them. A newly-developed powder, the ingredients of which are secret, is now carried by South Pacific pilots and when they find themselves adrift in rubber boats they sprinkle this powder on the water and the chemical reaction produces a color that shows up overhead like a lighted cigarette in a blackout. A film has been made showing pilots what the effect of this powder on water looks like from the air—and here color is used. Color is frequently utilized in training films, but it is employed in the Navy's films only when it is absolutely necessary and when color emphasis makes a definite contribution to knowledge. The Navy's scant use of color is largely due, however, to production and processing difficulties incidental to the war.

While the Army set up production units for its training films, the Navy decided to use the existing facilities of commercial film companies. And, while Hollywood writers and technicians have worked out very well in the Army program, the handful of Hollywood dramatists who have been tried by the Navy have not been able to adapt themselves successfully to the strictly educational film. Your Hollywood writer, understandably enough, thinks in terms of action, dialogue, conflict and emotion. The integral parts of theater entertainment have no place in the Navy's films. One high-powered Hollywood writer earnestly tried to dramatize a mechanical subject, and when it was pointed out to him that you can't give a P-T boat sex appeal, he made a remark that will probably remain a classic in service circles. "It is my patriotic duty," he announced, "to resign."

When a production is decided upon, the Training Film Branch assigns a two-man team to work with the technical adviser in outlining and producing the picture. One member of this team is the educational consultant—the man who suggests what features of a given subject should be pointed

Continued on page 138



"You don't know how I appreciate this, Mabel—it makes me so dizzy to ride backwards."

PARK & TILFORD
Private Stock
PARK & TILFORD
Private Stock
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
Quality First
P&T
Since 1840

A HARMONY OF GREAT AMERICAN WHISKIES HAS MADE IT

America's Luxury Whiskey

PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y. • A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES • 86 PROOF

They Film for Navy

Continued from pages 69-135-137

up so as to bring about the maximum of information. He sees to it that the film sticks closely to well-established teaching principles, and that it fits into the existing curricula. The second team member is the project supervisor, who co-ordinates and administers on behalf of the Navy. He acts as a liaison man with the various persons engaged in the production—the technical adviser, the commercial producer, the educational consultant, and the procurement and cataloguing departments of the Training Film Branch.

Despite the fact that many films are made for a limited service audience, the bulk of the Navy's pictures are not designed to be shown as separate, uncorrelated features. When a film is planned for one specific group, it is not expected to meet the complete needs of another group working toward the same actual ends. For example, slides designed for use in the aviation service schools for training enlisted men in maintenance and repair of airplanes were found to be not particularly helpful for training civilian personnel in the aviation assembly and repair shops, even though both groups were working on the same model of airplane. The pictures that the civilians needed had to be job-analysis films on assembly and sub-assembly of parts, and they had to be much too detailed to be of use in the service schools.

Of course mistakes have been made. Some Navy instructors at first included training films with the evening movies, and the men were bored. Except under certain circumstances, you can't mix education and entertainment. Usually, when the training film is slipped into a program of Hollywood entertainment, the men expect an emotional stimulant from the educational picture, since they identify it with Hollywood under such circumstances, and emotion just isn't there. The conditions under which films are shown are just as important as the subject itself, and as a rule they should be shown only in classrooms.

The horizons opened up by the training films have focused attention on the inadequate supply of instructors who know the ins and outs of audio-visual education. Since our peacetime educational systems had very few of these men, the Navy's inheritance of such talent was negligible.

Among the school systems that went beyond the experimental stage with audio-visual education before the war were those in Pittsburgh, St. Louis, San Diego, Santa Barbara, Oakland and Los Angeles. For the most part, educators were not exactly in a rush to allow "movies" to make inroads on the system of teaching long in vogue. Not that the educators are to be blamed, for until this war the educational film had not come into its own.

When the war is over, a small army of experts on audio-visual education will be all ready to introduce the new medium in every classroom in the land, from kindergarten to cloistered hall. Not only that, but millions of returned fighters, who got what education they did in the old-fashioned, sometimes dull way, will know from first-hand experience just how modern and comparatively attractive this audio-visual business is. It will not be theory to them, but a *fait accompli*. The result is they'll want their own children or their nieces and nephews or younger brothers and sisters to have the benefit of teaching that is supplemented by sight and sound.

And what of Mr. Chips? Authorities on the new education say that Mr. Chips will be neither the master nor the servant of the audio-visual films. He will be there, as always, but he will be silent while the films are running. The commentary coming from the sound track will save him much long-winded explanation on such subjects as geography, history and mathematics as the little white screen in the front of the room constantly impresses the students with the great truth of the old Chinese proverb that one picture is worth ten thousand words.

Mr. Chips will embrace supplemental education from a can as warmly as anyone else. The effective and accurate aid that he will get from the films will act to economize on his energies, so that he can devote more time to individual problems among the students—problems that couldn't possibly be anticipated by any film.

The last inference that proponents of canned education want anyone to draw is that shadows and sounds will act as a substitute for thinking. The inherent attractiveness of the educational film will never take the place of mental sweat, nor will it ever compete with the richness of fine prose nor the warmth of an instructor such as, for example, William Lyon Phelps. Rather, celluloid knowledge will act as a strong stimulant to thinking, and to the further pursuit of learning both in and out of the classroom. Mr. Chips needs a can of film, but a can of film also needs Mr. Chips.

RON MARNO
Imported
CUBAN RUM
Kensington
IMPORTED
Distilled Dry
GIN

M. S. WALKER
ANNOUNCES TWO MORE
IMPORTANT IMPORTED
MEMBERS OF THE FAMOUS
M. S. WALKER FAMILY

RON MARNO
Imported
CUBAN RUM
A PRODUCT OF CUBA

A FINE IMPORTED FULL BODIED RUM . . . . DELIGHTFUL AS A STRAIGHT DRINK.
IDEAL AS A MIXER
89 PROOF

"IT'S IMPORTANT TO KNOW
IT'S IMPORTED"

THERE ARE GINS AND GINS
but ONLY ONE

Kensington
IMPORTED
Distilled Dry
GIN
A PRODUCT OF CUBA

DISTILLED FROM 100%
CANE PRODUCTS
NEUTRAL SPIRITS
85 PROOF

TO *Alert* DISTRIBUTORS
M. S. WALKER *says* —
"PREPARE NOW FOR THE
POST-WAR PERIOD."
★ WRITE AT ONCE FOR EXCLUSIVE
TERRITORIAL ARRANGEMENTS

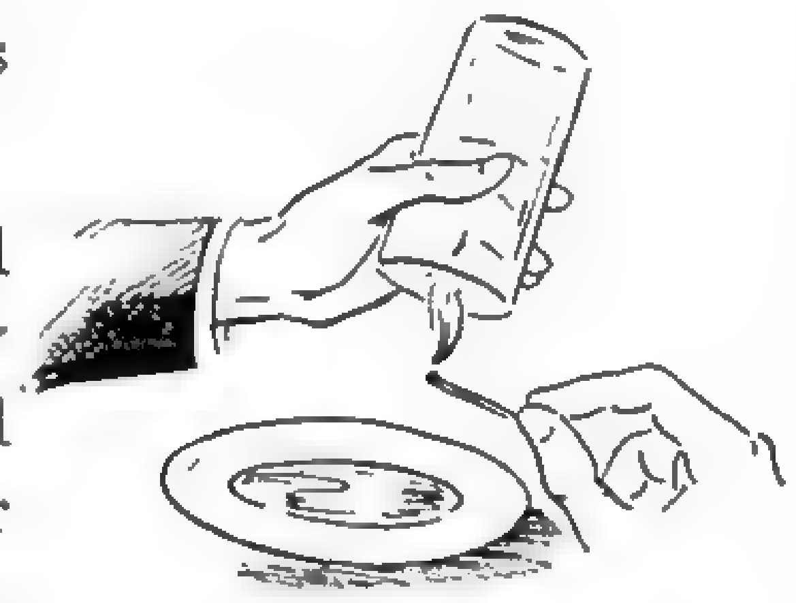
M. S. WALKER, *Inc.* BOSTON, MASS. ★ ★ ★

Checkpayers . . .

good for one free drink at the nearest bar

the wager: That you can transfer the water in a saucer to a glass without moving the saucer.

the payoff: Hold a lighted match under the glass for a few moments; then place the inverted glass in the saucer and the water will mysteriously be drawn into it.



The Voice on the R/T

Continued from page 71

me some good luck tomorrow!"

"Do they stick chewing gum," she asked solemnly, "on the tail of your machine?"

"Good Lord, no! Why should they?"

"To bring you luck, silly. I saw such a lovely film once, all about test pilots . . ."

She was off now. She'd go on for hours. Robert firmly fixed his thoughts upon Edna.

"And Myrna Loy was terribly in love with her man, only he was sort of in love with the sky (only he loved Myrna Loy too, of course, but in a different way) and he called the sky *The girl in the blue dress up there.*"

Robert interrupted her.

"Isn't it about time we started to go home?"

It was pouring with rain now. Robert had to put the hood up, which was a laborious business, and the hood leaked. However, Edie cuddled up beside him and a brief flicker of warmth sprang up between them. He glanced at her and wondered how anybody could be at once so beautiful and so dumb. He put his arm round her (how very unaphrodisiac a uniform was!) until his hand was touching her breast. She did not stir. He wondered if she had any real existence of her own at all, or whether she loved as well as lived vicariously through Clark Gable and Myrna Loy.

But he never really found out; for at that moment the little car's engine began to cough and splutter, and then, after a few weak kicks, like his bright romance it died. He pulled in to the side of the road, and in the silence the rain went plop plop as it dripped through the hood.

"No petrol," he said. "I'm most terribly sorry. Luckily we're only about a quarter of a mile from your Waffery." He didn't add that after that he would have to walk seven miles to the camp. They got out and tramped silently through the rain. She didn't reproach him but on the other hand she didn't laugh and make a joke of it as Edna would have done. His arm in hers, Richard found himself wishing that he held Edna's arm. He squeezed it slightly and for the first time in his innocent life was guilty of that peculiar form of adultery which consists of thinking about one woman while making advances to another.

At last they got to the gate of the big requisitioned house where the WAAFs lived. He thought he'd better kiss her good-night.

"Not there," she said, "or you'll get all over lipstick." So he planted a cold kiss upon her wet forehead. Then he turned up his coat collar and the rain beat against his face as he started to trudge the seven miles back to the aerodrome.

* * *

And now, twenty-four hours later, Speedwell was calling Dusty Five, and the clear sweet imperturbable voice had told him five minutes ago *Bandit Approaching from north west Angels ten Vector three two five* and now it spoke again and gave him another bearing. Robert turned to starboard and glanced out of the cockpit. It was a night of fitful moonlight, with a great wind blowing ragged clouds across the sky. It was a wild, witches' night such as he loved.

There was a single searchlight standing up very straight like a palm tree, with a long thin stem and a smudged blurry head where it met the clouds. Then suddenly a dozen searchlights broke out, groping across the sky, filling his cockpit with reflected light. At the same moment the Voice said *Hello Dusty Five Vector Three Four Zero.* As he turned, he saw the searchlights moving together ahead of him.

Suddenly, in the beam of the nearest searchlight, Robert saw the Hun. Like a small silver fish it swam there, looking strangely aloof and untroubled. But now the other searchlights began a frantic and mazy dance, the octopus' tentacles closing and tightening their grip. The poor little fish became agitated and darted to left and right trying to escape. Robert's heart pounded with excitement. "Tallyho!" he shouted down the mike "Tallyho!"

The Hun was thousands of feet below him, so he put his nose down steeply and watched the hand of the airspeed indicator creeping over towards the right. In one minute he thought, I shall be close to him; a few seconds later I shall be on his tail.

He shut his eyes; and when he

Continued at top of page 140

They deserve the Same Care that goes into their Making

Maybe you can't shoulder a gun, but you've a fighting part to play just the same. Purchase bonds . . . save and conserve . . . buy quality and make it last. Your Curtis shoes—whether old or new—were quality-built by New England craftsmen who take pride in their work. So shine 'em up . . . keep 'em in repair . . . they'll do their part as America takes the victory trail.

AT BETTER STORES EVERYWHERE

CS
Curtis
SHOES FOR MEN

CURTIS SHOE CO., Inc., Marlboro, Mass.

FOUR GENERATIONS OF FINE SHOEMAKING

Here's Your Key
to the
Private Stock
RUM
86° PROOF
4/5 QUART
HAVANA CLUB
BRAND
Straight Cuban
RUM
REGISTERED
TRADE MARK
Distilled & Bottled by
JOSÉ ARECHABALA, S. A.
IN CÁRDENAS, CUBA
Founded 1878
SOLE AGENTS FOR THE U. S. A.
R. C. WILLIAMS & Co Inc
CONTINENTAL IMPORT DIVISION, NEW YORK, N.Y.
PRODUCT OF CUBA

from Cuba's Finest Distilleries

Offering you this Rum is like handing you the key to a distiller's own special cellar. This is the brand that became the private stock of the Arechabalas who have their pick of the largest stores of aged rum in Cuba. Ask for Havana Club Cuban Rum today! *Gold label—White label 86 Proof; Yellow label 90 Proof.*

Distilled & Bottled by
José Arechabala, S. A.
in Cardenas, Cuba

HAVANA CLUB
BRAND
Straight Cuban
RUM

Sole Agents for U. S. A.
CONTINENTAL IMPORT DIVISION
R. C. Williams & Co., Inc., New York, N. Y.

The Voice on the R/T

Continued from pages 71-139

looked again the Hun seemed enormous. It wasn't a little fish any more. It was a Heinkel III. Robert said out loud; Please God don't let the searchlights illuminate me—and suddenly the moon came out from behind a cloud, and somehow before he pressed the button he knew that this was going to be his fourth victim, this was his predestined prey.

Some tracer streaked past him, but it ceased after his first burst. He dived away, and when he came back there was a bright glow in the Heinkel's tail. He aimed at the port engine this time, but he probably hit a petrol tank or some flares or incendiary bombs for as he dived beneath the belly of the thing he saw that half the fuselage was ravaged by fire. When he climbed back again the Heinkel was falling, a long-tailed comet. With a terrible ecstasy he watched it going down, down, down.

Then the searchlights went out, the moon was hidden, the night became very dark, and he felt a strange loneliness. . . . It began to rain, and he saw a bank of cloud coming up from the west. He turned for home and as he did so the Voice spoke to him: *Hello Dusty Five . . . Return to Base.* He had forgotten all about Speedwell; and for some reason the sound of Edie's familiar voice caused him a sharp dismay. He couldn't explain this, he couldn't understand why his feeling of triumph had so suddenly ebbed away, leaving him alone with a horror which he could not put into words. It wouldn't last, he knew; in a few minutes he'd be himself again, he'd have his sense of triumph back. But at the moment, intolerably alone in the vast sky, he suffered a brief vivid revelation of the frightful lunacy of war. He looked down and saw the Heinkel burning itself out on the ground. He looked to the left where the fires in the bombed town grew bigger and glowed orange-red through the clouds of smoke; he heard Edie, his co-assassin, telling him the course home. A shiver ran down his spine, and he thought; there she sits, in the Operations Room in the old country house among the beeches, an ordinary English girl with a nice voice, and she is talking quietly into the telephone, and she is thinking about the films, about Myrna Loy and Clark Gable, and she has just helped a man in a Hurricane to kill some men in a Heinkel, ten thousand feet above the earth. #

Squirrel Night at the Brewers

Continued from page 53

mice night and pig night at the Brewers' home.

This is the kind of surprise he showed the fans. During an intermission, a beer keg would be hauled out, filled with tickets, and somebody, blindfolded, would pluck a pasteboard. A lady who claimed the prize by virtue of her stub number would be ushered to the home plate amid bursts of triumphant blares from the band. Awaiting her was Billy Veeck with a large box.

"Mrs. So-and-so of such and such an address," exclaimed Veeck into the microphone with the rapture of a natural-born master of ceremonies, "you have won the prize of the evening. I am happy indeed, Madame, to present to you this exquisite, snow-white thoroughbred duck."

The lady, charmed, took away her new pet while the customers cheered.

A man was the lucky ticket-holder who won 200 pounds of ice on a hot July evening. Four ushers placed the ice in front of his chair and the gentleman put his feet on the chunk. When the game was over there wasn't enough left to carry home. Meanwhile, everybody had a good laugh wondering what he was going to do with it.

On another night Veeck presented to a winner a pair of pigeons tied together by a string. Whenever there was a lull in the game the crowd would stand to see what the man was doing with the pigeons. He didn't want the birds and he didn't want to let them go. There is no record of how he solved the problem.

On a "fruit night," Veeck gave a lady winner a bushel basket of peaches. The next day she was present with a peach pie two feet in diameter for Veeck and the team.

Anytime you go to one of Billy Veeck's ball games, you will be amused. It's an all-star show. There is baseball's best comedian, Charley Grimm, coaching at third base. In himself, Grimm is a whole show. At the same time, he is deadly serious about his baseball.

Obviously, it isn't hard to understand why Veeck wanted Grimm. "He's the best manager in the game today and I bar nobody," explains Veeck, with enthusiasm.

People very often ask Veeck why he does all the screwy things he does.

"I have fun doing them," he says. "I assume that if I am having fun, maybe the customers are, too. I think our attendance marks prove that some of them are enjoying themselves. Some of the things I do may be a little corny, but if they don't work out well, then I try something else."

But Veeck has not neglected his ball team or his plant. He has poured 70,000 dollars into player purchases and 35,000 dollars into park improvements . . . such as new toilet fixtures, new lights, new chairs, seat cushions, painting and decoration.

By the opening day of 1942,

Billy Veeck was ready to overwhelm the populace. He did so to the extent that 15,599 fans came out to see a ball game in a park that seats but 10,500.

It would have been an opening day attendance record, but the game was never played. It rained hard all afternoon, so Veeck was not eligible for the trophy which the American Association each year presents to the club with the highest opening day attendance. But the irrepressible Veeck was determined to have a cup presented to himself. He bought the biggest and most ornate cup he could find. Then he invited George Trautman, president of the American Association, to attend the ceremony, which was set for June 2, 1942. The cup stood twice as tall as the one the league had purchased.

At the appointed time, Veeck had Rudy Schaffer, the Brewers' bookkeeper, present the cup to him with elaborate ceremony. It was Veeck's supreme moment but the fun had only begun.

President Trautman was brought with all the honors to the home plate. A group of ushers, escorted by armed guards, marched up with boxes of gifts.

Veeck made a short speech, saying that he was about to present Mr. Trautman some additional gifts which "I know he can use to good advantage."

So saying, Veeck lifted an English Bulldog out of a box. The animal was harnessed as a "seeing-eye" dog. Then he reached into other boxes and came up with a set of dark glasses and canes.

"For your umpires, Mr. Trautman," he said.

The Brewers had been having trouble with Trautman's umpires. The president backed away, crimson. In the name of dignity he could not accept this present.

"I'm glad he didn't take that dog," Veeck said, later. "It was my own pet."

Veeck isn't too well beloved by league officials, because of his ability to cook up dramatics and comedy. But he has a psychology about this, too.

"If the fans feel that I'm being persecuted," he says, "they'll come out to feel sorry for me."

Veeck is no less eccentric about his dress and personal habits. He never takes a drink. He doesn't own a tie or a hat. He has his hair close cropped. Whether the temperature is 90 above or 10 below, he runs about in sport clothes and shoes on all occasions. In zero weather Billy Veeck strides unconcernedly—coatless, hatless, sport-shirted (open at the collar) and adorned in sandals or huaraches as if he were in Mexico.

Veeck showed up in his favorite attire one evening at the Palmer House in Chicago during the winter baseball meetings in 1940. Although he was with three or four Cub officials, he was barred from three elegantly appointed eating places in the hotel, because he did not have a tie and appeared to be virtually bare-footed.

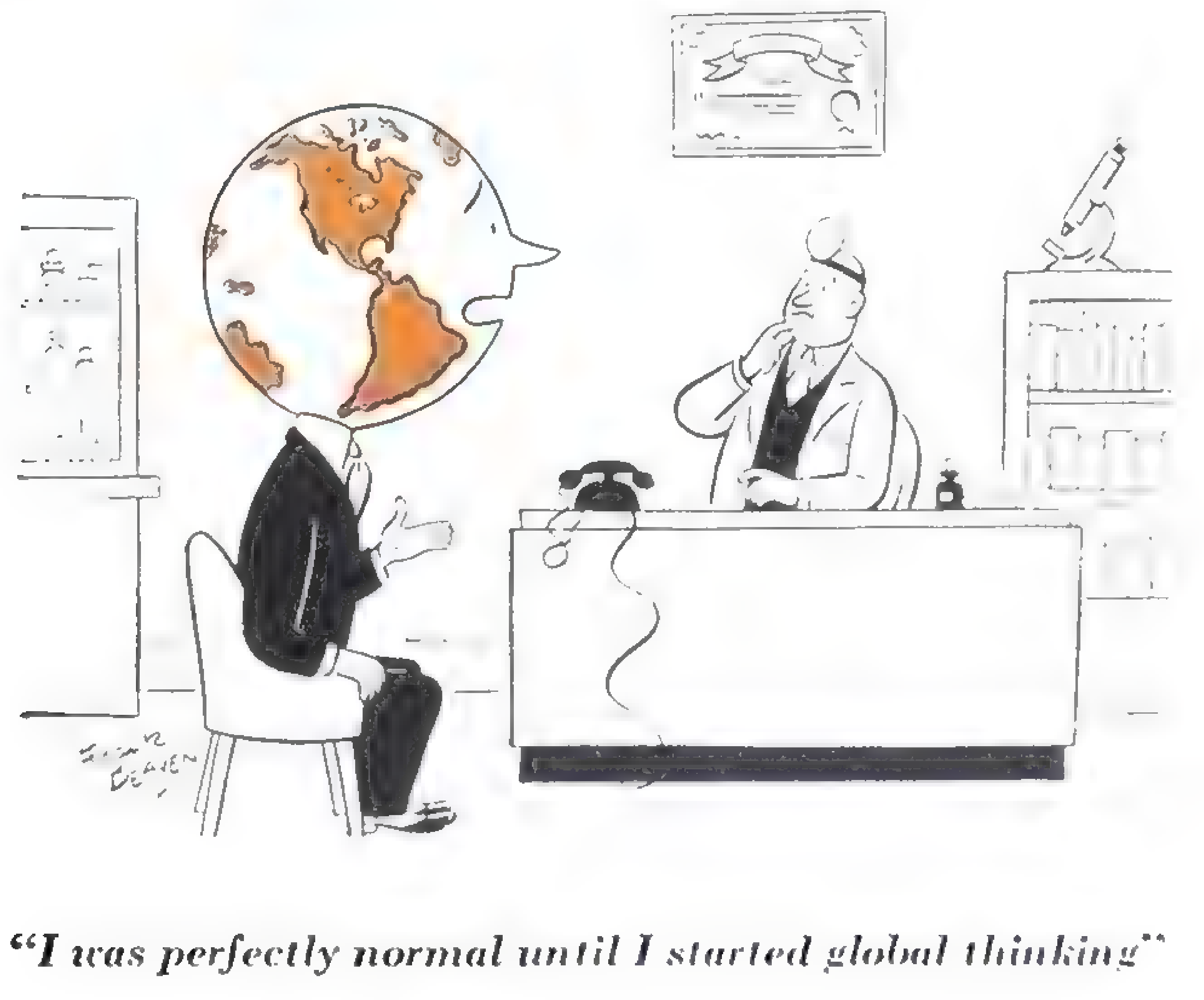
He has no patience with delay and formality. He goes from one place to another with the quickest possible speed. His automobile in the days when he was an office boy in the headquarters of the Chicago Cubs, was a 90-miles-an-hour Deusenberg. Veeck could make the demon do 110 miles an hour, particularly when he had somebody in the car who didn't like dangerous speed.

Veeck is the father of two children and devoted to his family and his farm some twenty-three miles northwest of Milwaukee. He may invite you to spend a week-end there, with fantastic tales of fishing in his private lake and the fairyland environments, but when you go there, you have to walk three miles from the nearest dirt road, climb over a hill, and then walk through underbrush to the house.

Asked where he got all his fantastic ideas, Billy said: "I study what people like and I work on curiosity. For example, if I see a horse I try to buy it and then give it away at the ball park. People like horses, you know.

"Curiosity is the spice of life. If you give the fans nothing else except a ball game, they'll come out in certain numbers. But arouse their curiosity and they'll come out in droves."

It has worked for Billy Veeck. ⌗



"I was perfectly normal until I started global thinking"

THIS FABRIC IS MADE OF
100% WOOL NAPHTHALATED

INVEST SOUNDLY...

First buy War Bonds—then invest safely in that new suit you have been counting on. For a sound suit investment be certain to make it a smart, expertly tailored, 100% Naphthalated Wool Worsted

Worsted-Tex

You will greatly admire the fine type of craftsmanship, splendid styling and long-wearing qualities of the suit. The quality-value fabrics are Wool Worsteds made of 100% WOOL NAPHTHALATED (virgin wool gently cleansed in naphtha to preserve wool fiber strength). Your guide to this quality is the illustrated tag you'll find in the inside pocket.

For sale by BROADSTREET'S, New York and Chicago, and other leading stores throughout the country. For name of nearest store, write Arlingcrest Naphthalated Wool Service, 347 Madison Avenue, New York 17, New York.

ARLINGTON MILLS, LAWRENCE, MASS.

WILLIAM WHITMAN COMPANY, INC., SELLING AGENTS
NEW YORK, N. Y.

CHAMPION WIRE FOX TERRIER PHOTO BY H. WAXMAN

"Man's Best Friend"

New Era SHIRTS

"YOUR NECK'S BEST FRIEND"*

New Era Shirts, and only these nationally famous shirts, have the patented *Linefold* Collar with a built-in fold line that forms a soft cushion which prevents irritation around neck... assuring greater comfort... longer wear ... perfect fit... easier ironing. Worn by millions of men because it's "YOUR NECK'S BEST FRIEND". $2 and up

*Copyright

NEW ERA SHIRT COMPANY • ST. LOUIS

Our 36th Year

The Greatest Game I Ever Saw

Continued from page 79

porary. Seconds later we were over for a touchdown. Michigan had at fullback, Lawton, subbing for Thomson, the regular who was ineligible for this game. Lawton went back to punt but Len Frank got through and blocked the kick. The ball bounced around and rolled back of the goal line, and Minnesota men fell on it for the touchdown.

We howled and whooped on the bench.

What! What! They were calling the ball back!

In bouncing around, the ball had brushed Umpire Frank Hinkey, the famous old Yale end. Under the rules the play was void. As a result of this play, the rule was changed next season.

So Michigan had another chance to kick out of its peril. This time Lawton got away a long punt. Nobody got through on him. The rest of the quarter was a ding-dong battle. We would fight our way up to the middle of the field and then lose the ball. Lawton would drop back for one of his booming long punts and it was all to do over again. The cunning Yost, realizing that he had the Minnesota machine off balance, used all his tactics to keep it.

In the third quarter, Michigan gave us a bad moment when it forced its way to our ten-yard line. McMillan, their quarterback, tried a place kick, which failed.

Then came the fourth period and, as yet, no score. The play was the fiercest in physical contact that I have ever seen. Thuds of the impact of body against body were heard all over the field. I can see Walker's 235 pounds coming around Minnesota's end line a charging buffalo and Benbrook, 290, meeting him in the clear with a tackle that seemed to shake the earth. I doubt if this phase of the game ever was equaled on a football field. It was a deadlocked game, giant against giant. Neither side had threatened in this period. Nearing the end of the fourth period the teams were lined up on Minnesota's forty-eight-yard line.

That was when Wells, Michigan 210-pound end, All-American that year, was suddenly seen in the backfield throwing a pass. Borleske of Michigan caught the ball on our thirty-yard line. We still were gasping when, after the line-up, Wells did exactly the same thing again and Borleske was downed on our three-yard line.

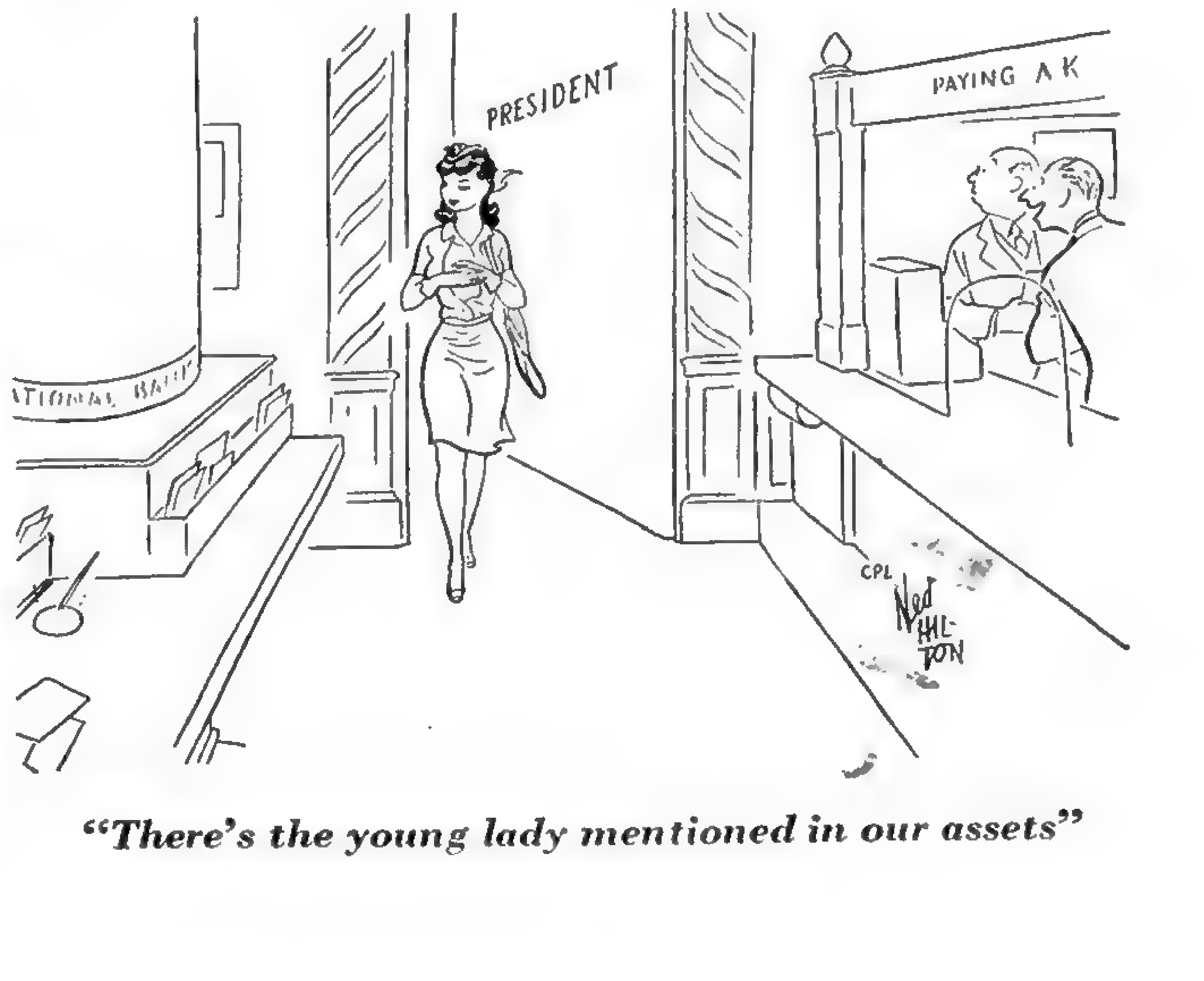
Three yards and goal to go. It couldn't be done. Minnesota's goal line had never been crossed. Our impregnable wall was massed to defend it. Whom did they call on? Wells again, our evil star. The ball was downed eight yards from the sidelines. Into the strong side he plunged and was piled up. Into the weak side on the next play, and over for the touchdown.

Pandemonium broke loose. The skies rocked. McMillan punted out to Edmunds who heeled the ball.

Pandemonium is the word. Guns, horns, bells, train and factory whistles, a hurricane of uproar. Late that night the town still was ablaze with torchlight processions and bonfires. The good old hairy days of 1910.

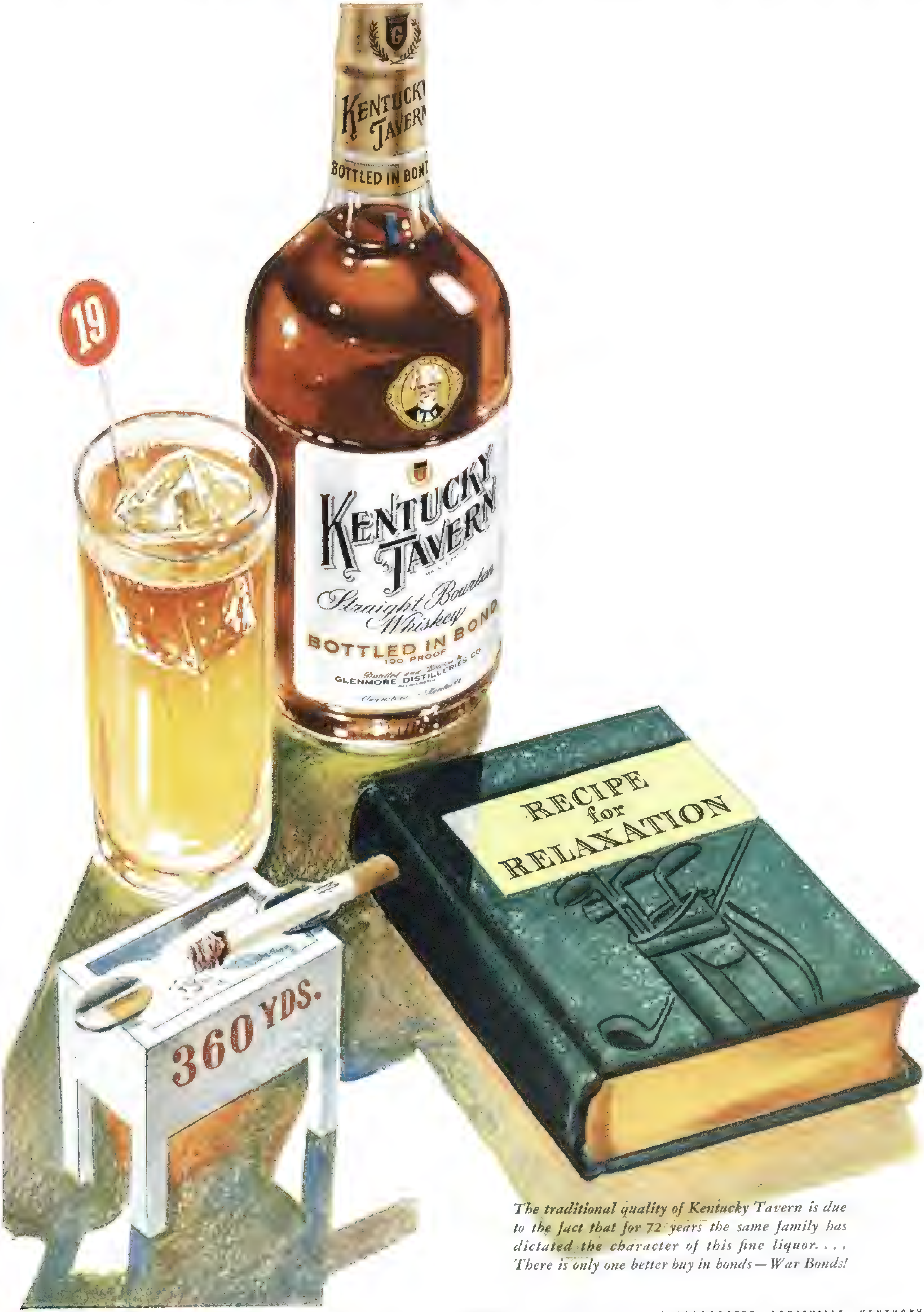
Forgotten was the humiliation of the vanquished—230-pounders near sobbing in the gloomy dusk. We realized now that we were defeated in the first quarter when that touchdown was called back. We never got back our co-ordination. But to be on the winning side in such a spectacle is the greatest thing in the world. It is a peak of emotional experience.

It was not because I was just eighteen and on my first trip with the squad. I say now it was the greatest game I ever saw. Little as I felt that way on that dark afternoon, I take off my hat to Yost. He stopped the pulverizing Minnesota shift by having his line men crash in before it developed. He had the genius to use the newly created forward pass at the vital moment to get invincible Minnesota up for a quick kill. Great was Yost. And that day, I know now, I decided to become a football coach. I wanted to be in this show the rest of my days. ⧺



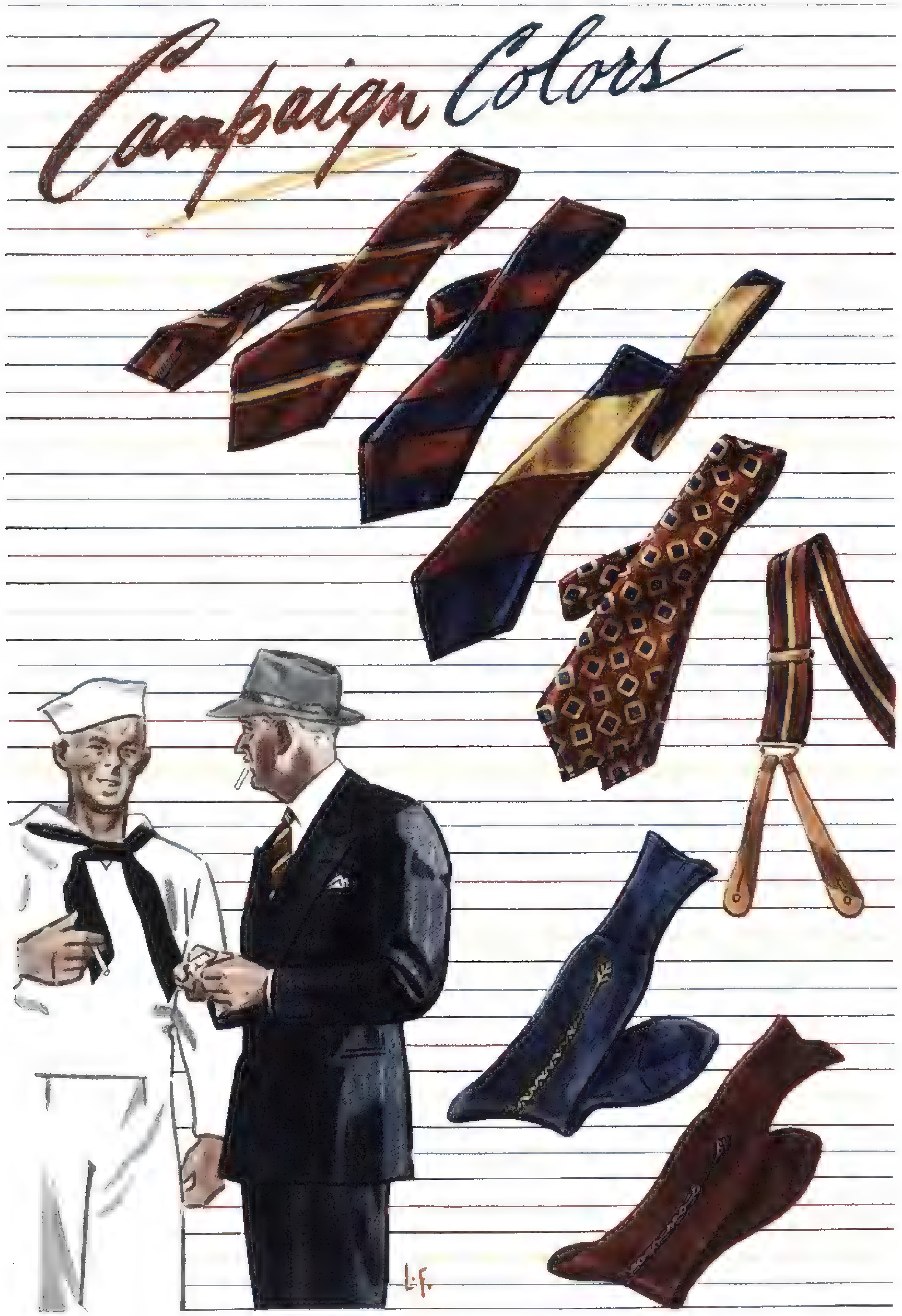
"There's the young lady mentioned in our assets"

THE ARISTOCRAT OF BONDS


KENTUCKY TAVERN
BOTTLED IN BOND
KENTUCKY TAVERN
Straight Bourbon Whiskey
BOTTLED IN BOND
100 PROOF
GLENMORE DISTILLERIES CO
19
360 YDS.
RECIPE for RELAXATION

The traditional quality of Kentucky Tavern is due to the fact that for 72 years the same family has dictated the character of this fine liquor.... There is only one better buy in bonds — War Bonds!

BOTTLED IN BOND KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON • 100 PROOF • GLENMORE DISTILLERIES CO., INCORPORATED, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY



ties that bind

The newest things in the civilian wardrobe are accessories in the brave new colors inspired by American Service Ribbons—those little pieces of cloth that cover so much territory. The notion here is that a father, for example, can incorporate in his dress colors adapted from those in the decorations on the chest of his fighting son. The man chatting with the gob wears, along with his pin-striped Pacific Blue suit and gray felt hat, a necktie in keeping with this idea. Its colors are Middle East Maroon, Atlantic Blue and Asiatic Gold. The tie at the top is the same as the one shown on the figure; next to it is a tie in Pacific Blue and Middle East Maroon. The other two ties make use of Pacific Blue, Middle East Maroon and Asiatic Gold in two different patterns. The identification having been carried this far, you are now in a strategic position to figure out the colors of the suspenders and socks for yourself.

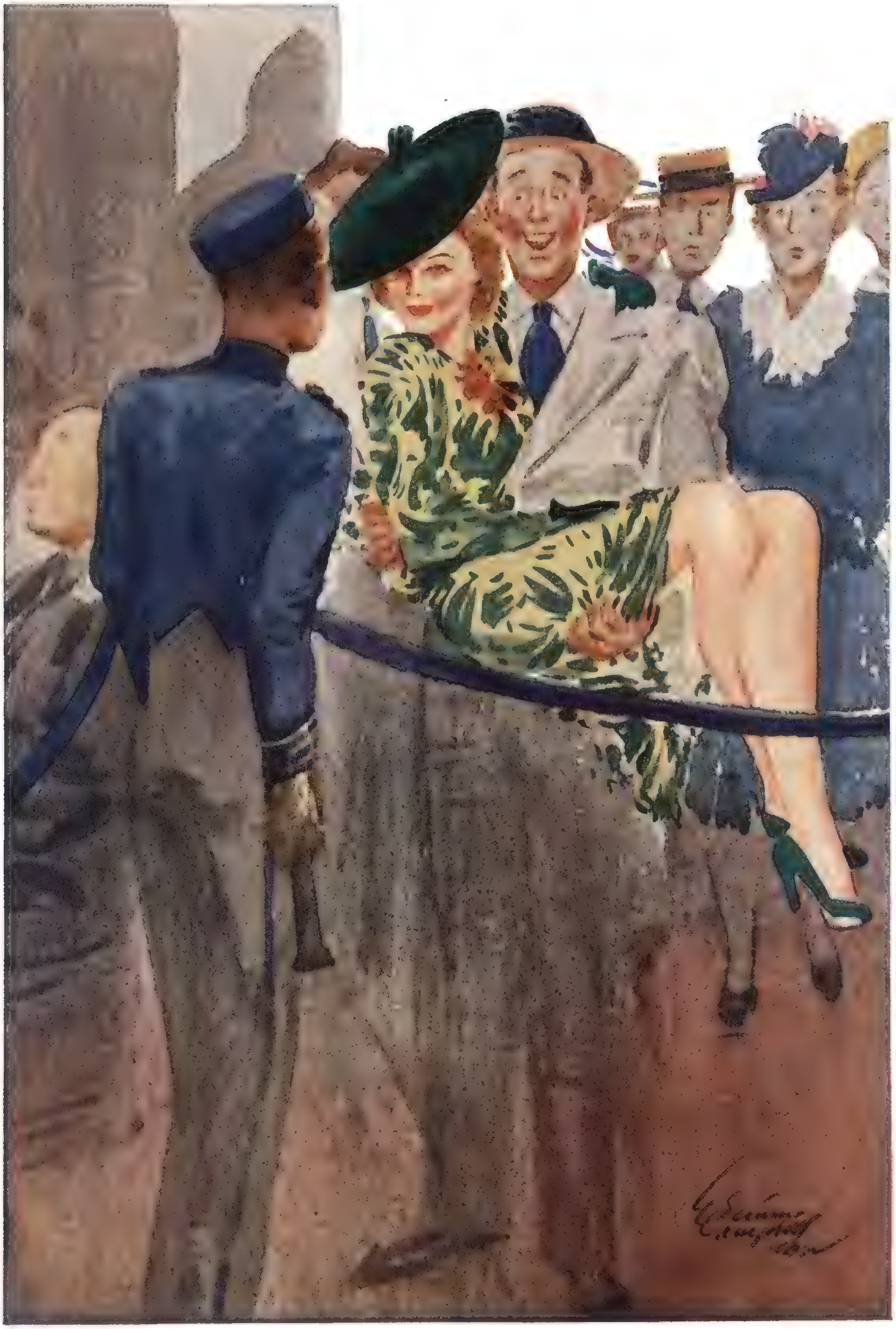
(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

BE RIGHT
DRINK LIGHT
BROWN-FORMAN
USE OF THIS BOTT
B-F
BROWN-FORMAN
KING
Black Label
LENDED WH
AN EXCEPTIONAL BLEND, FULL FLAVORED, PERFECTLY BALANCED, SELECTED FOR BODY AND DELICATE BOUQUET, BLENDED ESPECIALLY FOR THOSE WHO DESIRE A LIGHT BODIED DRINK.

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION
At Louisville in Kentucky

KING
LIGHT AS A WHISPER

KING BLACK LABEL
Blended Whisky, 86 Proof. The straight whiskies in this product are five years or more old. 40% straight whiskies; 60% grain neutral spirits.



"I'll take that single!"

Serenade to Fred Allen

Continued from page 72

never to make any of these cuts and changes seem hurried. For the essence of the program is still the deep pleasure Allen takes in it, the positive relish he has for every item in it.

The masterpieces of Allen's career are all parodies and of these perhaps the best are the parodies of radio. Radio technique is not too familiar; yet Allen manages to make it seem simple; and his mockery is both delicate and hearty. There are those who think the Orson Welles-Fred Allen opener of this season was the best of all; others hold for the famous occasion when Max, the vice-president in charge of going on the air, was involved. (Allen suggested that someone could phone to a friend to see whether the program actually *was* on the air; this was overruled on the ground that Max had gone to two technical schools and was a trained engineer and we ought not to take the word of a layman against his.) The burlesque mystery plays by the Mighty Allen Art Players also have their adherents; and there are people who actually think that the works of Falstaff Openshaw are the best things on the show. For myself, if I had to choose, and was held down to a single moment, I would take the accent of surprise and pleasure in Allen's voice as he says, "Why, Portland!" as Miss Hoffa makes her entrance. Because that, too, has the special Allen quality, the keen delight he has in the miraculous brightness and rightness of everything in the show.

Allen has the great blessing, for him and for us, of a crackling, dry, ordinary voice and a genuinely subtle and intricate mind. The parallel combination is one of Elmer Davis' great advantages; he can analyze the most delicate of international problems and sound all the time like an Iowa farmer talking about feed and weather and hogs.

Allen's tendency to throw half of his time away on puns—elaborate interviews with the payoff in a play on words—isn't fortunate. It is an easy way for a quick laugh. But note that even the puns rise out of character. The people in Allen's Alley are imaginary and almost legendary people; they are not identical; and if they make jokes, the jokes fit. But the best part is when Allen's commentary on people and events takes his natural turn of jesting. Then he inflates people and lets them explode themselves, while he stands by and chuckles. And we laugh.

I do not know whether Allen ever was the most popular man in radio. Looking back over ten or fifteen years, each of us can name a popular comedian or crooner or quizzer whose merit, in perspective, is not overwhelming. So it doesn't matter to us, although it may to Allen, and if it does matter to him, his long career and the violent affection of his listeners ought to make up for any trifling lapses in a radio rating.

The fact is that Allen is important to radio. In some twenty years of big-scale broadcasting, there have been some amazing creative forces—and some grave failures. But no one would have predicted, twenty years ago, that millions of people would enjoy—and thoroughly appreciate—a true wit, a man with a subtle turn of mind, a shrewd commentator on human nature. It would even have been hard to predict that such a character would arise; and that he would successfully weather the storms of sponsorship would not, I think, have been mentioned in reasonable society.

Obviously Fred Allen is not going to be allowed to desert us. This is no time for anyone to leave an essential occupation. But there is one thing he may do, and can do, and I'd like to see him do it. If he has the leisure of mind, and a few shining ducats to keep him from starvation, let him imagine the perfect radio program; let him plan it and work over it and bring it into being. Without involving any of my professional associates, I still can predict that he will be invited to try it out on the air. ###

REPORT FROM THE ALEUTIANS

A lot of fair-to-fine pictures will come your way in the next few months and a lot of fair-to-lousy ones, too. Your average will be good. But I go out of my way to suggest action for one picture—which you might otherwise miss.

Report from the Aleutians is a film in color, made by the Signal Corps specifically by Captain John Huston who not so long ago made *The Maltese Falcon*. This film is getting distribution but it may not reach your neighborhood house *unless you ask for it.*

ASK FOR IT. *Report from the Aleutians* is a superb documentary— and much more. It is the first factual war movie I've seen which has deep emotion. It tells you what one part of our war really is like. Put it beside *Desert Victory*— or maybe, as I incline to do, a little above.

GILBERT SELDES

WINTHROP LOOKS AT YOUTH!

Identical Winthrop Shoes for Dads and Sons

Whether you're young in years or young in heart, you'll find this sturdy Winthrop moccasin "tops" in style and comfort. The same shoe is duplicated in Winthrop Juniors for boys, sizes 1 to 6.

WINTHROP SHOES
$5.50 to $9.50
Winthrop Juniors for Boys
$4.50 to $5.50
(Slightly higher in the West)

Winthrop Shoes
The Style Endures

WINTHROP SHOE COMPANY, ***Div: International Shoe Co.,*** **SAINT LOUIS**

Joe, the Great McWhiff

Continued from page 77

he said. "They won't make a decision until they send somebody to look this monkey over for himself. You'll see, though. They'll make you replay all them games."

Shorty laughed at him. The Monday papers from all over the country were full of stories about Joe, and it didn't look like we could miss. We were starting a series with the Yanks. The top baseball writers from all the big papers were there to watch Joe do his stuff.

Someone told us that Joe McCarthy, the Yanks' pilot, had been talking to the Sox manager, but that didn't worry Shorty.

"If you can't see 'em, you can't hit 'em," he pointed out.

Rizzuto was the first man up. He held his bat out and singled into left. Rolfe followed him and singled into right the same way. I looked at Shorty. Selkirk singled into center, scoring Rizzuto.

Joe didn't seem to have lost any of his speed and Al was calling for the ball in the right places. DiMaggio swung his bat a little and hit a double, scoring Rolfe and Selkirk. Someone yelled, "Take him out!" It was the first time they'd ever done that with Joe.

I watched closely when Keller came to bat and finally I saw what was happening. Knowing that Joe could hit the banana every time, the New York batters were sneaking a look at it and holding their bats where the ball was going to come.

In the third inning we had to take Joe out. Shorty was brokenhearted. "What'll we do?" he asked me.

It didn't help any when the Boss, who'd been doing nothing but pat us on the back during Joe's winning streak, came around and said: "You guys should know better than to try and make a pitcher out of a monkey and a monkey out of me. One more trick like that and I'll fire the both of you."

We tried Joe on Tuesday and Wednesday and both times the Yanks knocked him out of the box within the space of three innings. The papers were beginning to make sarcastic cracks about "the great McWhiff" and about the two wise guys who thought they had the baseball racket beat, meaning Shorty and me.

"Even Joe's worrying," Shorty told me on Wednesday night. "He's starting to brood. He just sits and stares at them there Yank pitchers."

Then, to make matters worse if possible, who should show up there before the game on Thursday but Mr. Herbert Gilbert Norbert from the League front office. He was the secretary in charge of Public Decorum and Good Order. He called Shorty and me before him as if we had been schoolboys. "I am here to observe this monkey," he said. "Complaint has been made and I must be satisfied that he is qualified in personality to support the dignity of the game."

"Now look, Mr. Secretary," Shorty said right away, "Joe's all right. He's a gentleman both on the field and off."

Mr. Norbert acted very doubtful. "I hear the monkey hasn't been doing so well recently. Lost his last three starts. Now if he's no good I'm sure you won't mind releasing him if I ask you to."

"He'll get back into form," Shorty said. "He's just having a bad week."

"Now, I want to be fair," Mr. Norbert said. "Suppose you put him in there today. If he looks good, you can keep him. If he doesn't, you release him. That's fair, isn't it?"

It was fair enough, but that didn't help. The Yanks had Joe all figured out. We hadn't been planning to pitch him. He didn't look so hot against the Yanks.

Shorty worked over him like a mother before the game. When Shorty came in, after staking Joe down, he said, "It's a funny thing but Joe don't seem to be brooding any more. I think he figures he can take this game."

Rizzuto walked out to the plate full of confidence. Al took out the banana and Joe let fly with the ball. Rizzuto held out his bat.

The ball went *smack* into Al's mitt and the umpire yelled, "Strike one!"

Rizzuto looked at his bat and then got ready for the next pitch. It went *smack* into Al's mitt, too. So did the third one.

I couldn't understand it, and I didn't understand it any better when the same thing happened to Rolfe and Selkirk. Joe retired the side on nine straight pitches.

But when Al Bates came into the dugout the sweat was rolling down his face and he shook.

"Tom," he said in a voice that came up from his heels, "now he's throwing curves."

And Joe was. I guess he'd been watching the way the Yankee pitchers flicked their wrists when they tossed curve balls.

"What a brain!" Shorty said proudly. "He's got everything, even brains."

Joe pitched a no-hitter and the fans went crazy. Shorty was jumping up and down like a little boy. After the game Mr. Norbert came down to the dugout.

"Your monkey pitched a good game," he said. "A fine game. And I'll stick to my bargain. But first I'd like to meet him. You don't see many monkeys playing baseball. It's out of the ordinary."

That's a matter of opinion, but all Shorty said was, "Sure, Mr. Norbert. Joe'd like to meet you too. Come on out to the mound."

A good half of the customers had stayed in the stands to look at Joe who still was chained at the pitcher's box. Norbert swelled his chest and shot his cuffs as he walked out before the public.

My mind was going around in circles with thoughts of winning the pennant by thirty games and taking the World Series in four straight no hitters.

"Joe's a fine fellow, Mr. Norbert," Shorty said as we came up to the mound. "He's the best behaved pitcher I ever met. Shake hands with Mr. Norbert, Joe."

Joe and Norbert shook hands. All the stands gave a cheer and Mr. Norbert took off his hat and bowed to them. Shorty unchained Joe, and we walked toward the plate together. One of the umpires was taking spare balls from the underground box.

"I can't see any reason why he shouldn't pitch for you," Norbert was saying. "He seems very decent and dependable."

Shorty beamed. "Joe's no trouble at all."

Norbert reached into his pocket while he was talking and pulled out a banana. "Here's a little present for Joe," he said, holding it out.

Before Shorty or I could move Joe had snatched a ball from the umpire and let fly. Norbert dodged and started to run. Joe jerked his chain out of Shorty's hand, helped himself to an armful of the balls and ran after Norbert.

"Drop the banana, Mr. Norbert," I yelled.

He didn't hear me. He was heading out toward center field and behind him came Joe, firing a baseball every few steps. They all hit Norbert straight as an arrow just below the hip pockets and at every shot Norbert gave a yell and a leap and the crowd gave a cheer. Norbert disappeared through the center field gates just as Joe's last baseball landed on him.

"Well," Shorty said, "we've lost our pitcher."

"His career is ended." Shorty was almost crying. "Norbert will have to stand up to write the report on him, but Joe is through." Then Shorty gave a howl. "Where did Norbert get that banana?"

The umpire had an idea. "I wouldn't want to say for sure," he said, "but Joe McCarthy looked like he was holding a banana behind him after the game."

"And I wasn't watching him." This was the last straw that broke Shorty's heart. "That's what happens when you don't watch everybody. What's baseball coming to if there's guys in it who would do a thing like that?" ⌗

Baseball

With the possible exception of mapping out tablecloth military campaigns, baseball is America's favorite sport. A baseball team consists of nine men on your side and ten or eleven on the other, depending on how many umpires are officiating. An umpire is a fellow who, in spite of standing directly behind the plate, can't see balls and strikes as well as you can from the left field bleachers on a cloudy day with a hangover.

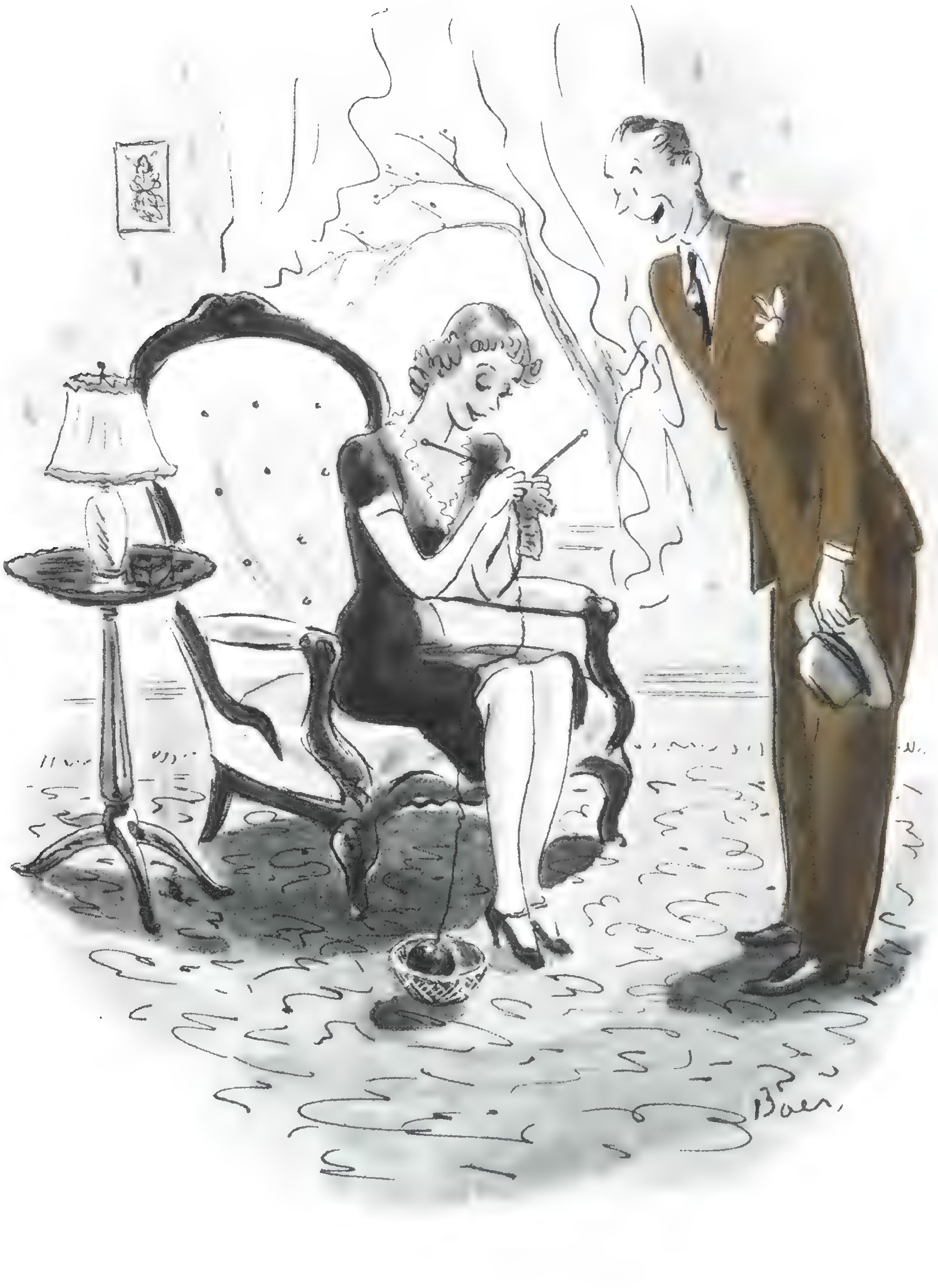
What with the war, most teams will be made up to a large extent of men over the draft age, and the average fan will refuse to believe that the expression "Nine Old Men" refers to the Supreme Court, and not a major league ball team. But war or no war, loyal baseball fans will continue to turn out and root for the "home" team—which features a pitcher from Glendale, Cal.; a second baseman from Grand Rapids, Mich.; a right fielder from Waycross, Ga.; and a shortstop from Winchester, Mass.

A baseball game consists of nine innings unless the score is tied, in which case the game is continued until a decision or a total black-out is reached. A fan who watches a nineteen-inning ball game is said by the baseball writers to: "have witnessed an extra-session engagement", and by his wife to be: "late for dinner for the third time this week! What's the big idea, you heel?"

All players on a ball team have their uses. The catcher is known as the Brains of the team. He is the fellow who says: "That's pitching in there, old keed, old keed!" and "Hey! How about that, ump?" He might better be described as the Voice. An outfielder is a player who's usually too slow to handle ground balls in the infield but fast enough to dodge pop bottles from the bleacher fans. An outfielder has to be a heavy hitter unless he wants to become a light eater.

The pitcher is the guy who, after adjusting his cap, hitching up his pants, throwing the ball to the first baseman three or four times, shaking his head at the catcher, going half way to the plate to confer with him, rubbing his hand on his pants, and signalling the right fielder to play a little deeper, finally catches everybody in the park by surprise by heaving the ball at the plate. If those in charge of our war effort were as slow as the average major league pitcher, we would just about be getting around to producing a muzzle-loading rifle.

—PARKE CUMMINGS



"Well, well—so from now on it's all *in your hands, I see!"*

Corporal Ortwingle's Secret

Continued from page 63

again he should have gone and had the tooth pulled out."

"It don't take no brains," said Smoot sagely, "to say 'I tole you so.' Any live fish kin swim upstream. The thing that we got to figger out is how to save Ortwingle's life and also at the same time to keep ourselfs from gittin' into dutch with the Medical Corpse."

"What we have got to worry about," said Corky Smith, "is if Ortwingle's life is worth our bein' casted into the guardhouse for and maybe bein' busted back to the rank of a mere private."

"This is a problem," said Smoot, "that would wrack the brains of an intelligent giant."

"I am for going and making a clean breast of the whole silly business," said Harrison Hyler. "After all, your intentions were good. If we tell the truth, the worst you can be accused of is colossal stupidity."

"Maybe Hyler is got something there," admitted Corky Smith. "The worst anybody kin accuse you of, Smooty boy, is what everybody already knows anyway."

"Is it my fault," Smoot demanded, "if Ortwingle don't know no better than to go swallerin' snuff juice? If it is anybody who they ought to be court-martialed for stupidity, it is Ortwingle."

"A dead guy," said Corky Smith, "is in no condition to stand up and be court-martialed."

"I will haff to sleep on this here situation," Smoot declared. "It is usually the case with me that whenever a problem raises its ugly head, it's somethin' that it don't say a damn word about in Army Regulations."

The next afternoon, after drill, Hyler and Corky Smith and Sergeant Smoot met by prearrangement.

"Well?" said Corporal Hyler.

Smoot sighed. "It is my sad duty to say that my better nature unfortunately has went ahead and got the best of me. Let come what may, I am arrived at the decision that at whatever cost to my private reputation it is my duty to tell the bitter truth and save poor Ortwingle's life, otherwise every time I looked at his grave, especially in winter when it was piled sixteen feet high with snow, it would put me into a sad mood."

"Yeah," said Corky Smith. "I guess Ortwingle is too clost a friend for us to let him go ahead and die. Even in this case, where I will haff to pay him back the two-sixty I owe him, I'd jist as rather have him keep on livin'."

"It is a testimony to your comradeship," said Hyler, "which I am sure would touch him deeply were he here to hear it."

At the hospital Smoot said to the nurse in charge of the reception room: "Our buddy is probly bustin' down death's door by this time, an' we would like to see the doctor because we know jist what is the matter with him."

The nurse, grown grey in service, glanced up at the three soldiers and shrugged. "Corporal Ortwingle? I believe he's permitted to receive visitors this afternoon. Room Eighteen. You may go in. But don't stay long."

"That nurse," said Corporal Smith as they hunted for Room Eighteen, "is some tough nurse by the looks of her. I bet if she lived back in the Roman times, it would be her that they went ahead and threw the lions to."

In Room Eighteen, Ortwingle, in a woolen hospital nightgown, was ensconced on a high hospital bed. Delicacies abounded at the table beside him. He looked the picture of rosy health.

"We figured you was on the point of dyin'," declared Smoot, disappointment spreading visibly over his features.

"I am never felt better in my life," Ortwingle asserted. "This here bunch of medical doctors figgers I got some rare disease because I am suppose to stay in bed and git observed for about a month. I am allowed to have anything I want to eat and drink, because there is nothin' the matter with me except my neck bein' rigid and they never heard of such a case before unless it was spiral meningitis, which my blood tests says I ain't got. I also ain't got such a stiff neck any more, but I am keepin' that a secret."

"This," said Smoot, flabbergasted, "is a hell of a note."

"There is ony one favor I would ast you guys, as my fellow-buddies, to do for me. And that is never to reveal to them doctors that I swallered that Copenhagen snuff, because if ever they go and find out what is really the matter with me I will become jist another corporal in the Army again and not a rare case that kin lay around for a month and git his meals served in bed."

Smoot shook his head. "Don't worry. I will keep your secret locked up in this here breast of mine. I guess I'll haff to leave you guys now."

"Where are you goin' in such a hurry?" Ortwingle demanded.

"A sick patient there is certain things that he needs to cheer him up," said Smoot sarcastically. "So if everybody will excuse me I will now go out and stop into a florist's shop and order to be delivered to Ortwingle a nice big bunch of poison ivory." #

This is one year when WAR BONDS come FIRST.
If you own a Zero King sport coat—MAKE IT DO.

B. W. H. MFG. CO.

ZERO KING SPORTSWEAR

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

If you must have a new sport fashion then make sure it's a Zero King—practical, wearable, built for duration service.

There's nothing like a Zero King for man, woman or boy. It is the name that stands for the finest in styling, in fabrics, in workmanship—in long years of service. Look for the Zero King label and play safe.

AT BETTER STORES EVERYWHERE, or write us for the name of store nearest you. B. W. HARRIS MANUFACTURING CO., St. Paul, Minn.

Brief for Daylight Bombing

Continued from page 61

of anti-aircraft guns, or the withering broadsides from Nazi Focke-Wulfs or Messerschmitts in broad daylight. At least that was the erudite sophistry that prevailed at the time.

Such a learned journal as *The Aeroplane*, a British aviation publication noted throughout the Empire, said in its issue of August 21, 1942:

"The Flying Fortress is not a really first-class heavy bomber when compared with the Stirling, Halifax and Lancaster. For its size it does not carry a great weight of bombs. Bomb load seems smaller in relation to loaded weight. The B-17E is certainly heavily armed and will prove a formidable bomber for fighters to attack, although most of the guns are hand-operated, and guns do not protect it against anti-aircraft fire.

"How soon these Americans will be doing operational flights or what will be the nature of their jobs is not for us to discuss. We can only hope that their machines will be tried out where the risk is not excessive or that these keen and well trained crews can be provided with more modern heavy bombers which will give them full scope to prove their undoubted worth."

With this learned commentary concerning their forthcoming daylight raids against the Luftwaffe, the United States Army Air Forces set out upon the Lille adventure on October 9th, 1942. Their manner was grim and determined. The theories behind the Boeing Flying Fortress and the Consolidated Liberator were being submitted to the acid test. They were to face savage anti-aircraft fire and the fierce thrusts of Goering's best airmen.

What happened is best told in the terse report of General Henry H. Arnold, Commanding General of the United States Army Air Forces, following a careful sifting of all information concerning the affair. The official report issued from General Arnold's Headquarters, said:

"October 9—Ninety-one Flying Fortresses and twenty-seven Liberators bombed Lille and adjacent targets with 161 tons of high explosives and ten tons of incendiaries. Attacked by large flights of German fighters, they destroyed twenty-five, probably destroyed thirty-eight and damaged forty-four. We lost three Fortresses and one Liberator."

Thus did the United States Army Air Forces relegate the heresy concerning daylight bombing to the hoary, dismal dungeons of the dark ages.

The place of the fighter plane was thrust into a position of secondary importance.

The bomber that fights, as exemplified by the Boeing Flying Fortress and the Consolidated Liberator, was elevated to a post of primary importance. The day of the aerial battleship was at hand.

In one deft stroke the United States Army Air Forces, not yet out of their swaddling clothes, had upset the entire scheme of aerial warfare.

The aerial tactics of the Luftwaffe and the Japanese air forces were made obsolete immediately.

Air power entered a new era of development.

With their pride piqued by the enterprise of America's airmen, the RAF set out eight days after the Lille encounter to stage a daylight raid on the great Schneider works at Le Creusot, France. There were ninety-four Avro Lancasters in the raid. The planes flew over France at zero altitude and then arose to 4,000 feet to drop their bombs on the Schneider armament factory. The return flight to Britain was made in the twilight of the dying day. One Lancaster was lost.

Following this renaissance period in aviation history, General Douglas MacArthur, Commander of the Allied Forces in the Southwest Pacific, announced a very novel conception of air power. This statement by America's brilliant leader was made from his Australian Headquarters on April 14, 1943.

"The first line of Australian defense is our bomber line," declared General MacArthur.

"The range of our Air Force over surrounding waters marks the stretch of no man's sea which is the measure of our safety. If we lose the air, naval forces cannot save us.

"Conversely, if the enemy wins control of the air, his naval units can at once bring forward convoys of ground forces to continue his attack to the southward, to a limit imposed only by the effective range of his land-based air support.

"A primary threat to Australia does not, therefore, require a great initial local concentration of naval striking power. It requires rather a sufficient concentration of land-based aviation. As a matter of fact, Japanese naval forces in great strength, although now beyond our bomber range, are within easy striking distance of Australia.

"The vital factors, therefore, in the southwest Pacific, with its littoral of countless island groups and innumerable archipelagic reaches, are the Air Forces to strike and the ground forces to conquer and hold.

"The Allied naval forces can be counted upon to play their own magnificent part, but the battle of the Western Pacific will be won or lost by the proper application of the air-ground team."

Swinging the microphone back to the contrasting views of British and American Air Forces on the daylight vs. the night bombing issue, we hear the observations of Air Vice Marshal F. Macneece

Continued on page 152

". . that was my first job. Had a pair of Colt-Cromwell boots, too"

Of course he did—our Engineers' Boots are standard equipment for jobs like that. He's got another engineering job to do now, for which his Uncle Sam provides him with boots. But there's many an engineer in civilian work who's taking extra special care of his Colt-Cromwells, because he can't get another pair for the duration.

That's because we have a war job, too. All our time and all our facilities are going into making leather goods for the Army. We're proud to use our skill this way — but we're doing all we can to make sure there'll come a time when no paperhanger can push a shoemaker away from his last.

FOREMOST AFOOT COLT QUALITY *AND ASTRIDE*

COLT · CROMWELL

BOSTON · MASSACHUSETTS

"Jones could get ahead easier if he'd only use Mum!"

UNDERARM odor is a high, high hurdle on the track to business success.

Men-Most-Likely-to-Succeed know it—that is why so many of them use Mum regularly. It's easy to see that a bath or a shower can only remove *past* perspiration—but that Mum prevents risk of *future* odor. Mum is quick—it takes only 30 seconds for a protective dab under each arm.

Mum is safe—for your skin or your clothing. And its good effects last all through the day or evening. Get Mum at your nearest drugstore.

Product of Bristol-Myers

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

SERVING AMERICANS the WORLD OVER!
Klikit
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
FASTENERS

At home—and on the far-flung battle fronts of the world . . . wherever there's a job to be done . . . Klikit Fasteners are doing their share. On such Army needs as grenade carriers, parachutes and gun pouches, as well as on Victory Workers' Clothing, durability is vital in a snap fastener . . . that is why KLIKIT FASTENERS were chosen to serve our Victory Armies at home and abroad. Precision-made Klikits go only on the best!

Until Victory, consumer production of Klikits is limited—but after the war, there will again be sufficient Klikit Fasteners to take care of all requirements.

In Snap Fasteners it's KLIKIT

RAU FASTENER CO.
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES GLOVERSVILLE, N. Y. MONTREAL TORONTO
MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS "GRIPZIT" BUCKLE

Brief for Daylight Bombing

Continued from pages 61-151

Foster, as addressed to 400 members and guests of the Canadian Club at a luncheon held April 28, 1943, in the Waldorf Astoria in New York.

"A striking change, during the last few months, has come over the viewpoints of both services as a result of actual operational experience," said Air Marshal Foster. "The USAAF has become increasingly impressed by the possibility of accurate night bombing due to the extraordinary development of technical instruments, which has made this possible even under conditions of very unfavorable visibility.

"The photographs of the damage on great munition works in Essen, Hamburg and many other targets have been carefully examined by experts in the United States and have shown the degree of accuracy which is possible as a result of the most modern technique.

"It is equally essential to state that the RAF has been correspondingly impressed by the development of day bombing. The raid on Vegesack, to take a single example, shows that day bombers are capable of accurate bombing of a highly fortified area and that in the process, day bombers have been able to take a heavy toll of enemy fighters which attacked them."

Air Marshal Foster stated in conclusion, that reports and photographs showed that of fifteen U-boats housed at Vegesack on March 15, seven had been damaged.

Probably the most spectacular shift in aerial thinking that has occurred during the war has arisen among our highly placed naval leaders in Washington. When the mammoth twenty-nine billion dollar appropriation bill of the Navy Department was up for consideration in May, Vice Admiral F. J. Horne, Vice Chief of Naval Operations, appeared before the Appropriations Committee.

"Paradoxical as it may seem," Admiral Horne testified, "the fleet as such no longer exists, that is, as an operational unit. Missions in modern naval warfare are generally accomplished by task forces. I think that the naval battle as such, battleship against battleship, big fleet against big fleet, is out of the picture for the future.

"The ideal task force is one built around the aircraft carrier and since the carrier is relatively inferior in armament, it is necessary that some one run interference for her. The cruiser is the ideal type for this from the standpoint of flexibility, speed and armament."

Thus the Navy puts itself on record as swinging away from their massive, lavishly armored ocean dreadnoughts, even though a heavily gunned version of the battleship knocked the living daylights out of the aircraft from three Nipponese carriers. This was the famous action of the new battleship X which took place off the Santa Cruz Islands on October 26, 1942.

Here are the views of many of our most prominent leaders of land, sea and air warfare. General MacArthur, one of the most brilliant of the world's military men, points out the essential need of air power to win in land or sea engagements. Admiral Horne of the United States Navy indicates the shift of naval confidence from the battleship to the carrier.

But it is the magnificent analysis of Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur William Tedder which gives the cue to the future progress of aviation.

"Air fighting has changed warfare and made it three dimensional," asserts Air Marshal Tedder, appraising the proper orientation of air power. "The command of the air determines what happens on land and on sea, whereas armies and navies cannot affect the command of the air."

Thus, as the famous RAF leader testifies, "the cobwebs have not been shaken away from the old ideas of air support. They have been blown away."

The principal functions of an Air Force are three in number, as follows:

1. Army cooperation.
2. Navy cooperation.
3. Independent action.

The most important development of aviation is now taking place with lightning speed. Air power has reached the position where it will engage extensively in independent action against rival air power. We have already had four such conflicts in this war. They are:

1. The Battle of Britain.
2. The Battle of Coral Sea.
3. The Battle of Midway.
4. The Battle of Lille.

Although there were probably 1,000 aircraft involved in the Dieppe operation on August 19, 1942, the primary object was to provide air cover for ground troops, or, as in the case of the Luftwaffe, to attack rival aircraft, to attack transports and to check the progress of Allied ground troops.

A broad panorama of air power indicates clearly, that the primary action of an Air Force is its ability to initiate and successfully conclude independent aerial conflicts. This is the keystone of modern warfare. Upon it the entire safety of our cloudscapes reposes. If our Air Marshals cannot maintain their aerial equilibrium, they are in no position to provide suitable air cover for land or sea engagements.

We have already observed the stunning defeat that was administered the Luftwaffe by the RAF in the Battle of Britain. This remarkable victory saved Britain,

This Pacific Factag means the fabric is tops

Pajamas with a service medal on their chests
by don herold

You've heard about pajama tops. Well, if you want to be sure of tops in both pajama tops and bottoms—here's a way.

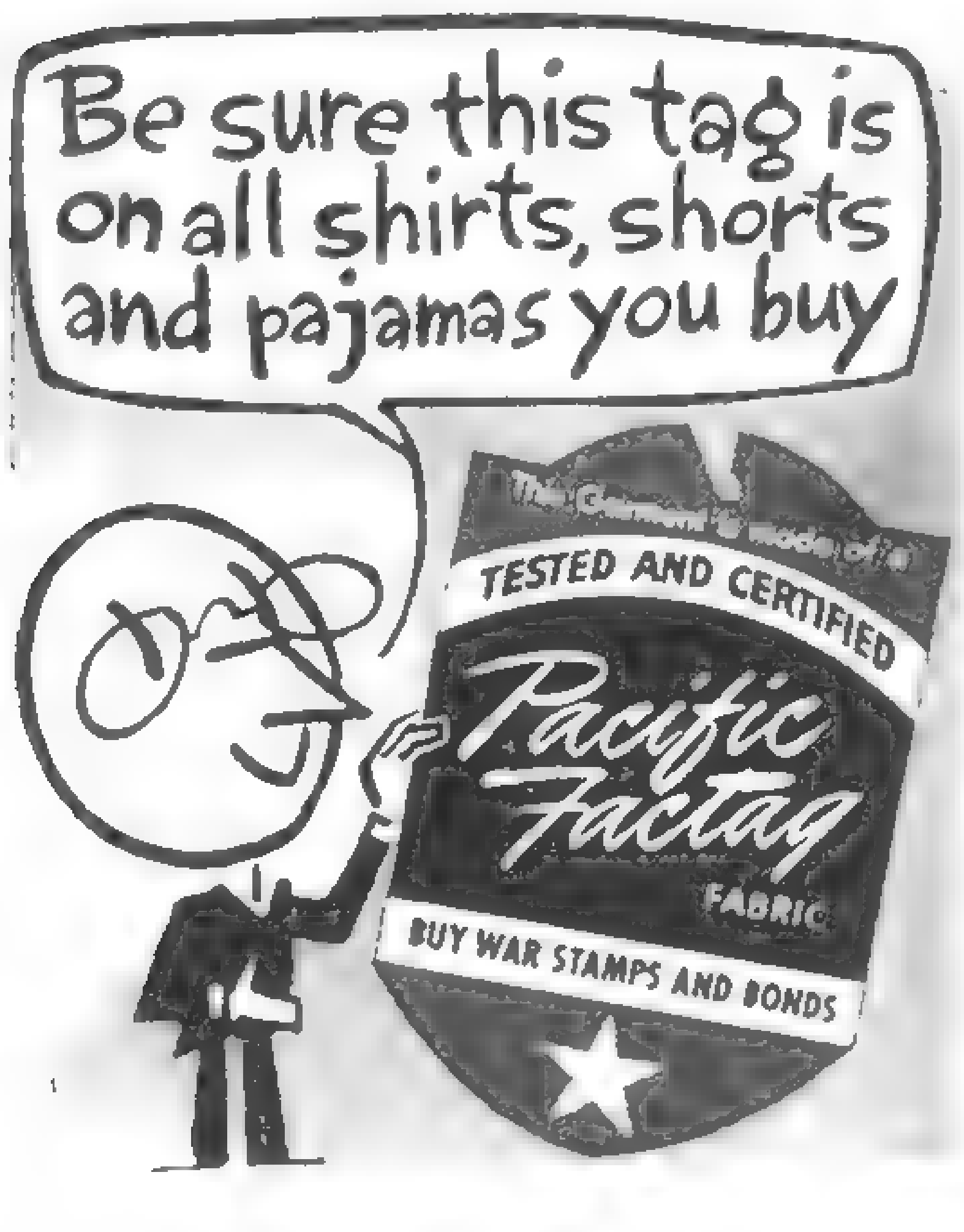
Look for a certain red and blue tag which many makers of extra-good popular-priced pajamas, shirts and shorts snap onto their products—the Pacific Factag (you'll see its portrait below).

This tag tells you accurately how well the colors will stand up under washing, sunlight and perspiration—according to U. S. govt. standard tests. (All the facts are on the back of the tag, plain as day.)

You school fellers should look sharp for the Pacific Factag when stocking up for Fall and Winter.

It's just one more guide to goodness, for these days when you want your dollars to do their darndest.

This ad is for Pacific Mills, 214 Church Street, New York.


Be sure this tag is on all shirts, shorts and pajamas you buy
This Garment is made of a
TESTED AND CERTIFIED
Pacific Factag
FABRIC
BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS

saved America and saved the world from the iron heel of Nazi imperialism. Although the RAF had the instrument with which to defeat the savage offensive of the Luftwaffe, the British airmen did not, at the time, have the type of planes that would enable them to shift from defense to offense.

At Coral Sea, and Midway, American Navy and Army planes completely routed Japanese naval offensives without a shot being fired by United States surface ships. These two actions were conclusive proof of the value of the modern aircraft carrier and its complement of planes. The new battleships may bristle all over with anti-aircraft armament but it must be taken into consideration that bombers are packing heavier fire power, while the bombs they transport are becoming bigger and more deadly. The surface ship is also called upon to face smashing attacks from a much larger number of planes. Where fifteen or twenty aircraft would stalk a battleship or cruiser six months or a year ago, that same vessel will have to stand up under the concentrated fire of forty or fifty planes today. And if it takes more than that, they are available to do the job. No battleship or cruiser is capable of carrying adequate armor and armament to withstand such pulverizing blows. And don't forget that the day of the aerial battleship, as exemplified by the Boeing Flying Fortress and the Consolidated Liberator, is still in its infancy.

The Battle of Lille marked the inception of the aerial battleship upon the cloudscapes of Mars. The importance of this event has received but scant recognition among the infantile occupants of our global nursery. Yet this is the outstanding aviation event of the war. Everything that transpired before was all kindergarten stuff. Here in one sensational maneuver, an American airplane designer made the entire pattern of aerial warfare as known to the rest of the world, utterly, completely and ridiculously, obsolete. The transition was as remarkable as from night to day. The only thing lacking to make this new era of air power distinguishable by an innocent world, was a sufficient fleet of aerial battleships and their complement of escort planes.

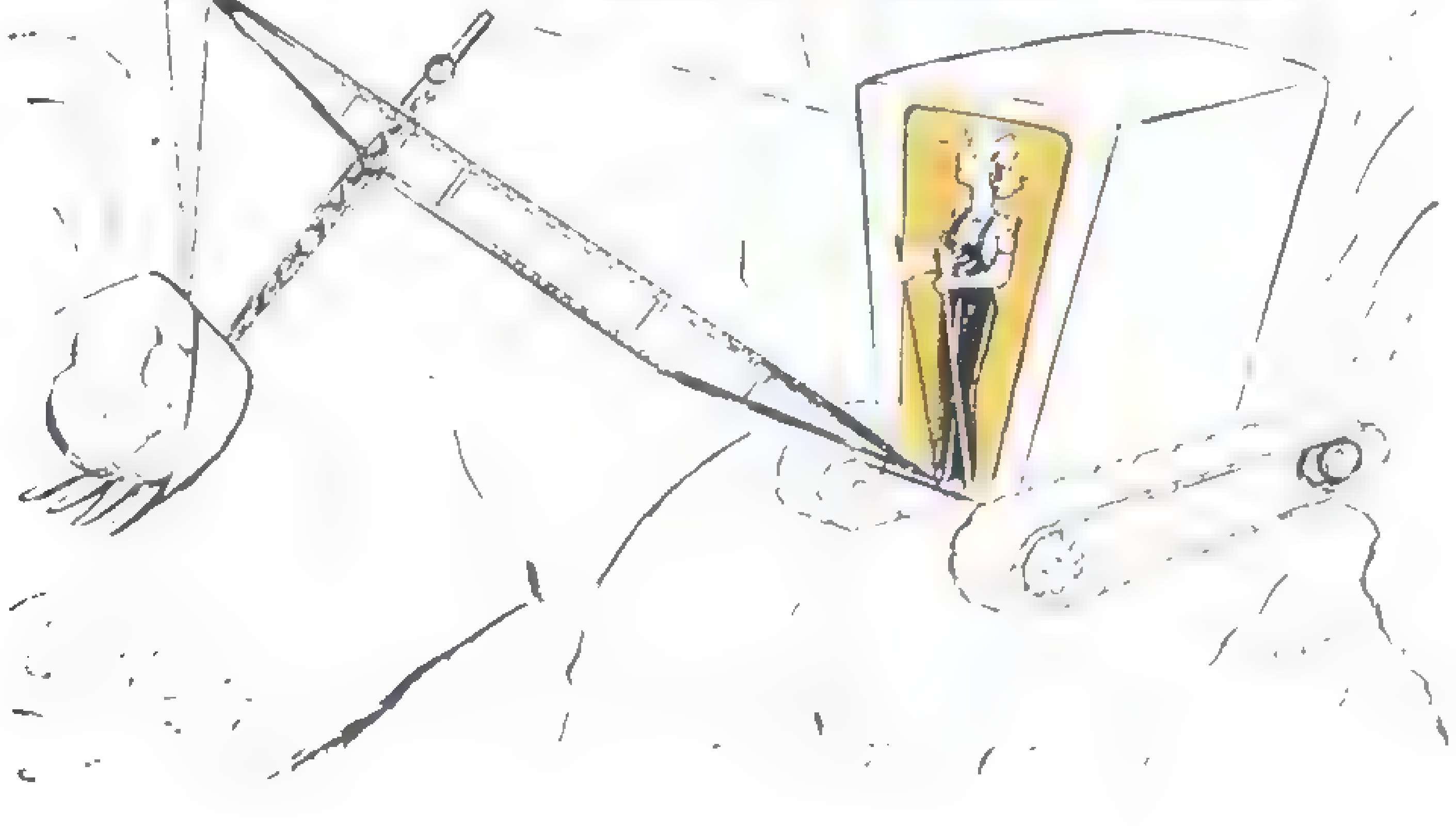
The British failed to establish a bridgehead at Dieppe mainly because they did not secure control of the air. They did not secure control of the air because they did not establish bases on the Continent. They did not establish bases on the Continent because they did not have enough planes of the right type. The Flying Fortresses were just beginning to go into limited action in those days. If there had been three or four hundred Fortresses and Liberators, escorted by long-range fighters, the Luftwaffe would have been thrust brusquely aside. Airfields would have been seized. A bridgehead would have been established. And supported with adequate air power of the right type, Germany could not have driven that Allied force out of occupied France.

But the ability of that invasion force to retain its position in occupied France would not have depended upon the British army. It would have rested solely and directly upon the supporting arch of Allied air power. If the RAF and the USAAF could not have gained the upper hand in aerial engagements with the Luftwaffe, British ground forces would have had to retreat across the Channel, as they did in August, 1942.

We have now arrived on that shimmering plateau of aerial warfare where the independent action of rival Air Forces is of paramount importance. The day of the aerial battleship is here—now—not a fantasy that is just as nebulous and ethereal as the crags and billowing white hills above which encounters of the skies take place.

The tactics of Air Marshals directing their sky fleets in action is the new profile of air power. Our departments of bombardment, of Army and Navy cooperation, are subordinate functions of the new conception of aerial strength.

Our present-day direction of this giant of the clouds is like a little child leading his father across a crowded street—wholly inadequate guidance for such a powerful giant. ╫



Remember THE BOTTLE!
Remember THE NAME!
Remember TO SHARE IT WITH YOUR FRIENDS!
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
OLD ANGUS
BRAND
Liqueur
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

OLD ANGUS
A NOBLE SCOTCH
"Gentle as a Lamb"

• Remember, too, that a cool and refreshing Old Angus highball is a hot-weather treat you're bound to enjoy!

Old Angus Brand Blended Scotch Whisky, 86 Proof
National Distillers Products Corporation • N. Y.

Fashion Changes but... Style Endures

The only thing permanent about fashion is change. But enduring style, imparted to clothes by knowing hands, is an ever-constant asset. It is something that cannot be copied or counterfeited... it is the style you find in Eagle Clothes. The new Fall models, in pure worsted fabrics, are now ready. Write for style folder and name of nearest authorized dealer.

Buy MORE War Bonds—THAT'S the style!

EAGLE
Clothes
79 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 3, N. Y.

FREE Print your name and address on margin of this ad, mail to Eagle Clothes, and receive a genuine leather Pocket Case to hold ration books, war stamps and other papers.

The Demise of the Little Moron

Continued from page 33

the search, the backtracking and the like, it would take several hours. Briefly, our findings were these: Joe Davis at Reno, Nevada, had been told the story by his son who had recently been home on furlough from an Army camp in Kansas. Private Davis had been told the story by another soldier who was a new arrival in the camp. This soldier had been told the story by his aunt who worked in a book store at Oklahoma City. The aunt had been told the story by a salesman for a New York publishing firm. The salesman had been told the story by a professor at a Nebraska university. The professor had been told the story by his wife who had received it in a letter written by a friend living in Akron, Ohio. This friend had just returned from a business trip to South Dakota and had heard the story at a restaurant in a small town called Jason Falls, Minnesota. The waitress in the restaurant had been told the story by a farm hand who had "thought it up out of his head" while mending a fence.

As soon as I heard about the farm hand, I took a plane to Minnesota. I left a staff of investigators tracing other little moron stories. When I got to Jason Falls, I had a talk with the waitress. She told me that every night this farmhand came to town and told her three or four little moron stories he had thought up during the day. She, in turn, told them to customers at the restaurant. I thanked her and went to see the farmhand. He was a lanky, moody character about forty years old who lived alone on a sixty-acre patch of stumpland. He couldn't make a living farming so he worked for his neighbors. "When I work out in the open air with nobody to talk to, I always think up poetry or funny stories," he said. "Do you think maybe I could get a job on some radio program, Mister?" Well, it was easy to take care of the fellow. I conferred with his local draft board and the next week he was inducted into the Army. I figured if he was in the Army he wouldn't have any time to be alone thinking up more little moron stories.

My staff of investigators had meanwhile traced a few of the stories to a spinster in Cleveland, Ohio. I went to see her and found she was an elderly librarian in charge of some newspaper files. She was the most talkative female I've ever encountered. Although she took credit for originating dozens and dozens of little moron stories, I discovered that actually she was a plagiarist. She was merely changing a lot of jokes she found in the files of old newspapers into little moron queries. For instance, there was the one: "Have you heard about the little moron who was so bashful that he had to go into another room to change his mind?" This had its origin in a parlor joke published in a weekly newspaper in 1893. But, of course, the spinster was doing just as much harm to the boss's shipbuilding program by reviving these stale jokes and making little moron queries from them as if she thought them up herself, so I had to dispose of her. The boss said to cork the sources and you know how difficult it is to stop a talkative woman from talking. Well, sir, don't let what I'm going to say shock you, but I had to do it. War is a serious business, you know, and it was the only thing I could do.

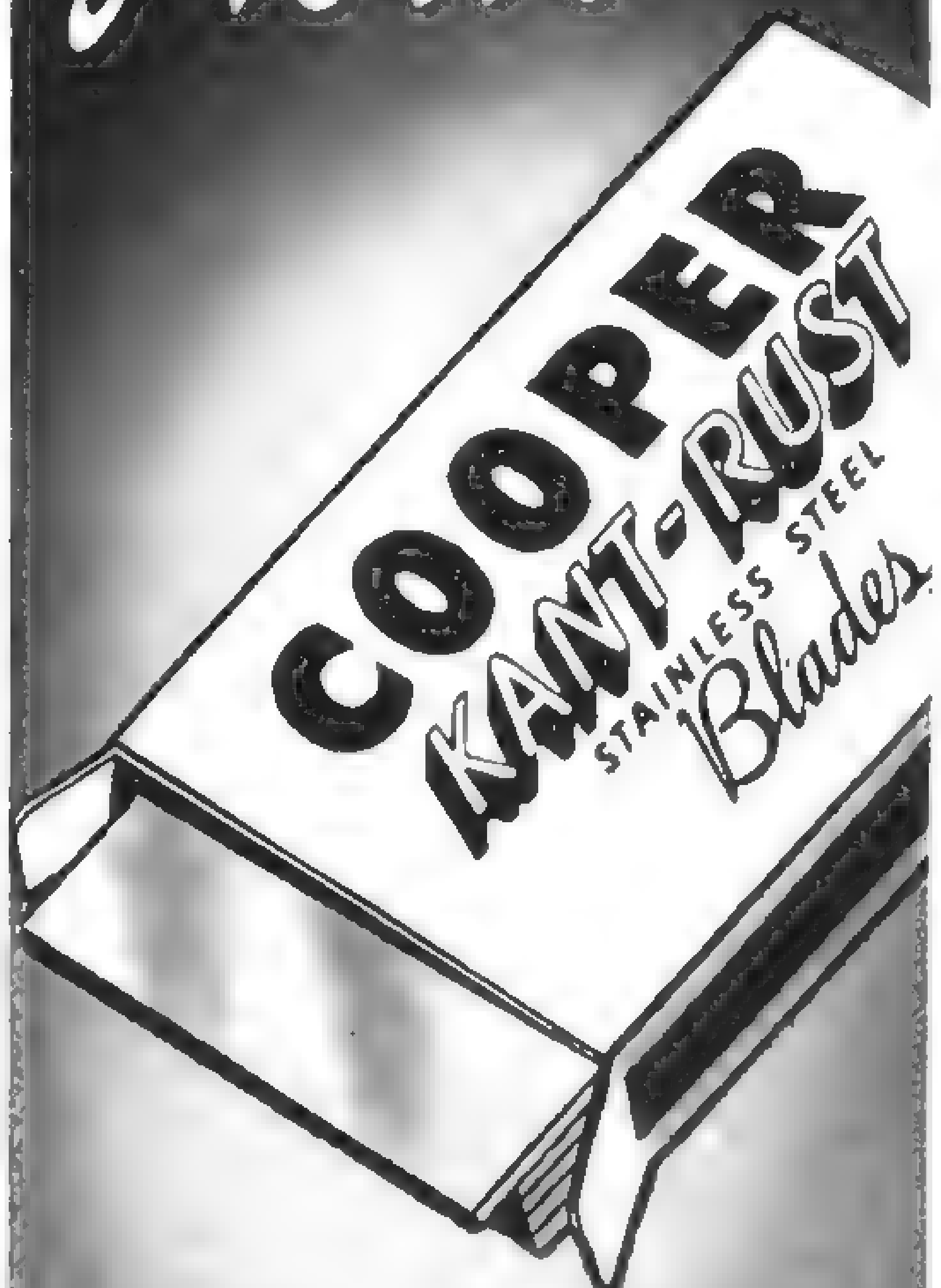
I had to have that woman liquidated!

Next on the list was a fellow who was proprietor of a tobacco shop in Atlanta, Georgia. "My customers always like to tell me little moron stories when they stop to buy tobacco," he told me, "and I always like to tell them a few in return. I don't like to tell them any they've maybe heard already so I lie awake at night in bed and usually, before I fall asleep, I've thought up four or five new stories for the next day. You see I suffer from insomnia anyway, so thinking up these stories sorta keeps my mind occupied." He was a nice little old man, so friendly and confiding, and I hated to do it but I had to have him liquidated, too.

Well, that's the way it started. It continued that way, case after case. Before the second week was up, my investigators were discovering so many people who were thinking up these little moron stories that I couldn't keep up with them. People in all walks of life—department store clerks, filling station attendants, bellhops, housewives, stenographers, bartenders. The boss assigned other expediters to assist me in flying about the country and liquidating these people. I increased my staff of investigators, too, or rather, I should say staffs, because I now had correlated groups working out from cities in all parts of the country. There were occasions when we had a new story traced to its source before it was six hours old. But, somehow or other, despite what we were doing, the volume of new stories continued to grow each week. Some of the stories we had difficulty in tracing, too. We even placed advertisements in newspapers offering a reward for information concerning the origin of certain stories. But we had far too many claimants with little or no evidence to support their claims. There were a few stories whose sources we never succeeded in establishing. I still would like to know who thought up these stories.

For instance, there was the one about the two little morons who were walking along a railroad track and spied a human arm beside the rails. "That looks like Joe's arm," exclaimed the first little moron. "It is Joe's arm," said

The Blade of Tomorrow Now!



SCIENTISTS for years tried in vain . . . THEN Cooper technicians succeeded with something never before possible, a new can't rust stainless steel razor blade, with an edge 19 times tougher than any other blade, Not just a rust resistant coating, but actually rust proof all through. Now you can enjoy—

15 TO 30 SHAVES PER BLADE

Holds edge 4 to 5 times longer than standard type because it's made of patented imported Swedish Stainless Steel that's—

19 TIMES TOUGHER than regular blades

**NO WIPING—
NO DRYING—**

Blade always in razor — just shave and rinse.
No fuss, mess or bother.

COOPER'S GUARANTEE

After trying one blade, if not entirely satisfied, return package for full and immediate refund or exchange for regular Cooper Blades in ratio of 1 for 3. . . . The supply of this precious metal is very limited. ACT TODAY. If your dealer can't supply you, use coupon below, enclosing check or money order.

COOPER SAFETY RAZOR CORP.
35 York Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Please send
☐ 12 **Cooper Kant-Rust Stainless Steel Blades** $1.00
☐ 60 **Cooper Kant-Rust Stainless Steel Blades** $4.75
Name..
Address..
....

the other. They walked a little farther and saw a human leg lying beside the rails. "That looks like Joe's leg," exclaimed the first little moron. "It is Joe's leg," said the other. A short way farther they saw a head lying beside the rails. "That looks like Joe's head," exclaimed the first little moron. "It is Joe's head," said the other little moron, and he stooped, picked the head up by the ears, shook it, and cried, "Joe, Joe, are you hurt?"

Then there was the one about a group of little morons who were building a house. One of the little morons went to the boss and asked if they should start building the house from the top down or from the bottom up. "Why, start from the bottom and build up, of course!" replied the boss. The little moron turned and yelled to his fellow workers: "Tear 'er down, boys! Gotta start all over!"

Another that we never succeeded in tracing was about the little moron who told his friend, "I only weighed three pounds when I was born."

"Did you live?" asked the friend.

"Did I live! Say, you oughta see me now!"

At the end of the first month I got a wire from the boss that read: STATISTICS SHOW FURTHER PRODUCTION LOSS IN YARDS STOP MORON STORIES PLENTIFUL AS BEFORE STOP WHAT THE HELL SMYRKA. This wire was something of a blow to me. My records for the month listed 176 liquidations and 13 Army inductions carried out. Since it was results that counted with the boss, I doubled my staff at once. After that, the number of liquidations rose to as many as fifty in a single day. Surely, I thought, now the well of the little moron stories would run dry.

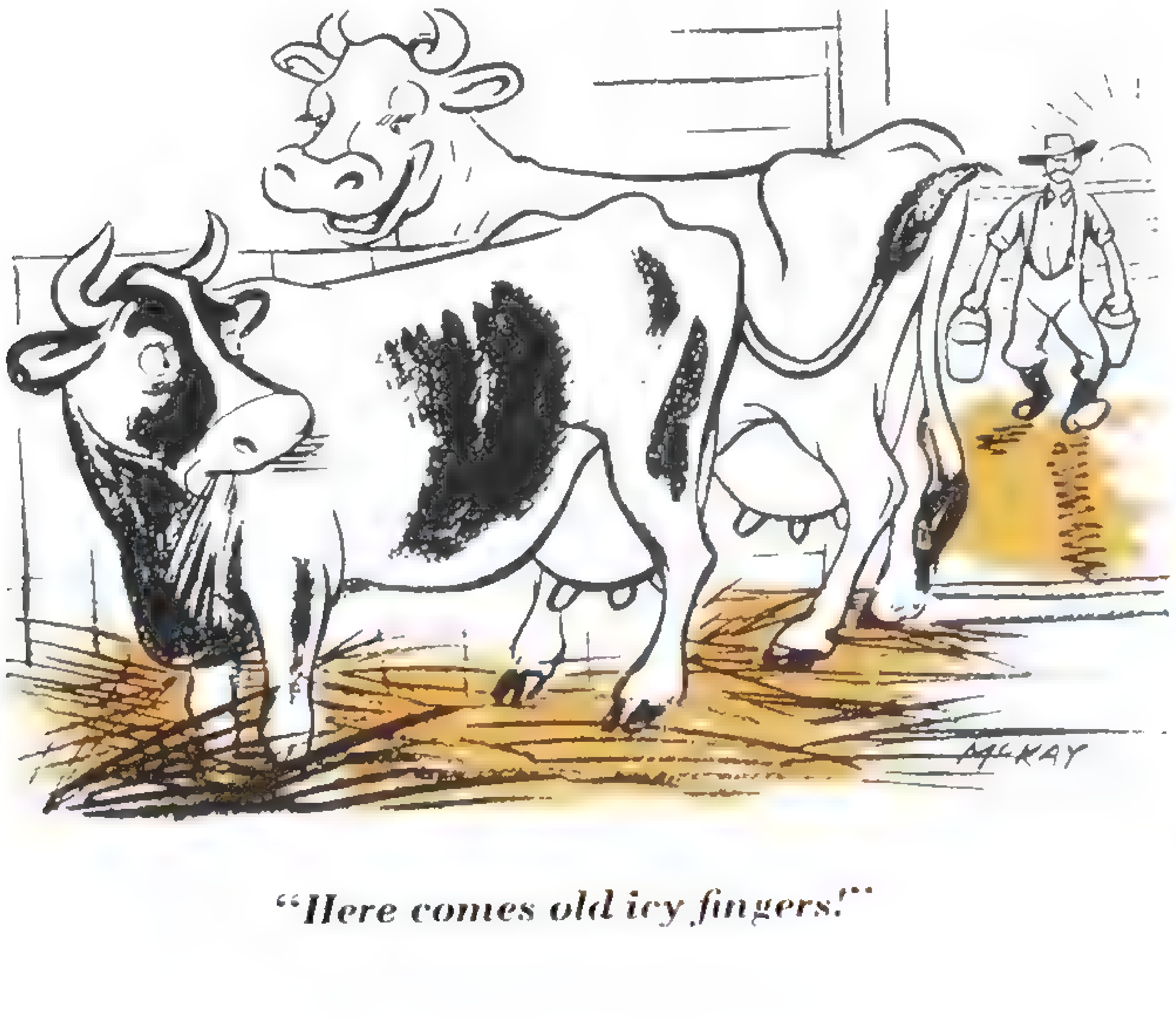
But need I tell you—

The well proved inexhaustible. Day after day my investigators discovered stories emanating from fresh sources. One week several stories were traced to sources in New Orleans. We investigated and found the stories originating from nine and ten-year-old pupils at a certain school. The pupils in the school carried the stories home to their parents; the parents carried them to the factories where they worked: there they were scattered to the four winds. Now, I ask you, what could you do in such a case? Liquidate the youngsters? Impossible.

Well, sir, I wired Dr. Chaney, the boss's braintruster, and his reply was to give the children candy and encourage them to think up more of the little moron stories. You see, Dr. Chaney had pondered over the stories thought up by these youngsters and had suddenly thought of a better solution to our problem. He had found the stories of the youngsters to be somewhat naïve and lacking in humor. A light had immediately flashed in his mind. Instead of corking all the sources as we were trying to do, we should cork only the sources of the good stories and should give encouragement to the persons thinking up the poorer stories. In this way, Dr. Chaney reasoned, the quality of the stories would become poorer and poorer and the public would soon grow tired and indifferent to the stories.

This seemed a bright thought, so I immediately issued new instructions to my workers. They were to liquidate only the persons who thought up good little moron stories and were to encourage those who thought up the poor ones. Within a couple of weeks, the effect of our change in policy was apparent. All over the country, the public started grumbling about the stories. You heard such remarks as "It's been days since I heard a good little moron story," or "I heard a new little moron story the other day but it was lousy!" Shortly I got a wire from the boss that read: PRODUCTION BACK TO PREVIOUS HIGH STOP JOB WELL DONE STOP REPORT BACK HERE.

Well, that's the story of what happened to the little moron stories. You can credit my boss with ending the craze. The boss isn't letting anything interfere with his shipbuilding. No, sir, the boss will move heaven and earth to get his ships built ahead of schedule! ⌗



"Here comes old icy fingers!"

Richard Decker

"Work on your own teeth awhile. I'm enjoying Sir Walter Raleigh."

THAT SMILING PATIENT up there has learned two simple rules that always give him more real pleasure from his pipe. He cleans it regularly—and he always uses mild and fragrant Sir Walter Raleigh. Blended from the choicest Kentucky burleys, it's the brand of grand aroma . . . "the quality pipe tobacco of America."

SIR WALTER
RALEIGH
PIPE TOBACCO

Smokes as sweet as it smells

UNION MADE

BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS

86 PROOF
DON Q PUERTO RICAN RUM
RUM JULEP
DON QUENCHER
CUBA LIBRE
DAIQUIRI
RUM AND SODA
RUM OLD FASHIONED
RUM COLLINS
RUM COOLER

To be a good host . . . serve
DON Q
PUERTO RICAN
RUM

WHITE LABEL (86 PROOF) for cocktails
GOLD LABEL (86 PROOF) for tall drinks

Product of DESTILERIA SERRALLES, Inc., Ponce, Puerto Rico, U.S.A.
SOLE U.S. DISTRIBUTORS: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

YOU'LL DISCOVER WALKING IS FUN
IF YOUR WAISTLINE IS RELAXED
FULL INCH STRETCH
CUT AWAY TO SHOW HIDDEN SPRINGS
Style
Comfort

EXPANSO Belts

EXPAND AND CONTRACT AS YOU BREATHE

KNOTHE BROTHERS, CO., Inc., 24 West 40th St., N. Y. C.

Garments made of genuine

HARRIS TWEED

never fail to lend distinction to the wearer

All genuine Harris Tweed bears this trade mark

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

Look for the Trade Mark on the Cloth
Look for the Label on the Garment

HAND WOVEN
Harris Tweed
REG.U.S.PAT.OFF. Nº 353757 COPYRIGHT 1937
GRANTED BY THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT BOARD OF TRADE TO THE HARRIS TWEED ASSOCIATION LTD.
HARRIS TWEED
FACSIMILE OF THE TRADE MARK APPEARS ON THE CLOTH

For generations, the skilled crofters of the isles of the Outer Hebrides off the Northern Coast of Scotland have woven Harris Tweed by hand in their own cottages. This sturdy tweed is made of 100% virgin Scottish wool, patterns are traditional and the soft, glowing colors owe their distinction to local dyes made from seaweed, crottle, mosses and other sources.

Well-dressed men and women invariably have several garments made of genuine Harris Tweed in their wardrobe. The unusual wear which Harris Tweed provides is a special feature.

Issued by The
HARRIS TWEED ASSOCIATION, Ltd.
10 Old Jewry, London, E. C. 2, England

Private Snailspace Wins the War

Continued from page 64

sea of latrine rumors. These are stories which somebody has "on good authority straight from headquarters." He is deluged with orders large and small and joins in the prevalent impression that the Army does not know what it is doing and that higher headquarters make decisions either entirely at random or for no better reason than to mystify the soldier. Now all this time Snailspace's morale is good. He goes about his tasks cheerfully, keeps himself neat and smart and his quarters tidy, but banteringly the talk goes on: jokes about not liking the Army, quips about going over the hill, and humorous ways of obtaining a discharge. Somebody tells the story about the soldier who used to wander around with a dazed look on his face. He went in to the first sergeant's desk and picked up paper after paper, glancing at each briefly, and then with a shake of the head saying, "No, that's not it." Next, with the same air of innocent bewilderment, he began looking through the papers on the company commander's desk, sadly shaking his head over each one and saying, "No, that's not it." In the same befuddled way he began going through all the papers in the headquarters personnel section saying, "No, that's not it," until finally the commanding officer convened a medical board and declared him mentally unfit for military duty, and on his rounds the soldier finally came to the commanding officer's desk where his medical discharge lay, the signature still wet upon it. He picked this up, looked at it, and with a look of rare intelligence said cheerfully, "That's it," put it in his pocket, and went his way. Snailspace sees soldiers around him who seem to take this talk more seriously than he. Occasionally they are bitter.

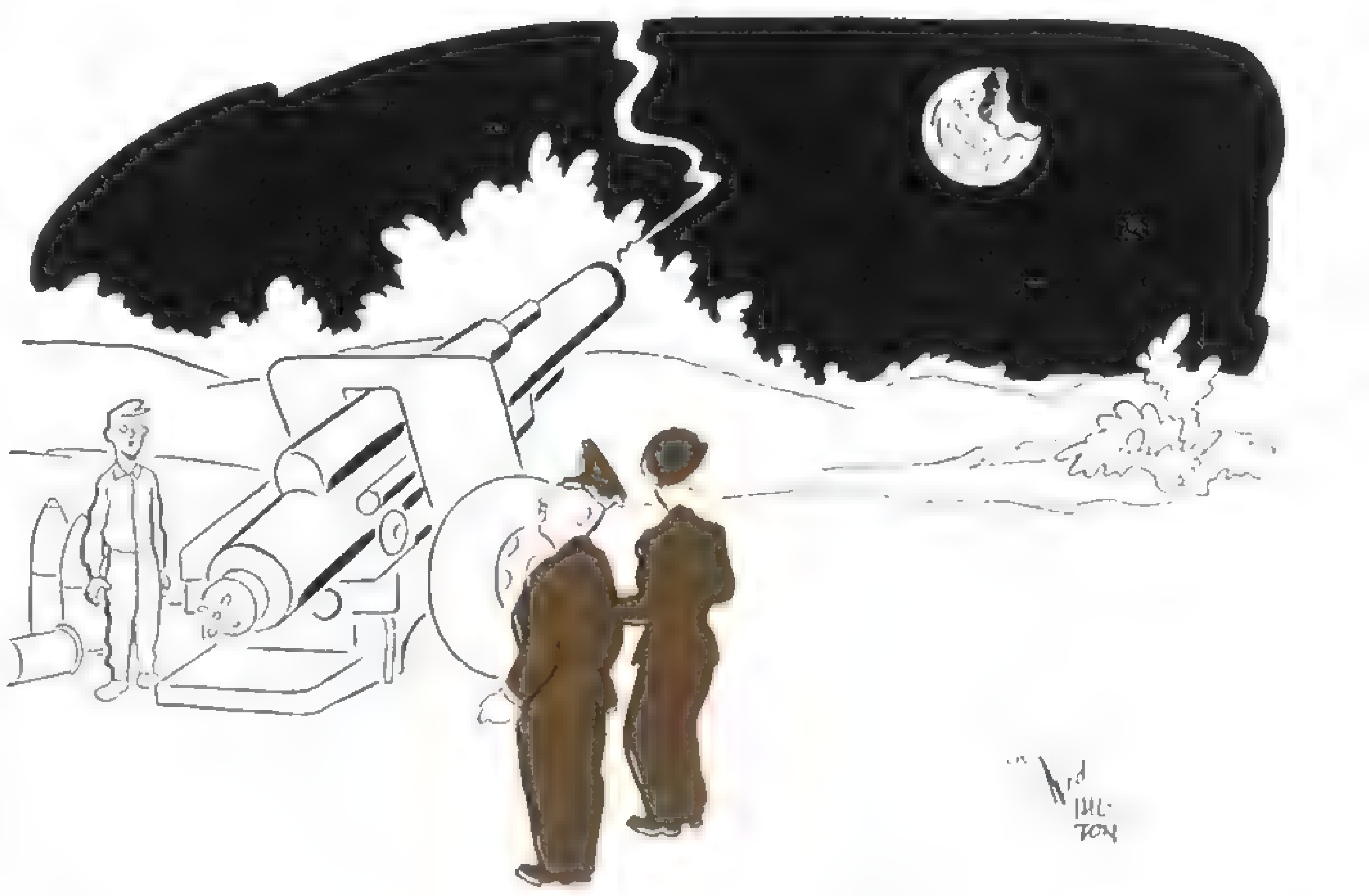
It is now time for Snailspace to take the stand—for until now he has held the Army accountable for everything and never realized that he would have to be able to answer a few questions himself. The Army, he discovers, is not a great vacuum in which thousands of helpless civilians are rendered soundless and indistinguishable. It is a flesh and blood body of individual men, and whether he is a specialist or a basic soldier, he has his own spot in its great backbone. Snailspace begins to see the Army as a gigantic industry: each soldier helps to create the finished product, each soldier has a chance to earn promotion.

But for Private Snailspace advancement seems to come slowly. He is discouraged. It takes him some time to realize that the soldier carrying the rifle is the most important man in the Army. For the moment he has forgotten a certain private named York. Alvin York earned sergeant's stripes for his bravery. He captured Germans with a rifle, not with a rating. . . .

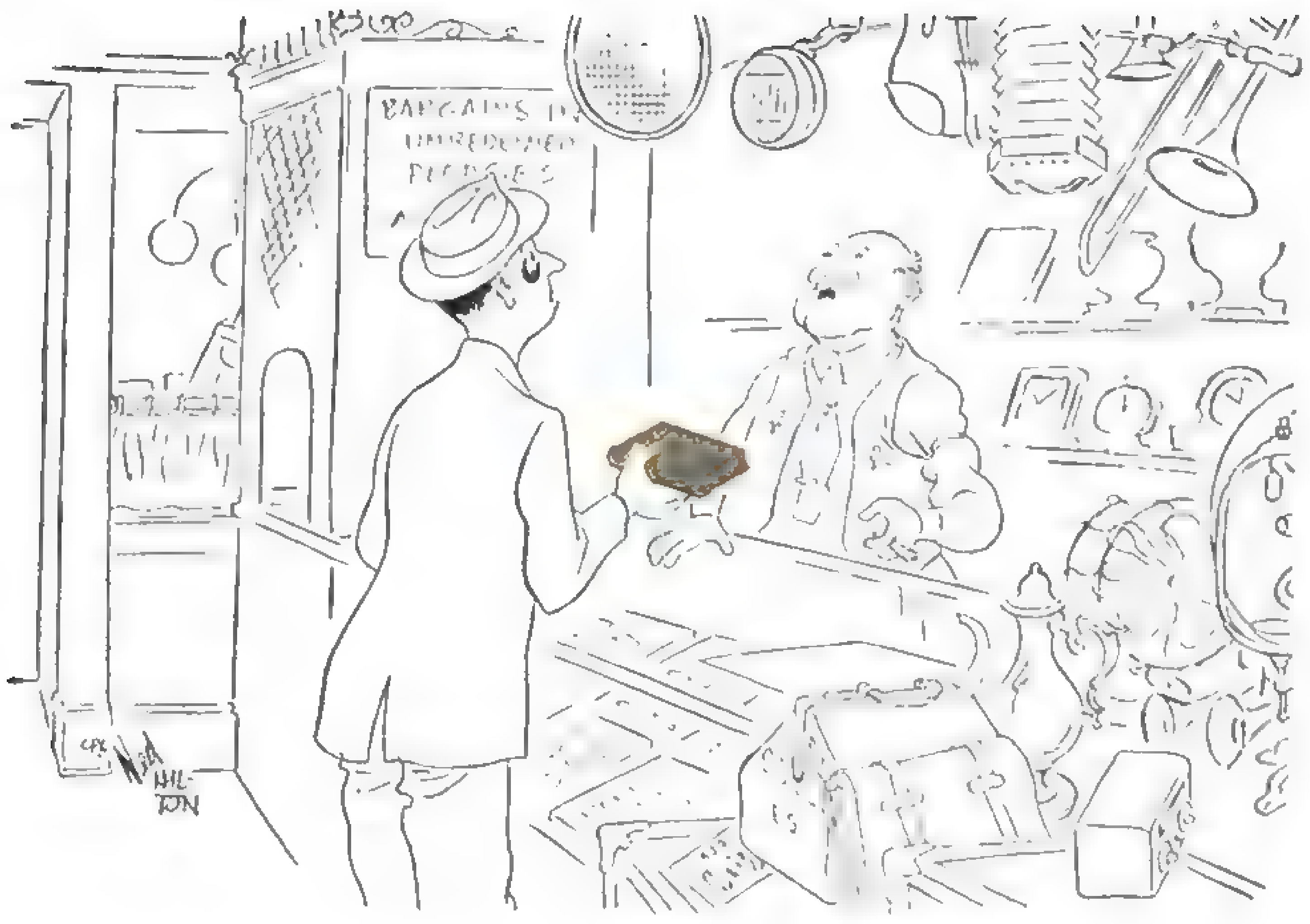
The orders that Snailspace claims must have been written in Hindustani were not composed with the deliberate intention of confusing him. If the brass hats had to attach to each order enough explanation to make the whole thing understandable to every private in the Army, the U.S. military machine would run like a Model T with the hiccups.

Today Roland is spoiling for action. It seems to him that he's doing a million dollars' worth of training and a nickel's worth of fighting. And sometimes he feels pretty unimportant. With approximately eight million men in the Army, what does it matter what No. 7,999,999 does? But this is a kind of Monday morning mood and passes off with Tuesday's maneuvers. For Private Snailspace has two goals—he is working for his stripes and he is trying to earn the esteem of the men around him.

And incidentally, he is winning the war. ⵌ



"Now frankly, Professor Cranston, don't you think your new gun is a little too powerful?"



"I'd like to exchange this book on boxing for a small revolver"

Done to the Scent of Lilacs

Continued from page 41

fragile tinkling. The shattering of electric light bulbs. . . .

Men swore in the dark. Profitt pulled himself out of the tangle and got the ear phones on his head. Somebody turned on a battle lantern.

"Central station, aye aye!"

The voice seemed slow in answering. He saw the faces of his men, white in the smoky light.

"Shell damage. Affirm Three Zero Four Love. Fire in Affirm Three Zero Four Love!"

Profitt called on the blueprint of his mind. A304L—a living space on the port side. Just forward of Number One turret and above the water line. *Port side!* They had been engaged to starboard. The old girl was between two Jap forces!

She staggered again, and the powder smell moved in waves throughout the ship. Her after turrets let go. From somewhere came the excited Fourth of July popping of small-arms ammunition.

"Central station, aye aye!"

"Fire in the armory! Fire in the armory!"

He ordered a party of asbestos-clad firefighters there and made certain another group was attacking the flames in A304L.

"Phone's dead, Mr. Profitt. I can't rouse them up forward. Let me go up there, sir! I can handle—"

The water-muffled blast was more powerful than anything felt thus far. It threw them against the bulkhead. The deck heaved, and the shock was prolonged and terrible. The ship lurched and seemed to be losing way, and when Profitt was on his feet again the deck was slanted to port.

"Torpedo casualty—Affirm Five Zero Six Affirm! Torpedo—"

Profitt yanked off the headset. *This was it.* She was fighting for her life, now, and losing.

The inclinometer showed a five-degree list and the needle swung farther as he watched. He tasted salt and didn't know it was the blood on his lips; he didn't hear himself cursing. A506A was under Number Two turret; unless the water was controlled, the battery would be out of action.

"Take over here, Collins!" Profitt yelled, and pushed out into the passageway to head forward.

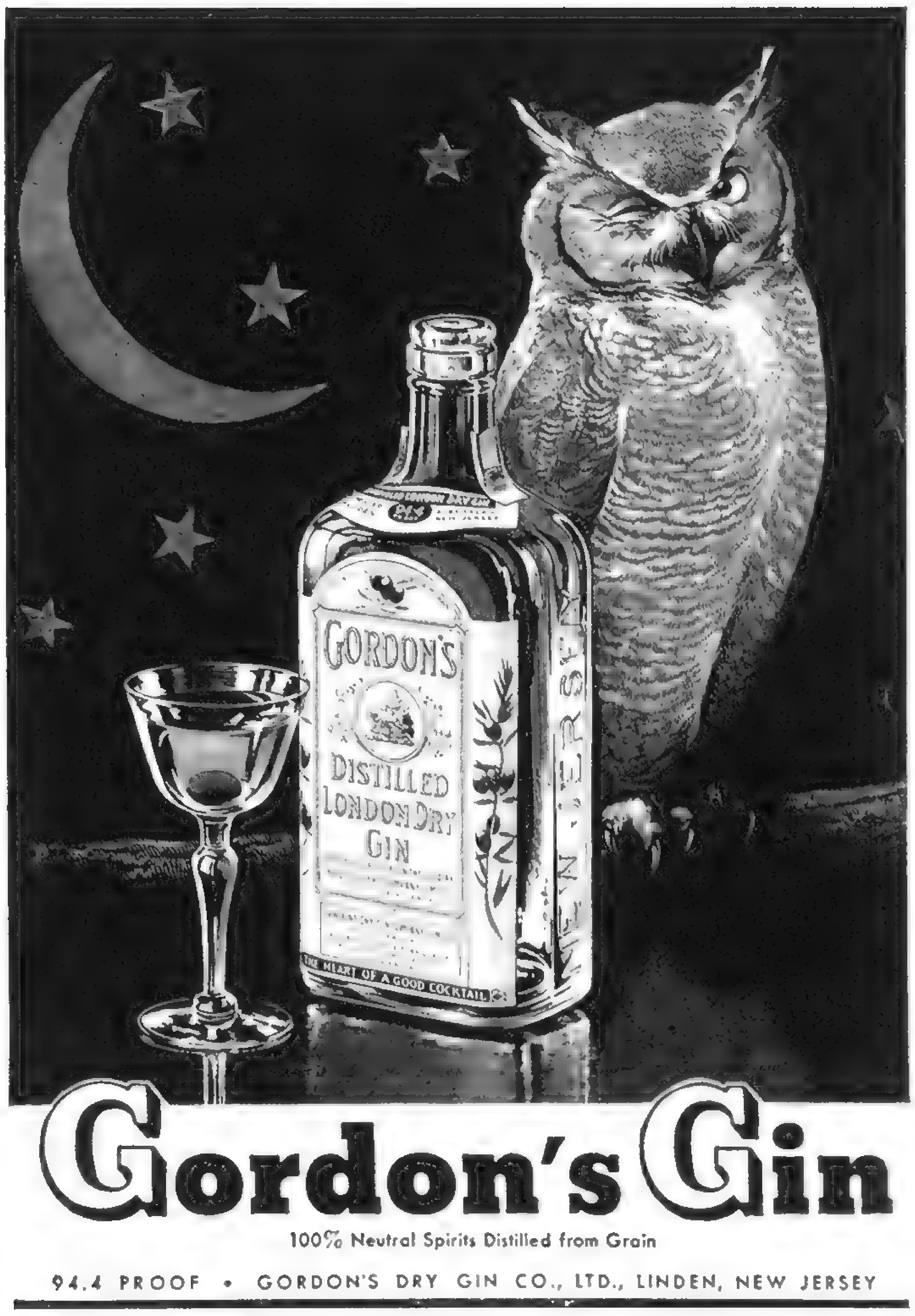
All this was a nightmare from which there was no waking. Anchor Man Profitt will never recall in detail what he did in the next loud and lurid interval. But he was remembering all that the books taught, all that he knew about the ship he loved. Facts and figures, formulas and methods marched precisely through his mind—reserve buoyancy and metacentric height, and what happens in a canoe when a heavy man suddenly shifts his weight—

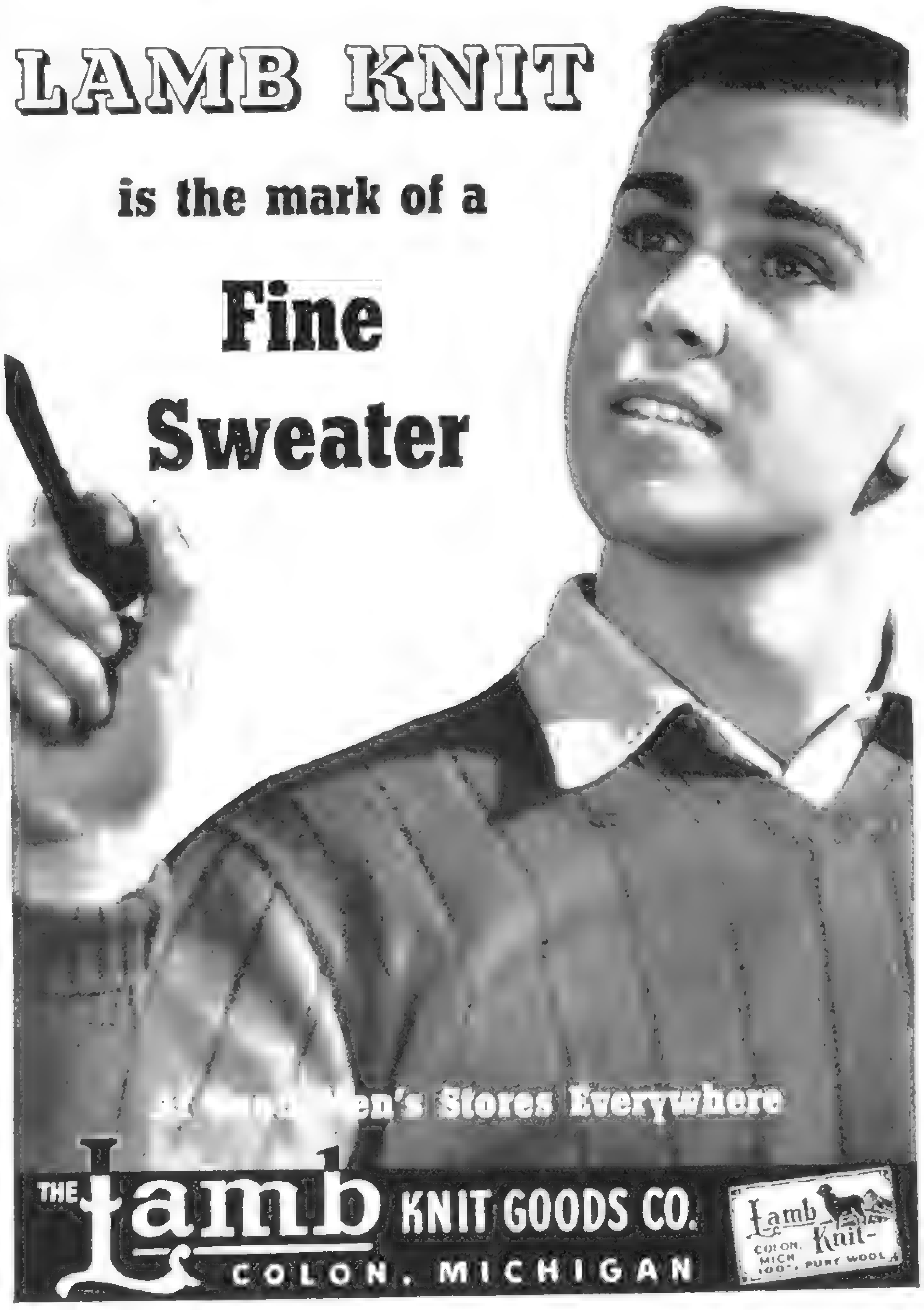
He groped blindly, choking and shouting, through strangling fumes and shattered passageways. Broken cables lay tangled, or hung looped from the overhead. Fire hoses writhed and pumps throbbed and the guns kept hammering. And when he reached the compartment adjoining that where the torpedo had struck, he heard the ominous swish and rumble of tons of water.

Electrician's mates were rigging jumper lines around the damage to keep the ship's lifeblood flowing, and somebody reestablished telephonic communication. Young Peter Sullivan pleaded for a correction of the list—he couldn't bring the guns to bear to port. And Profitt remembered that a ten-degree list might expose an unarmored portion of the starboard side, below the belt. . . .

Then he put the book calculations out of his mind and went savagely to work, fighting a battle as furiously as anybody was fighting up there behind the guns. The most important thing was to restore the ship to an even keel so she could continue to fire. He ordered more fuel oil pumped into the starboard tanks; he had a fire hose run into the exactly opposite

Continued on page 158


GORDON'S DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN
THE HEART OF A GOOD COCKTAIL
Gordon's Gin
100% Neutral Spirits Distilled from Grain
94.4 PROOF • GORDON'S DRY GIN CO., LTD., LINDEN, NEW JERSEY


LAMB KNIT
is the mark of a
Fine
Sweater
[illegible] Men's Stores Everywhere
THE Lamb KNIT GOODS CO.
COLON, MICHIGAN
Lamb Knit COLON, MICH 100% PURE WOOL

speed up your correspondence with ESKY-CARDS

(actual size 4½" x 7"—in full color)

Answer that stack of letters in a flash with gorgeous, giant-sized Esky-Cards. More than an inch longer and an inch-and-a-half wider than ordinary post cards—and immeasurably better looking—Esky-Cards feature in full color the all-time favorite Esquire reproductions: Varga Girl drawings . . . Bohl nature watercolors . . . Waxman dog photographs . . . Szyk caricatures . . . Hurrell glamor girl photographs . . . and Esquire cartoons. They're packaged in sets of six . . . and printed on shiny, sleek chrome-coat stock . . . sturdy for travel, and suitable for pin-up or collection pieces as well. Nab your sets of Esky-Cards at just 25c per set . . . or $1 for your choice of any five sets.

ESQUIRE, P. O. BOX 1143, CHICAGO 90, ILLINOIS

6 different Hurrell glamor photographs................☐
6 different Waxman dog photographs.................☐
6 different Bohl nature watercolors.................☐
6 different satirical Szyk caricatures...............☐
6 different girls drawn by Varga....................☐
6 different cartoons from Esquire...................☐
(Sold in sets only)

Please send me the sets of Esky-Cards checked above, at 25c for each set of six cards, or $1 for my choice of any five sets. I enclose $........ payment in full.

Name____________________
(Please print)

Address____________________

City____________________ State__________
(U. S. orders only. No stamps please)

Dealers who are interested in handling Esky-Cards on a generous profit basis are invited to write for details.

Done to the Scent of Lilacs

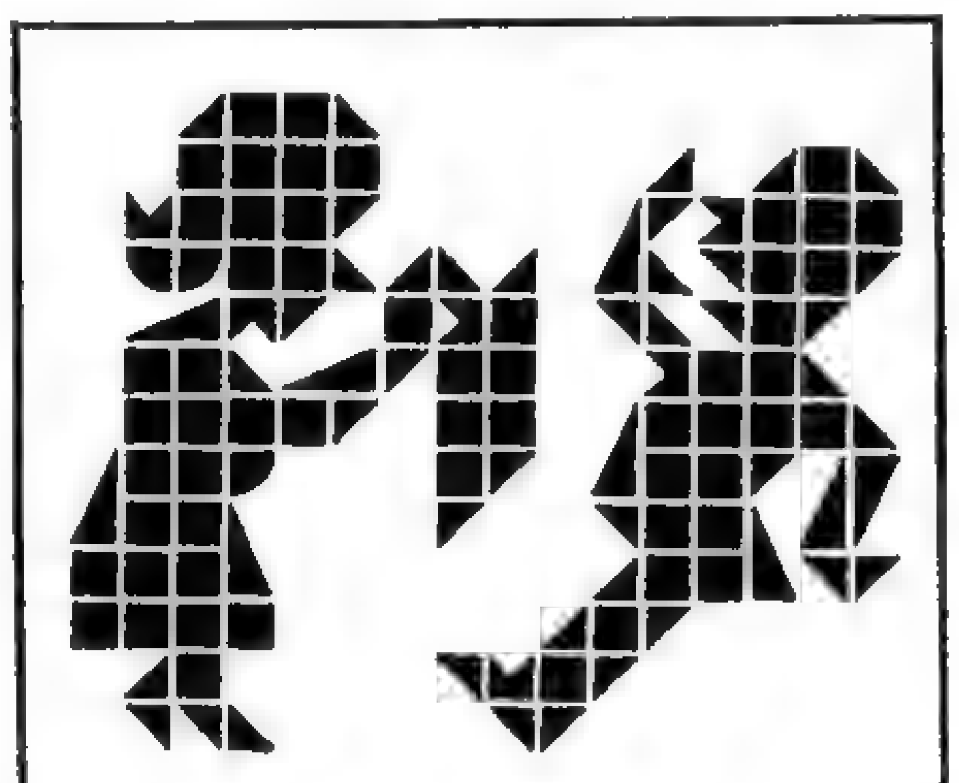
Continued from pages 41-157

compartment—aft and on the starboard side—to compensate for the flooding of A506A. . . .

The old girl slowly began to right herself, settling a little lower in the sea. Anchor Man Profitt entered the flooded storeroom and stood with water up to his armpits while he measured as best he could the gaping hole through which the ocean had poured.

Something struck topside, and struck again while the ship shuddered and the water cushioned Profitt's body. He clawed his way out of floating debris and set a repair party to work nailing mess tables together and sawing six by six timbers. Other men brought dozens of mattresses from the crew's hammock netting and piled them on the deck next to A506A.

Profitt was driving them unmercifully and working himself like a man gone mad. He did not notice the lull in the action until he heard a wounded sailor groaning and saw a mess attendant racing for the sick bay to get a new supply of blood plasma. Even then he had no time to speculate on the pause or its reasons; his own battle had never ceased.



Reciprocity

She kept her love letters,
May Beelzebub curse her;
She kept her love letters
And now vice verser.

But the engagement suddenly began again, and he was comforted to hear the turrets above answering the enemy's fire. A sharp rattle raked the topside.

A little later, the bridge called him.

"Mr. Profitt?"

The voice sounded high and strained, and the clamor of the guns drove into the headset.

"Profitt, aye aye!"

"Smithwick. Bridge and after control have been hit—very bad! The captain and the exec, and—"

Thunder blurred the words. Profitt shouted into his mouthpiece, and Smithwick's voice came back faintly:

"—all casualties. Mr. Profitt, you're senior surviving officer. You're in command, sir!"

A salvo straddled the ship, shaking it. But the noise sounded far away; it was a whisper unnoticed in the remote corners of his brain. Smithwick's words rang louder. ". . . *in command . . . in command . . . in command . . .*"

"Can you hear me, Mr. Profitt? Will you come up and take over?"

This was the one dream, the thing he'd wanted more than all else in his life. Nothing but Fate, working inscrutably through the years, could have arranged it; nothing else could have brought him back here for the old ship's supreme hour, saved him to take command of her. . . .

The water rumbled in A506A. She was on an even keel, but she lay too low in the sea. Her guns wouldn't get maximum elevation. The increased draft slowed her.

Profitt said slowly, "What shape are we in topside, Smithwick? What's happened?"

"We've been giving 'em hell—and taking it!" the navigator answered with fierce pride. "We've put one battlewagon out of action and the cans are finishing her off. The other big baby and a couple of cruisers are pounding us. But Sullivan's got three turrets working, and if we can stay on top—"

Another crash jarred her from stem to stern. The passageway rocked and buckled; Profitt saw a blinding flash and heard the rattle of steel fragments ripping through the bulkhead around him. Fire licked out along the starboard side of the compartment. It was only the paint burning at first, but oil from a shattered line trickled into the flames and fed them, and the blaze roared high.

Men plunged into the smoke-dimmed glare, strange creatures in the asbestos rigs. They shouted, and Profitt couldn't hear them. He crawled away from the spreading flames and pulled himself erect. Blood ran down into his eyes, and he wiped it away angrily and shook his head to get rid of the roaring that wouldn't stop.

". . . *in command . . . in command . . . in command . . .*"

Somebody pulled at his sleeve. The hospital corpsman, trying to get him to lie down in the basket litter. He thought, *The hell I will!* and pushed the man away. The flames ran across the deck and mushroomed against the overhead.

This was worst of all—this could reach the ammunition trunks and destroy the ship! He staggered cursing toward clearer air, but the red haze remained before him. He poured out his hate of the yellow devils who had done this to his ship, poured it out in a hoarse breathless profanity that was still going on when he got the phones on his head again.

Smithwick broke in anxiously. "Will you take over, Mr. Profitt?"

"You keep her!" Profitt yelled back. "I've got a job down here! Damage control. The admiral wouldn't trust her to anybody else. The admiral—"

He was going to ask what had happened to Mason Till. A roaring flash blew him bodily through the open door and into the next compartment. He landed in a huddle against the bulkhead, striking his head hard on the angle iron.

Everything was soft and black

for an unguessed space. Then he was on his feet, trying to pull his senses together. Sniffing the air.

"Lilacs!" he said aloud, and knew he was being a nitwit. You couldn't smell lilacs in a burning, dying ship, down where powder fumes and scorched paint and black oil smoke filled the air.

But it was there. Lilacs.

". . . it's a man-sized job, now. That's why I asked the Bureau to send you here. She was ours a long time before Captain Kelsey took over, John. . . ."

The admiral's voice was plain above all the roaring in his head. He said, "Captain Kelsey's dead, sir. Killed at his station. They wanted me to take over. But I've got a job to do."

"If she gets in a jam, I don't know anybody I'd rather see below . . . keeping her fighting . . ."

John Profitt squared his shoulders and shook some of the mists out of his brain. He looked around him, but the admiral wasn't there. The responsibility was his alone.

But he had a certain brilliance of his own, now, and he imparted it to the blistered, smoke-grimed men of his crew. He led the battle to reach the flooded compartment and undog the watertight door which allowed several tons of sea to sweep into the place where they stood, and to snuff out the fire blazing there. He heard the guns pounding topside, and sent a party there with the heavy canvas collision mat.

Profitt stayed below, sweating and struggling and wiping the blood out of his eyes. The topside crew slipped a line over the bow and made a loop which ran under the old girl's keel; they worked it aft until it was over the hole at the waterline, and then they secured the double-thick sheet of canvas to it, and hauled in from the starboard.

The collision mat slid down over the port side and across the torpedo wound. John Profitt vented more water into adjoining compartments and let the pumps take care of it. The collision mat bulged inward under the great and steady pressure of the sea outside.

Now there was no time to lose. Water was seeping in around the bulge; the pumps wouldn't be able to handle it. His crew splashed into the compartment carrying mattresses and the mess tables that had been nailed together. They slammed the mattresses into the breach and covered them with the mess tables. The six by six timbers were braced horizontally against this improvised bulkhead.

Nobody knew how the fight was going topside, but this one down in the shattered, stinking depths of the ship was being won. The timbers were braced and cleated against the steel bulkhead opposite the breach, the collision mat flattened snug against the side of the ship, and the pumps began to gain.

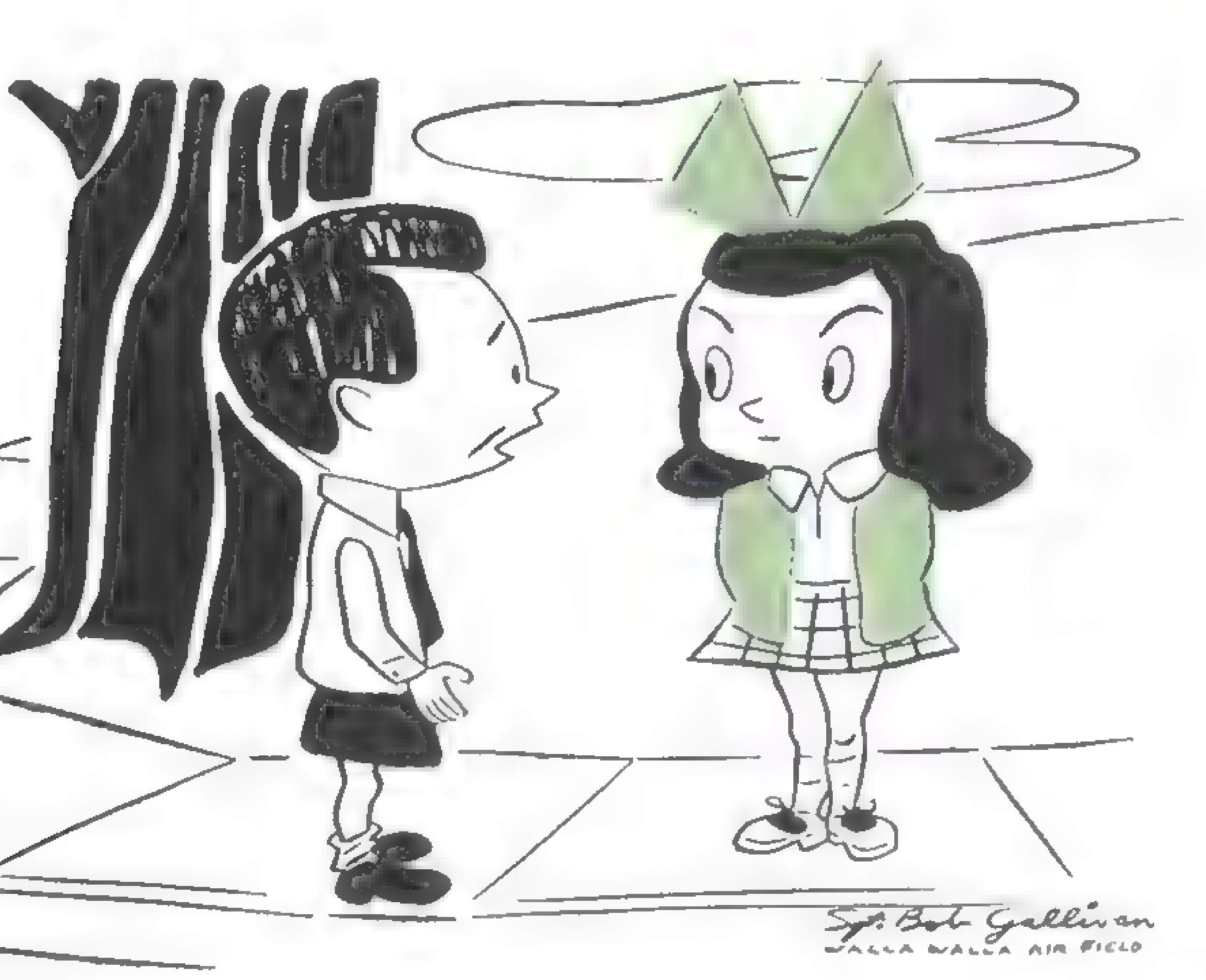
She was back on an even keel. She rose a little way out of the sea and stepped up her speed to twenty knots again. Most important of all, her guns were still thundering. . . .

The fight had been over for hours when John Profitt, burned and blackened and cut by flying steel, dragged himself topside and into the sweetest air he had ever breathed. Dawn was coming up, and the wind was still; he looked astern and saw only one of the American cruisers. But back down the sea three distinct columns of smoke climbed to show how fiercely the larger Jap vessels still burned.

The quarterdeck he had patched yesterday was a shambles, the bridge a twisted ruin. They told him the first shell that struck it had killed the skipper and gravely wounded the admiral.

But the tripod masts still stood proudly, and the Flag was still flying, and in spite of her battle wounds the old ship was very beautiful.

For an unimaginative man, John Profitt had a lovely thought. The Flag was a symbol. So was the ship, and, for that matter, so was everybody, living and dead, who served in her. ⌗



"If you hadn't given me encouragement that night in the Paradise Soda fountain, I wouldn't be hounding you as I am"

Simply Elegant!

Suba

Wrisley's
BATH SUPERBE FOUR CAKES $1.00

Remember Me!

I'm noted for taking kindly to harsh treatment. So is FIELDCLUB—that's why you'll find my picture on every pair of slacks or shirt or jacket made of this famous fabric. Look for me in your favorite store. Remember: just ask for FIELDCLUB.

Galey & Lord's
Fieldclub*
Takes Kindly to Harsh Treatment
Wash it if you will
Dry clean it if you will
FAST VAT COLORS • SANFORIZED
PRODUCT OF CRAMERTON MILLS

Galey & Lord, inc.
57 Worth St. N.Y.

TEST-PILOT*
one of the New
TOP-FLIGHT*
CORDUROYS
by CROMPTON

Here's a perfect back to school suit for your up-and-at-'em youngsters. Made of TEST-PILOT* the new TOP-FLIGHT* super Corduroy by Crompton. No matter what his age, he wants well-tailored suits . . . and this one's a natural with covert sleeves and trim.

TEST-PILOT* is an all-over patterned Corduroy created for the best in the boys' wear field...made with a weave designed to resist wear. Its securely anchored pile won't come out and so protects the basic fabric.

You can also find TEST-PILOT* construction in knickers, jackets, longies, finger-tip and loafer coats, bib-pants, snowsuits.

If you cannot locate garments of TEST-PILOT* a TOP-FLIGHT* Corduroy by Crompton, write us.

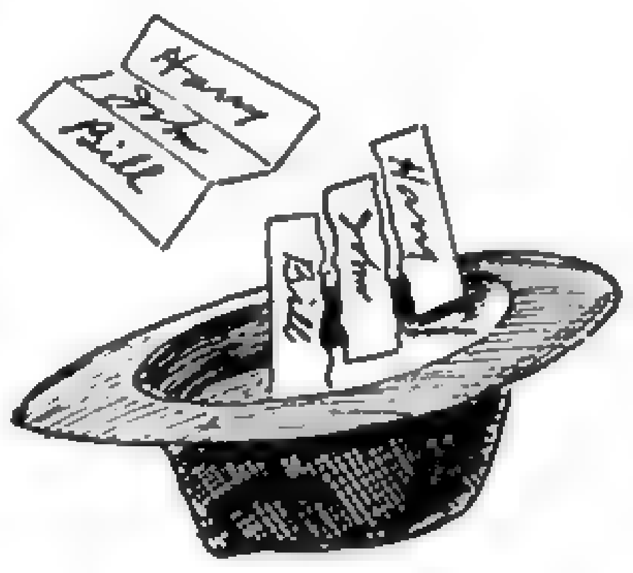
*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Made of one of the
TOP-FLIGHT*
Corduroys by Crompton
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
This is TEST PILOT* Quality

CROMPTON-RICHMOND
COMPANY, INC.
1071 Sixth Ave., New York 18, N.Y.

Checkpayers . . .

good for one free drink at the nearest bar



the wager: Ask your friend to fold a small sheet of paper into three equal sections, write one name on each section with his own in the center, tear the paper along the creases, fold the three slips and drop them in a hat. You wager that without looking you can pick the slip bearing his name.

the payoff: Your sense of touch will tell you which slip has *two* rough edges—and that will be the center slip.

Professor D., Alias Runyon

Continued from page 39

the world" is what Hearst himself called Brisbane—but he likes it.

Yet, there are certain irreverent, envious knaves who claim that Runyon lost all right to all such hallowed titles as "newspaperman" and "reporter" when he "went to the dogs" about ten years ago. That was when he gave up his job on the sports page and restricted his newspaper activities to the writing of a daily column on all and sundry topics, such as politics, his old man, and Brooklyn. His detractors claim that as a result of that move he is no longer a newspaperman or a reporter. He is merely a newspaper writer.

That, however, is a class distinction pinned on him by a few old-time newspapermen. His other distinctions are the ones that really count.

To his confreres in the Hearst offices, as well as to a few hundred thousand other experts in such matters, he will always be The World's Greatest Sports Writer. To magazine editors he is known as The World's Highest Paid Writer of Short Stories. (He gets $5,000 per short story.) To his cronies of the roaring forties and fifties that surround the Main Stem, he is the holder of several other championships. To them, who have never heard of Lucius Beebe, he is the best-dressed man in New York, as well as the world's most wide-awake night owl and the world's best listener. He is one of Hollywood's most sought-after producer-writers. He is known far and wide as an outstanding authority on American slang. In England he is the most popular American writer. He is the author of several best-selling volumes of short stories, including reprint editions in paper books, dollar editions, collected editions, an omnibus or two, and volumes in Braille.

But on the dotted line which follows the word "Profession" on questionnaires he writes "newspaperman." Whether he is mushing through the carpet in a Hollywood office, or breaking in a 50-dollar pair of shoes or a 200-dollar suit, or enjoying the view from his West 57th Street Apartment or his home on Hibiscus Island off the Florida Coast, he considers himself first, last, and always a newspaperman.

Runyon was born, by one of those miracles which the newspapers refer to as "a quirk of fate," in a town called Manhattan. It is in the State of Kansas and it is no bigger than a few assorted blocks in another town of the same name. His father, of whom he has written several miles of comment in his daily column, was a newspaperman, a printer, and a publisher, so Runyon had it in the blood. By the time he should have been parsing Latin verbs in high school he was a reporter on small town papers in Colorado. His youth was one of the busiest ever spent in this country. When he was fourteen he was smuggled out to California by a group of soldiers (one of whom was a youngster named Ben Lear), and he lied his way into the Army that was just about to fight the Spanish-American War. He went to the Philippines, stayed there two years, and came back to the United States a battle-hardened veteran of sixteen. He went back to newspaper work.

Runyon has always been a success. He was a success as a reporter and feature writer on every paper he ever worked for, even during those years when he was about the age of the youngest copy boy. By the time he was twenty-one he had cracked the pages of every magazine in the country that paid good rates. He sold the first short story he ever wrote, the first poem. He came to New York to write sports for Hearst at fifty dollars a week (a terrific salary at the time) and before many years had passed his pay was raised to an even more respectable figure. He was made sports editor at $50,000 a year.

"That's a great job—sports editor of a New York paper," says

KEEP IT PERKING
WITHOUT JERKING

No—giving your fountain pen the "third degree" won't restore its youth. But filling it properly usually *will.*

Your swanky fountain pen is still a great little "looker," isn't it? And wasn't it a perfect performer the first few months you owned it! Then perhaps a kind of "creeping paralysis" set in, and soon your handsome pen rated not much higher as a writing instrument than the decrepit specimens found in some country postoffices.

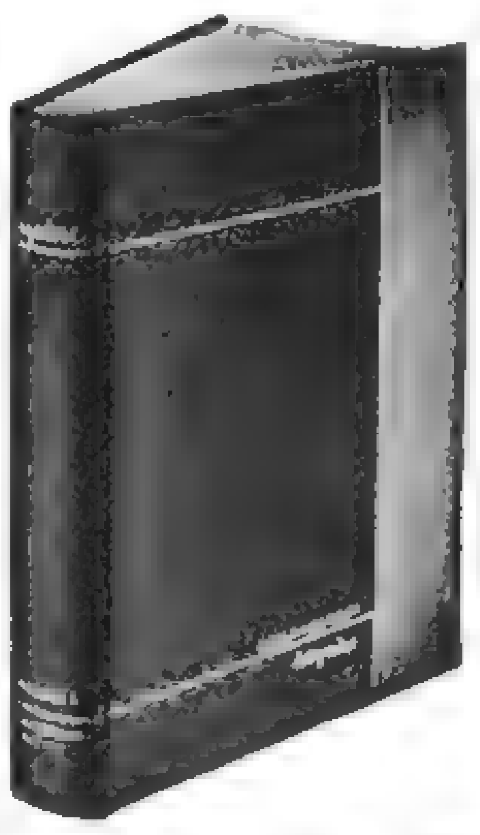
ONLY ONE PERSON IN 5,000 KNOWS HOW TO FILL ANY FOUNTAIN PEN PROPERLY!

An Inkograph Pencil Pointed Pen will give perfect satisfaction and maximum service for many years, equal to what you would expect from the highest priced fountain pen—*provided you fill it properly.* If you haven't received our instruction sheet from your dealer, explaining the correct filling and care of an Inkograph, *send us a three cent stamped and self-addressed envelope,* and we'll mail you one.

DeLuxe Model INK-O-GRAPH $2
Inkograph Co., Inc., 212 Hudson St., N.Y.C.

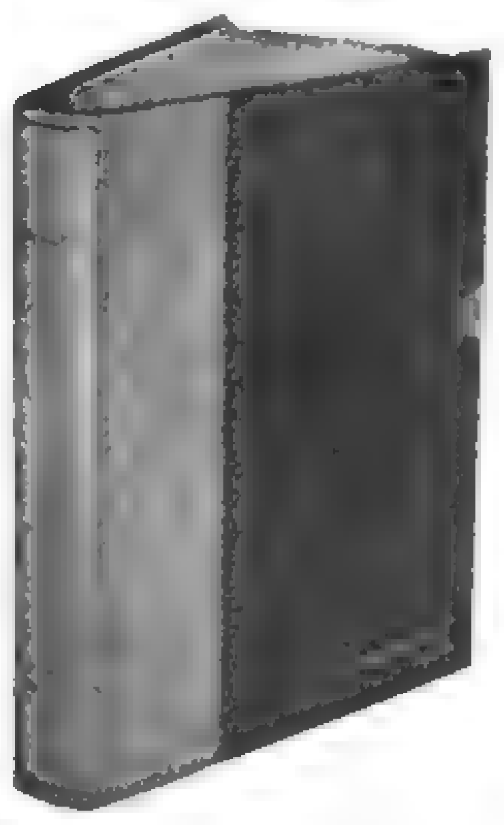
Your copies of
ESQUIRE
in a
Permanent Book

Tailored in the ESQUIRE distinctive style—it's new and smart—an asset to any club, home or office library—your name embossed on the front cover—making it your personal book. Six issues per volume. June issue completes Volume XVIV, January to June, 1943. We can supply most missing issues at 50c per copy—the regular newsstand price.



BUCKRAM—(heavy cloth)—distinctive 2-color Esquire design. A quality binding that is both attractive and durable.

Price, $2.50 per vol. With gilt top, $3.00 per vol.



DE LUXE—GENUINE PIGSKIN—Rich embossed burned-in lettering. Gilt top. A luxurious binding comparable to the individual masterpieces of the Old World bookbinding craftsmen. Price, $5.00 per vol.

ESQUIRE, INC.
919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Bound books returned express collect

Runyon. Whether he means in those days or in these days he does not say, but it was his good fortune to write sports when giants walked the earth. He was the highest paid man in the field when the old order was making way for the new. The champions he saw during his tenure of office are the heroes of our modern folk lore. Some of them were called Dempsey, Ruth, Cobb, Wills, Tilden, Weissmuller, Paddock, Jones. They glittered in a day and age that has since been described by sports writers as The Golden Era.

The old-timers say that the golden era of sports writing died with the golden era of sports. We'll have to take their word for it, for nobody has yet bothered to make a respectable anthology of the best of the old sports pieces, and the works of the great historians are still food for termites in the newspaper morgues. The great athletes of Runyon's era are alive today, but we have come to regard them as immortals and we believe we shall never see their like again. This belief is based, as much as anything else, on the eye-witness accounts of the sports writers of the time.

Runyon was responsible for a good many of the best pieces. The old-timers will tell you that his piece on Earle Sande ("Gimme a handy guy like Sande bootin' those winners home!") was one of the great lyrics of all time. And his six pieces on the great Harry Cooper (whom he christened "Light-Horse Harry") winning a golf tournament in Los Angeles are generally considered six of the best pieces on golf and golfers ever written. Journalism students will be interested, technically, in the fact that Runyon never saw any part of that tournament. He sat in his hotel room all the time, because he didn't like golf, and wrote his dispatches from material gathered by his leg men.

It must have been a great job—sports editor on a New York paper. There were million-dollar gates at Madison Square Garden, and milk fund bouts to arrange for Mrs. Hearst, and champions of every sort to chase all over the country. It was during those days that Runyon started his research work on the guys and dolls of Broadway.

The Golden Era died when the Depression was born, and Runyon bowed out of the game when the Thirties were a'borning. He did not retire. He was converted. The switch from one career to another is not a strange thing among sports writers and many of the most eminent of the brotherhood have done pretty well after leaving the sports department. There was Broun. There was Gallico, who turned to short story writing and the gold mines of Hollywood. There was Lardner, who also turned to fiction—and immortality. There is Kieran, who has finally gratified his life-long ambition to simply "sit in front of a typewriter and ruminate." There is, lest we forget, Pegler.

Runyon's conversion came about through a quirk of fate in the form of abdominal trouble. It came about because he needed an operation.

He had written short stories before, in his youth. He had collaborated with Charles E. Van Loan, another fugitive from the dailies, on many short stories. ("I supplied the plots. Charles did the writing.") In those days he learned the ropes. When, at the heydey of his newspaper career, he needed some money for an operation, he thought of the old short story dodge. He called up Ray Long, who was then editing *Cosmopolitan* for Hearst, and asked him if he'd be interested in a short story. Long told him to send along whatever he had in mind and it would be given careful consideration. Runyon sat down and wrote a story called *Romance in the Roaring Forties.* Long paid him 800 dollars for it and Runyon had his operation.

When he came out of the ether, *Collier's* magazine was on the wire. Would Mr. Runyon be interested in writing short stories for *Collier's*, at an advance in prices over the *Cosmopolitan* rate? Mr. Runyon would and did, and he has been writing short stories ever since.

He had gone as far in news-

Continued on page 162

GOOD TASTE

...for gracious living

BLATZ BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS.
In Our 92nd Year

Blatz
MILWAUKEE'S MOST EXQUISITE BEER

Buy War Bonds

VANITY Set 275.00
Engagement Ring 225.00

BETHANY Set 375.00
Engagement Ring 300.00

SALEM Set 110.00
Engagement Ring 100.00

DIANA Set 587.50
Engagement Ring 500.00

Look for the name "Keepsake" in the ring.

Rings enlarged to show details

Say it with a - - -

GENUINE-REGISTERED
Keepsake
DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT RING

This love of yours is a priceless treasure that builds a quiet confidence within . . . and holds a promise for a brighter tomorrow. Such devotion should be symbolized with a genuine registered "Keepsake" Diamond Ring. Through five decades "Keepsake" diamonds have set high standards of clarity, cut and color. The Keepsake Certificate of Registration and Guarantee is part of your purchase and is your protection against an unwise choice. See the new matched sets at your Keepsake Jeweler . . . from $50 to $2500.

Keepsake Diamond Rings, A. H. Pond Co., Inc.
214 S. Warren St., Syracuse, N. Y.

Please send the book, "The Etiquette of the Engagement and Wedding", with supplement on "Wartime Engagements and Weddings", illustrations of "Keepsake" Rings and the name of the nearest Keepsake Jeweler. I enclose 10c to cover mailing.

Name . . . .
Street and No. . . . .
City . . . . .E 9 43

Professor D., Alias Runyon

Continued from pages 39-161

papers as a sports writer can go, insofar as circulation and salary are concerned, but he has gone higher as a short story writer than any sports writer could dream of going. His thousands of newspaper stories are mere memories to his followers of the Golden Era, but the few dozen short stories he has written are always in the public eye, for they appear first in magazines, then in books, and then in that form more enduring than bronze—celluloid. His daily newspaper columns, which he thumps out with a great deal of care and conscience, are, like all newspaper columns, here today and gone tomorrow. But his short stories can be quoted almost verbatim by thousands of Runyon fanatics, because the constant relay from typewriter to magazine to book to movie keeps them fresh and alive and kicking.

There are writers who confine their interests solely to the people of one section of the country, and these are called provincial writers. There are writers who have found their life work in the fortunes of the inhabitants of one township, and these are considered very provincial indeed. Runyon is more closely confined than any of these. "Provincial" is too vast a word for the domain Runyon has picked for himself, for all his characters seem to live in one big restaurant.

Lindy's Restaurant on Broadway is the focal point of all the Runyon tales. So as to avoid any legal resemblance between any persons living or dead and those represented in his stories, Runyon boldly disguises the restaurant he writes about as "Mindy's." Runyon Row is the district that used to be called, arbitrarily, Broadway. It is a series of branches off the Main Stem, extending a few blocks East, a few blocks West, and North and South from the lower forties to the upper fifties. The center of this dominion is Mindy's Restaurant, and the anonymous gentleman who usually tells the Runyon tales seems to reside in Mindy's just like everybody else. This is a guy, see, who is hanging around Mindy's destroying a tasty portion of ham hocks and sauerkraut and minding his own business, when all of a sudden who should come in but Harry the Horse, or Angie the Ox, or some other jolly merchant in mayhem, and the fun begins.

That is the Runyon formula. Occasionally, the master experiments with the short story form. In such cases the story does not start in Mindy's at all, but in Good Time Charley Bernstein's saloon, just around the corner.

It has been said, and often, that Runyon is the spiritual successor of O. Henry. This because he has restricted himself to tales of New York and because he confines himself to the lingo of the big city. Actually, his stories bear no resemblance at all to those of the Caliph of Bagdad. O. Henry did not restrict himself to New York and his use of slang was a caricature of the slang of his day. Runyon's slang is as authentic as he can make it, allowing something for the poet's license. O. Henry always used the old punch line. Runyon rarely uses the trick. O. Henry wrote vast purple passages embroidered with words culled from six or seven dictionaries. Runyon has never written a fancy line in his life, and he is interested in no talk but the argot of the Main Stem. He is not interested in dictionaries; he writes only by ear.

If it's a spiritual predecessor to Runyon they want they would do better to exhume the works of H. C. Witwer, a short story writer immensely popular in his day (a decade ago) but quite forgotten now that his characters and his slang are out of date. Witwer always wrote his stories through the mouth of a citizen of the Great White Way. He was the master of the side-splitting simile, of the elaborate, improbable plot. He was extremely sentimental beneath his bluff exterior. His mugs and lugs had teeth and hearts of gold. He gave his characters extraordinary names. To all of these possessions, Runyon has fallen spiritual heir.

There is no question of imitation, for Runyon is a true innovator and his angle is all his own. But if he falls into any class he falls into Witwer's much faster than he falls into O. Henry's, for Witwer was the first of the truly provincial Broadway writers.

And Runyon is his successor, and all this is paradox, for none of this is what the American magazine public is generally supposed to lap up with such gusto. Ask any editor of a magazine with a three million circulation.

But Runyon himself is a paradox. His dress and gentle manners are paradoxical for one whose favorite haunts are the back rooms and the bierstubes of Broadway. His distinctions conflict with one another and with himself. Though he may be the world's greatest sports writer he is himself no more athletic than Herbert Hoover. He indulges in no games besides gin rummy. He does not even drive a car. Though he is such a master at depicting the joys of the strenuous outdoor life, he is a chronic hater of daylight. He functions best when the sun is well below the skyline. Then Broadway is the color he likes it, and he can start smoking his endless chains of cigarettes and imbibing his countless cups of coffee. And the greatest paradox of all, perhaps, is the fact that this man who has so long been a resident of Broadway and who has written so often about the intimate thoughts and the intimate rackets of the guys and dolls of Broadway, is still the friend of every one of them. ##

An Old Boston Tradition . . .

Down-East Lobster Stew at Ye Old Oyster House

DOWN-EAST
LOBSTER STEW
as prepared by Ye Old Oyster House
(Serves Two)

Cut one-half pound of lobster meat in fairly small pieces. Melt three ounces of butter and thoroughly saute meat in butter to bring out flavor. When lobster is well sauted, add one-half pint of cream and one-half pint of milk. Heat and serve.

Ye Old Oyster House (Union Oyster House) is at 41 Union Street, Boston

NATIONALLY FAMOUS FOR GOOD TASTE

GOEBEL
BEER

Right from the Cypress Casks of Goebel
Goebel Brewing Co., Detroit, Mich.

The Union Oyster House, established in 1826, is one place you would naturally go to get a recipe for Lobster Stew at its very best. But you need not search for a recipe for another famous good taste . . . it is at hand when you order Goebel Beer . . . the good taste that won national popularity in a few short years. Wouldn't you like to try that good taste today? Order Goebel Beer now.

GOEBEL *Bantam* BEER

London's Big Ben
THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS TIMEPIECE
Metropolitan Tower Clock, New York
THE WORLD'S LARGEST
WELSBRO
Watches
FAMOUS FOR MODERN STYLING AND GUARANTEED ACCURACY . . .
Models for Men and Women at good Jewelers
WELSBRO WATCHES

WEISSMAN WATCH COMPANY, 20 W. 47 ST., NEW YORK, NEW YORK

Alien in the Big League

Continued from page 42

Ignacio was the best to work with. Nobody ever told him to hold the glove still to make a good target, yet Ignacio always held the mitt like it was frozen till I threw the ball. That gave me control. We played semi-pro ball and earned pretty good money at La Habra. We played over in Santa Paula, too. Then . . . Ignacio was in a machine accident. His hand was messed up and . . . no more baseball for Ignacio. I wanted to quit, too, but he made me keep on, because it would mean money sooner or later."

Success on the semi-pro lots led to an invitation to Jess Orndorff's Baseball School in Los Angeles, the first of its kind. Working under Pacific Coast League veterans, Truck Hannah and the indestructible Jigger Statz, Flores proved his pitching ability in no time. They rewarded him with a contract to pitch for Bisbee, in the Arizona State League at 125 dollars a month. He rewarded them with a 10-2 victory in his first game, and then a pennant by winning twenty-five games against six losses. Ten victories came in a row.

That record brought him back to the Los Angeles Angels for the 1939 campaign and he spent the next four seasons with them. There was much to learn and he learned slowly, but he never forgot. Phlegmatic outwardly, but a churning dynamo inwardly, it wasn't long before he developed into a bundle of nerves. It affected his control and he is always helpless when the ball won't go where he directs it.

The situation almost had him licked in mid-season of 1941, for he had never let his hair down to anybody but Ignacio. Finally his misery found company in a team mate, Ray Prim, whose southpaw pitching wasn't going so well. Out of the double-barreled weeping came mutual assistance.

Flores taught Prim the technique of knuckle-ball pitching, and the southpaw taught Flores to chew tobacco. Strangely enough, Prim started bowling over teams in the Coast League with his unexpected change-of-pace delivery. He wound up in a blaze of victories that totalled sixteen when the season ended, and last year he turned in twenty-one wins.

Flores' nerves smoothed out completely under the influence of tobacco chewing, he says, for he also began to mow down batters with an accelerating pace that reached a near historic climax in September. Pitching against Oakland, the Mexican turned back a succession of batters without a hit until twenty-six had failed at the plate. Only Marvin Gudat, a substitute first-baseman, stood between Flores and a no-hit game. He got two strikes on Gudat and, with one to go, the culprit got one on his bat handle and looped a Texas Leaguer just over Lou Stringer's head at second for the only hit of the game.

After learning the tobacco-chewing art, Flores could always be identified on the mound by a bulging cheek that made Lon Warneke's look like a wad of gum. Before every game he pitches, the Mexican seems to stuff a half-pack of eating tobacco into his face and the pitcher's box takes on the appearance of rich, red loam at the end of nine innings. Groundkeepers say that if Flores would only stuff the other cheek with sulphur, the result would be a nine-inning spray of nicotine-sulphate that would drive Japanese beetles from ball parks.

Today Flores is as nerveless as a new set of uppers, and not even the jingle-jangle jockeying of Art Fletcher and Earle Combs can upset him at the Yankee Stadium. He further soothes his nerves with prolonged sessions at the billiard table, even though they are hard to find these days. Pool tables are plentiful, but he doesn't like pool. He prefers balkline and three-cushion, and he patterns his game after that of Joe Chamaco, a former champion and also a Mexican.

When he cannot find billiard tables, he hunts for movies containing Leo Carillo, Dolores Del

Continued on page 164

"Please move forward!"

in Fine Footwear
MASON means QUALITY

Shoes so GOOD — so smart, comfortable and splendidly fitted that you wonder how they can be sold at such low prices!

Of course there's a reason—Mason Quality Shoes are sold DIRECT from Factory to You, by trained Foot-Fitter-Salesmen. No unnecessary overhead expenses.

Welcome the Mason Factory Representative when he calls on you in your home or office, to show you the amazingly comfortable Air Cushion Commando shoe and 200 other fine styles.

VELVET-EEZ AIR CUSHION COMFORT

MASON SHOE MFG. CO.
and Affiliated Companies
Chippewa Falls - - - - Wis.

you'll find me only on fine
handkerchiefs

BLOCH FRÈRES

Look For The Red, White And Blue Designer Label
AT FINE STORES
11 East 38th Street, New York City

THE AIREDALE

Styled by **Cosmo**®

America's Favorite
All-Weather
TOPCOAT

of strong, durable and luxurious AIREDALE Gabardine — WEATHER-PROOFED. Smartly styled, raglan model.

For an All-Quality Coat look for this "Airedale" tag at your favorite store

THE COSMO AIREDALE

COSMOPOLITAN
Manufacturing Company
Cambridge, Mass.
New York Office · 200 Fifth Avenue
Chicago Office · Merchandise Mart
®Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Now..Try All Three
for
Well-Groomed Hair
LARRY "BUSTER" CRABBE
star of "Billie The Kid" Pictures,
uses Glover's

The Famous 3-WAY Glover's Treatment

Many Hollywood stars confirm the opinion of Americans by the hundreds of thousands—three generations of men and women who have used Glover's famous Mange Medicine for the Scalp and Hair. And now . . . Glo-Ver Shampoo and Glover's Imperial Hair Dress complete this tried-and-true Glover's treatment. Try all three—ask at your favorite Drug Store—or mail the coupon today.

★ ★ ★

TRIAL SIZE! This is what you will receive in the Complete Trial Application pictured below:

GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE—recommended, with massage, for Dandruff, Annoying Scalp and Excessive Falling Hair since 1876. Easy to apply—you'll **feel** the exhilarating effect, **instantly!**

GLO-VER SHAMPOO—produces abundant lather in hard or soft water—leaves hair soft, clean, easy to comb.

GLOVER'S Imperial HAIR DRESS—Non-alcoholic and Antiseptic! Keeps hair neatly in place—gives you a smart appearance.

Each product in a hermetically-sealed bottle, packed in special carton with complete instructions and FREE booklet. "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair."

Use Glover's Products Together—or Separately!

GLOVER'S
with massage, for
DANDRUFF, ANNOYING SCALP and Excessive FALLING HAIR

COMPLETE TRIAL APPLICATION
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN
★ GLOVER'S ★

GLOVER'S, 101 West 31st St., Dept. 819
New York 1, N. Y.
Send "Complete Trial Application" in three hermetically-sealed bottles, with informative booklet, as advertised. I enclose 25c.
Name..
Address.......................................

Alien in the Big League

Continued from pages 42-163

Rio, Lupe Velez or Pat O'Brien. New York is his favorite city, because it contains enough small movie houses to guarantee sight and sound of these people somewhere. Also, New York's several authentic Mexican restaurants make it a welcome oasis.

He has already astounded his team mates with a new record for letter writing. At Detroit a fresh hotel clerk suggested that Flores might be conducting a mail-order business. But it is entirely social correspondence to his many relatives and to his many friends in the service. Sometimes he receives a small bundle of service mail that has collected at his home in La Habra. Then he writes at least one letter a day to Consuelo, his wife. His little daughters, Arminda and Elvira, can't talk, but they get letters, too.

His initial pitching effort of the present season was a masterpiece, buried by defeat. He threw a two-hitter against the Red Sox, holding them to a single run, but Tex Hughson held the Athletics to six hits and no runs.

Haunted by another quick return to the Coast League, or perhaps worse, Flores improved the next time out in Washington. He pitched nine scoreless innings, but even that wasn't good enough to win, because the A's couldn't score him any runs. He toiled on for six more innings, and still the score was 0-0.

"That was when I knew he was great," Connie Mack reveals. "We hadn't scored a run for him in twenty-five innings, but his mind was so full of his work and making his screwball break right that he didn't have time or feeling for self-pity or chagrin. You'd have thought he was winning, his disposition was so splendid."

The A's batted two runs across in the sixteenth, and the shock seemed to affect Flores' nerves, despite his bulging cheek. He wabbled in the Senator's half of the sixteenth, and they nicked him for a run, but he won his first big-league victory.

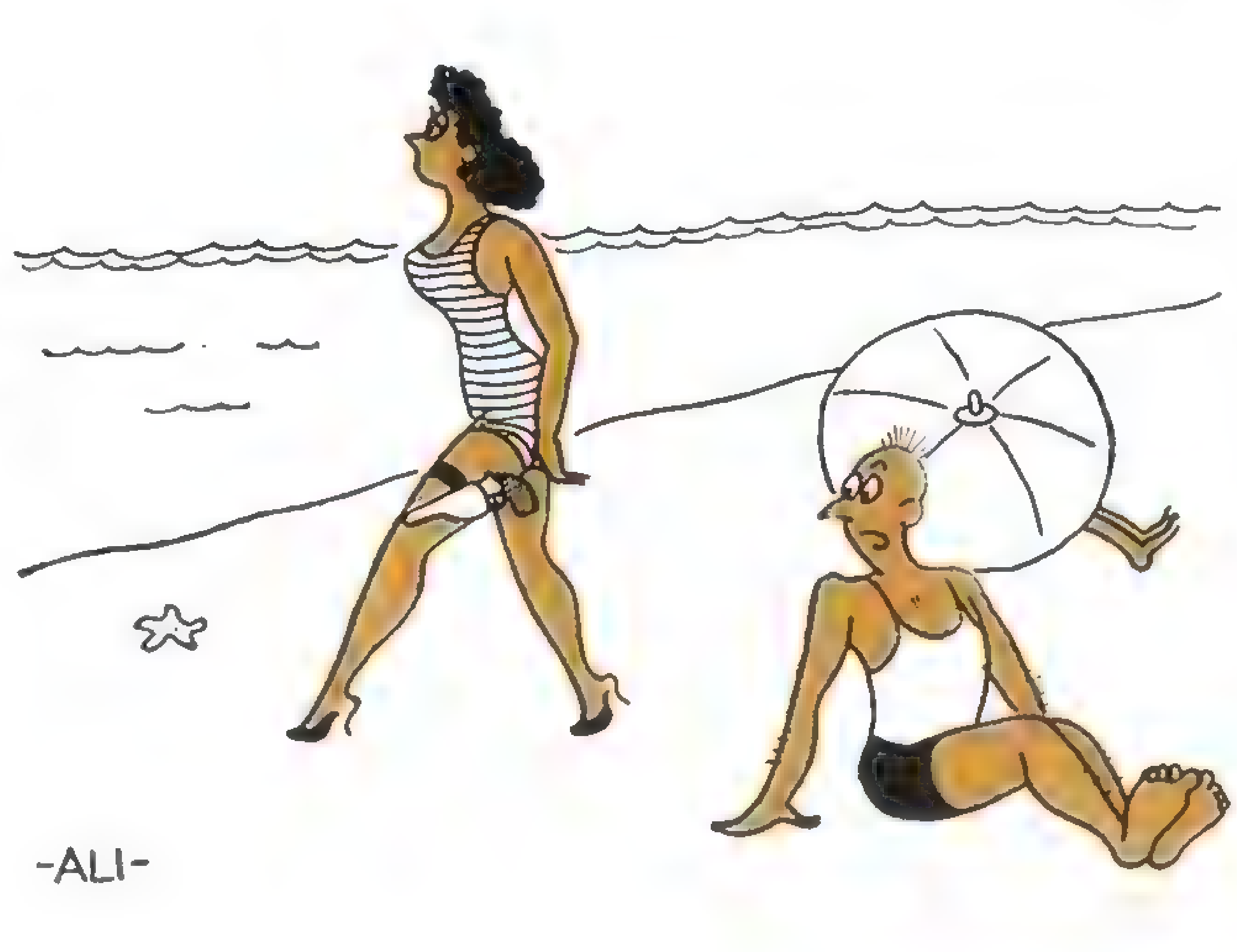
Due to the rigor mortis quality of the balata ball at the start of the season, most everybody was pitching low score games, and Flores' work was dismissed lightly. Added elasticity in the ball would stop him, they said, to say nothing of the New York Yankees. But even that combination couldn't halt his early march. He tow-roped the Yankees for eight innings, and their only satisfaction came when Connie Mack decided to play it safe with a relief pitcher in a shaky ninth.

Flores continued his winning ways when the A's invaded the West for the first time, and the only sign of mediocrity came in St. Louis when a fifteen-minute interruption by rain cooled his arm. He wasn't the same pitcher when the game was resumed, even though he won. But this happens to all pitchers, and indicates the Mexican is human after all.

Regardless of Flores' greatness or lack of it, and whether his triumph is to be long or brief, they cannot take from him his supreme achievement: *Padre* is no longer a fruit picker. The burning ambition to lift his aging parent from the treadmill of the orchards has been realized through baseball earnings. Now a degree of success in the big-league will keep padre in retirement. The boy's next goal is a scheme to get the parents a better home.

Some day Jess himself may have enough money to quit the groves and enter some other business between baseball seasons, or maybe just loaf, which wouldn't be easy after a lifetime of toil.

"Oh, no, taking siesta would be easy enough," he says with an easy grin. "But there will be no siesta in my life for quite a while. I am still a Mexican and my country is also fighting the war as a partner of this swell country. I never forget that. So, right after the baseball season ends, I go back to La Habra and to the Murphy Ranch. Fruit is food, and food is important as bullets. So, back to the groves for me. But I am a foreman of the pickers now." ⌗



Aldens

the Smarter
Casual Jacket

Aldens presents a distinctive, all-wool Sports Coat of Shetland-type weave, so masterfully tailored and detailed it has the trig, mannish air of Bond Street craftsmanship! Single breasted, 3-buttoned, half lined in sturdy Rayon. It's 25% virgin wool. 75% reprocessed wool. It comes in sizes 34 to 44 . . . and your choice of Camel, Tan or Dark Brown. Order by mail as millions of other value-seekers do and pocket your savings! Remember Aldens for smarter styles and dependable quality. 10.95

FORDHAM DE LUXE
Well-bred Footwear

Made in the British manner . . . smarter, longer lasting! Pre-flexed quality leathers, hand lasting for natural fit . . . 52 hand operations. Not $12.50, as you'd expect . . . but only $7.85. Plain toe: hand-stained brown imported Scotch grain leather. Custom toe: fine brown or black calfskin. 7.85

write to
Aldens
CHICAGO MAIL ORDER COMPANY
Chicago, Ill. Est. 1889

The Taking of Sanski Most

Continued from page 80

he said slowly and with emphasis.

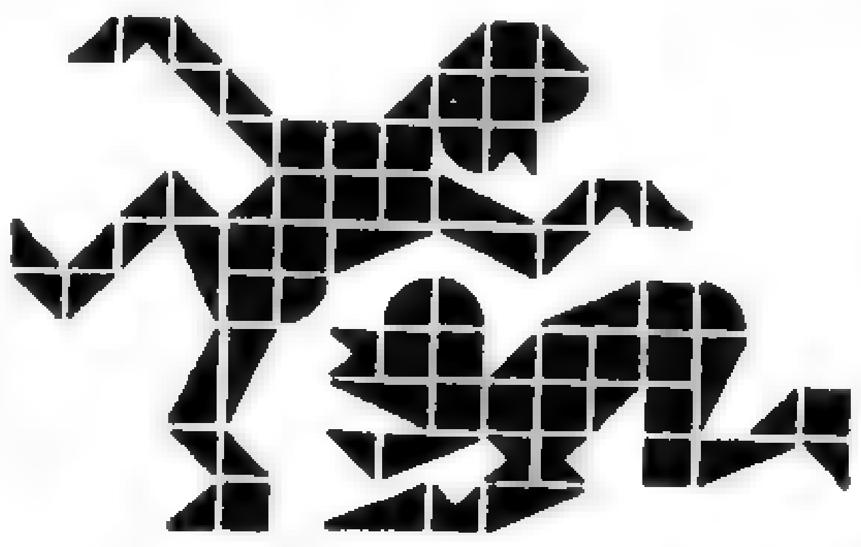
"Do you mean you are going away?" She felt her heart beat fast.

He took her hands in his and bent his face close to hers. "Dear little Margarita, I fear we are going soon, but of course it is still a secret."

"How do you know?" she murmured.

He smiled. "I heard it last night. The colonel was talking at mess. He said the High Command had intended us to wait for a Bulgarian regiment that will take our place, but there's been trouble nearer the coast, and we, you know, are Arditi, shock troops, the best of the army; they always call upon us when any great trouble occurs."

She watched him with big round eyes. "And so you must go away, so soon when you and I have scarcely begun to be friends?"



Opportunist

A fellow bitten by a dog
Caused doctors some surprise
By writing up a lengthy log
Of names of gals and guys.
"Are these," said Doc, "the folks we write
In case you should get bad?"
"Naw, these are bums I wanta bite
In case I should go mad."

He put his hand on her shoulder. "There are still two days. Could you meet me tomorrow evening?"

"Give me more wine," she said, allowing her hand to quiver in his big brown paw. "Are you really going so soon?"

"The day after tomorrow—that's what the colonel said," he replied as he filled her glass. "Perhaps at mess tonight I may find out for certain. I can't tell you in the morning, because tomorrow is Sunday and so there is no market. That's why you must come to my quarters, say eight o'clock in the evening. Margarita, you must come." He clasped her hand again. "There won't be any trouble, because in the house where I live there's a separate entrance from the garden. No one will know but the sentry, and he is a friend of mine."

"I could not come alone, my grandmother must be with me."

He gave her a crafty look and held up his glass of wine. "A little of this," he said, "perhaps we could mix it with brandy. She is old and will go to sleep." His eyes were shining, and Estelle thought, I've got him, but she said quietly:

"Suppose this is all a pretense, to get me to your house and make the old woman drunk, and then . . . why, how do I know that you're going away at all?"

He said, "I will tell you tomorrow."

* * *

Soon after, Estelle was again talking with Yak Fomich.

"It's like a play," she said. "First act, we creep through the garden. Only the sentry will know. Second act, dear grandma is given too much to drink. Third act, seduction of the innocent country girl. What do you think of it, Yak Fomich?"

He said, "To make me drunk on our own native liquor! The fool! But of course I'll do it."

"I said we would be there at eight unless I sent him a message. I said my grandmother was strict, but I thought I might be able to persuade her."

"You've done well," Yak Fomich repeated. "You'll be the mouse to catch this Italian puss."

* * *

The sentry made no sign as they passed him and entered the garden, moved through its shadowy trees and then mounted the narrow staircase.

"Margarita, you have come!" Ludovici greeted Estelle and held out his arms to embrace her. Estelle quickly evaded his grasp.

"My grandmother," she whispered.

He took the old woman's arm and led her to the table, which was laden with food and drink. "I have wine and brandy," he said, "but alas, the food is cold." He squeezed Estelle's arm and added, "I wanted no interruptions." He made a gracious host, but Estelle noted that he filled the old woman's glass from a different bottle, and once half-winked at her as he did so. He talked in a low voice, as if there was something confidential between them.

Yak Fomich, the "old woman," was nodding at the table.

"It's all settled," the sergeant whispered to Estelle. "Of the three battalions we have here, two will leave in the morning. But I can arrange to remain here until the Bulgarians come, three or four days from now. Three or four days with you . . ." He slipped his arm around Estelle and held her tightly against his side. "Then, my dear, we shall see. Perhaps you could come with me . . ."

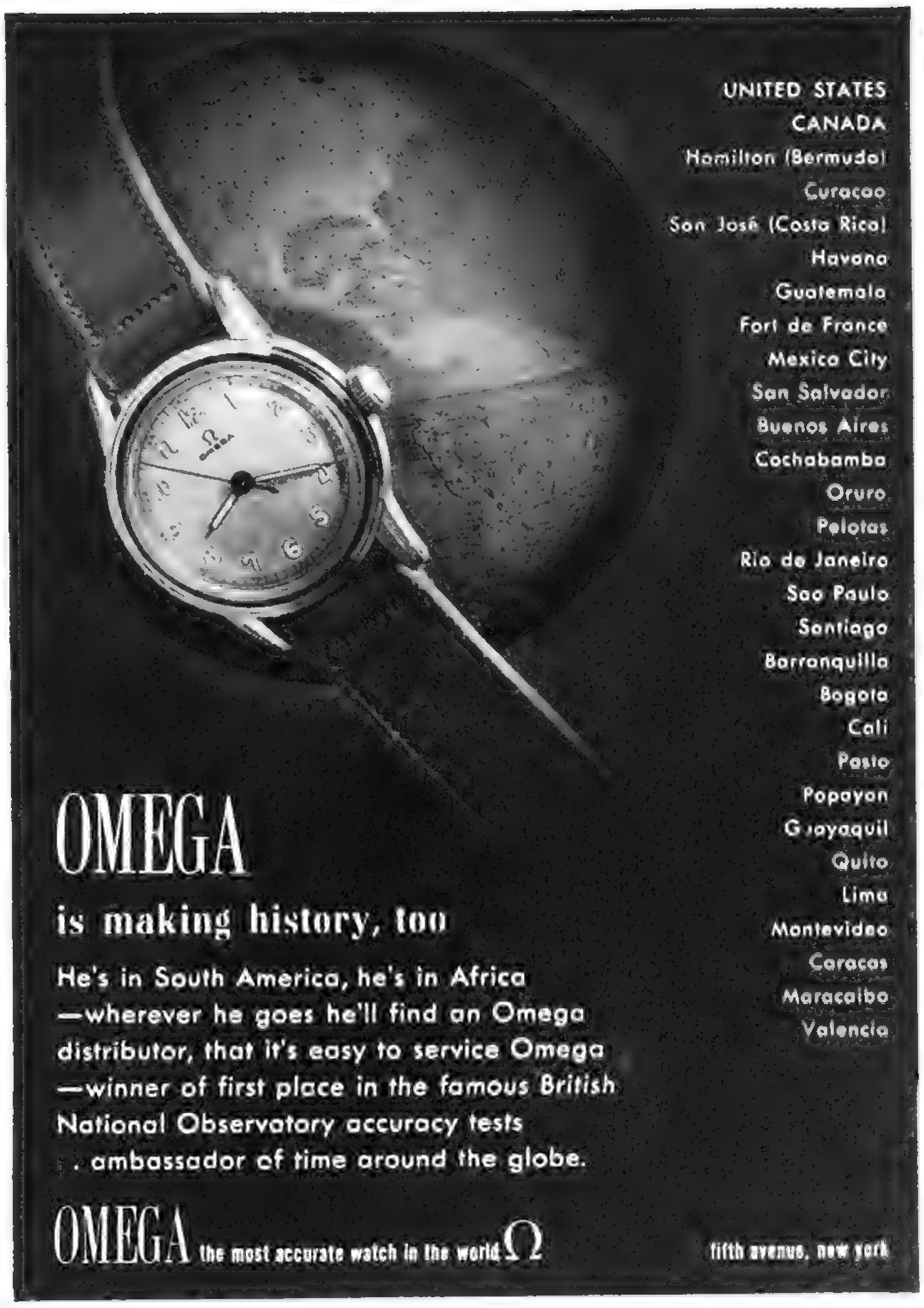
Yak Fomich slumped forward on the table. That wine, thought Estelle. That wine came from a different bottle . . .

The sergeant looked hard at the lifeless body. For a long and heavy moment, he said nothing. Silence, except for the drunken snores of Yak Fomich . . .

Then suddenly he pushed Estelle from him, and rapped sharply on the table. She heard heavy steps on the staircase, then the sentry pushed open the door and entered the room.

"Take that old hag out of here

Continued on page 166



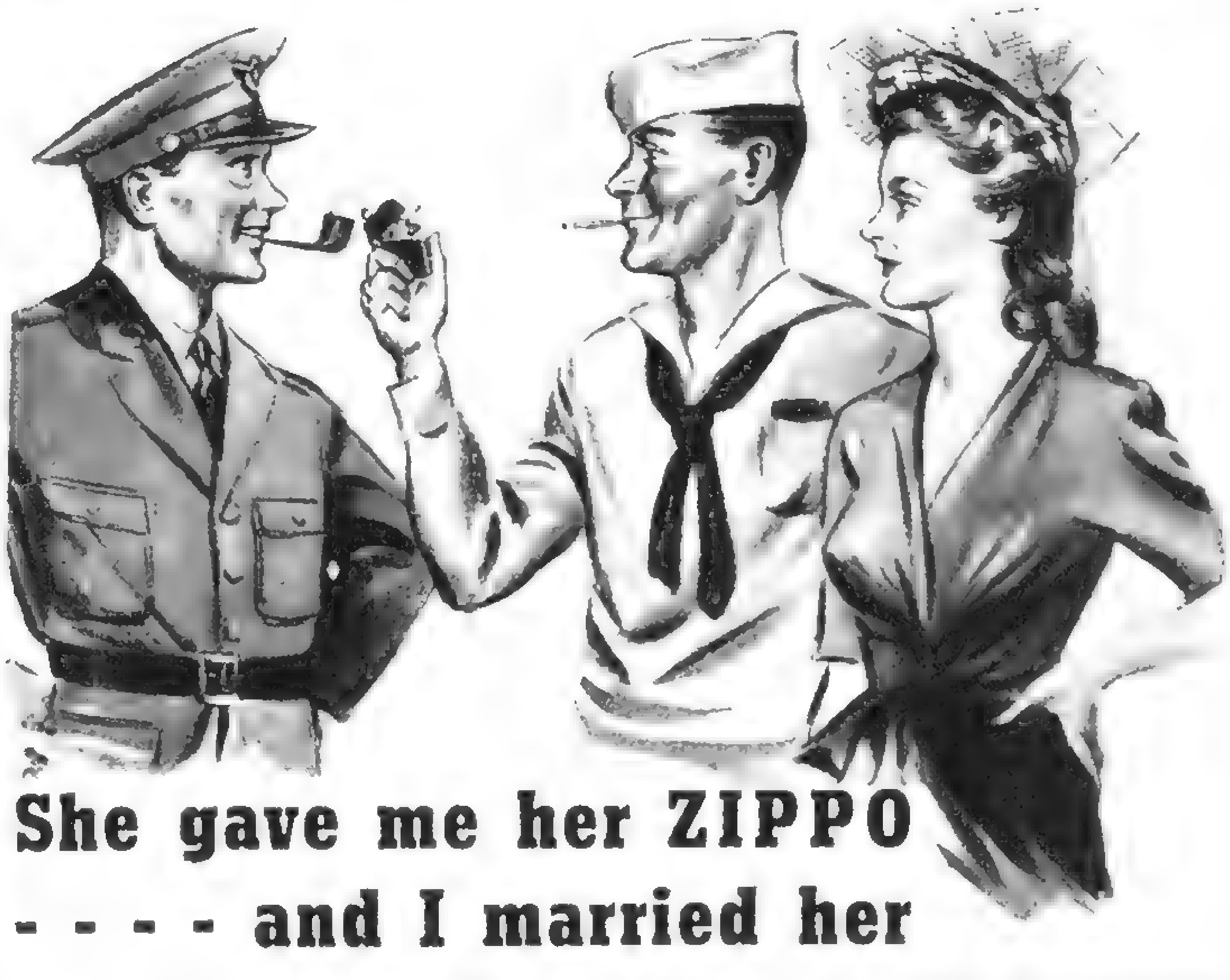
UNITED STATES
CANADA
Hamilton (Bermuda)
Curacao
San José (Costa Rica)
Havana
Guatemala
Fort de France
Mexico City
San Salvador
Buenos Aires
Cochabamba
Oruro
Pelotas
Rio de Janeiro
Sao Paulo
Santiago
Barranquilla
Bogota
Cali
Pasto
Popayan
Guayaquil
Quito
Lima
Montevideo
Caracas
Maracaibo
Valencia

OMEGA
is making history, too

He's in South America, he's in Africa —wherever he goes he'll find an Omega distributor, that it's easy to service Omega —winner of first place in the famous British National Observatory accuracy tests . . ambassador of time around the globe.

OMEGA the most accurate watch in the world Ω

fifth avenue, new york



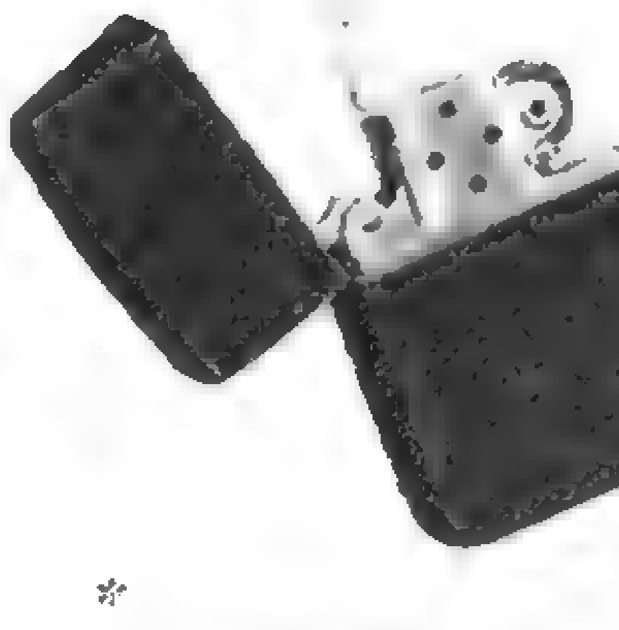
She gave me her ZIPPO
- - - - and I married her

"Pretty swell gal, to part with her precious ZIPPO—she can't buy a new one. I'll remember her every time I light up. In a nor'easter I'll know the ZIPPO will be as dependable as the gal who gave it."

You can't buy a new ZIPPO*, so keep *yours* in good order. Use a fluid that won't gum up the wick—use ZIPPO Long Lasting Fluid—it burns clean. ZIPPO Hard Flints give a bigger spark, wear longer, and fit better (in most any lighter). Package of 4 for 10 cents.

Demand genuine ZIPPO accessories from your local dealer.

ZIPPO MFG. CO., 7 BARBOUR ST., BRADFORD, PA.



* Sales limited to service men located outside continental U. S. or on high seas.

ZIPPO Windproof LIGHTER

IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE NATIONAL CONSERVATION PROGRAM

Round-the-Clock Precision IN RAZOR BLADES

Precision-made blades hit the mark every time. No misses that leave a scraggy beard. PROFESSIONAL blades give a smoother, cleaner and longer-lasting shave because of our precision methods of manufacture.

With proper care, PROFESSIONAL blades can be used *more* often!

Professional

PRECISION-MADE ★ RUST-RESISTANT

BLADES

FIVE BLADES for 25c

Electro-tempered for toughness

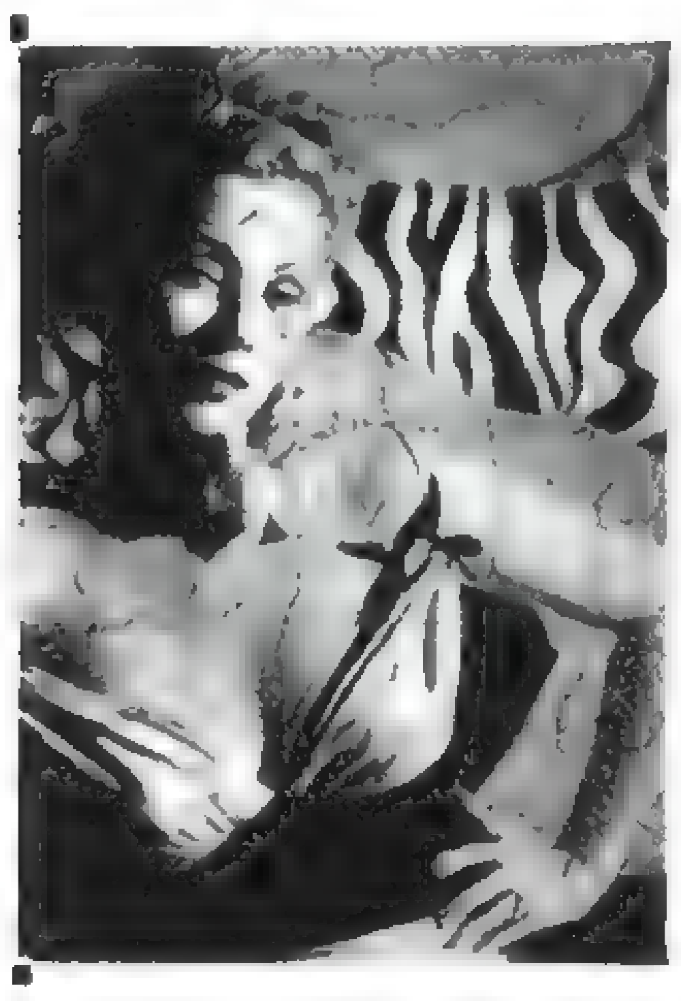
Precision-honed for keenness and durability

Gold-steel finish for rust-resistance

Result: Cleaner, smoother, faster shaving!

send 'em anywhere . . .

Esky's Jig-Saw Puzzles!


actual size (10" x 14")

There's nothing more welcome to a Service Man than a pretty girl—and when you multiply her by two—well, sirs, you have a double reason why Esky's two-in-one jig-saw puzzles are whooping successes. Each of these four different jig-saw puzzles features on one side a knockout Hurrell girl photograph in full color . . . on the other side another beautiful Hurrell girl photograph in black and white. Sized 10" x 14", packaged in special small envelopes, and printed on sturdy stock weighing less than an ounce, they can be sent here or abroad for just 3c postage. Get your supply of Esky Jig-Saw Puzzles now . . . or if you wish, we'll mail 'em direct at no extra postage charge. 25c per puzzle . . . or $1 for four different puzzles in four separate envelopes.

ESQUIRE, P. O. BOX 1143, CHICAGO 90, ILLINOIS

No. 1—Hurrell's {Linda Darnell (in color) / Mary Maguire}
No. 3—Hurrell's {Marjorie Woodworth (in color) / Ann Sheridan}
No. 2—Hurrell's {Betty Grable (in color) / Ann Sothern}
No. 4—Hurrell's {Ann Miller (in color) / Rita Hayworth}

Please send the Esquire Overseas Jig-Saw Puzzles checked above, at 25c each to:

Name ....
Address ....
City .... State ....

FROM

My Name ....
Address ....
City .... State ....

(No gift card can be included. No stamps please)

I enclose $.........., payment in full.

The Taking of Sanski Most

Continued from pages 80-165

and keep her in the bedroom," said the sergeant. He motioned to the glass-panelled door behind him. "Throw her on the couch and let her sleep it off.

"But be ready when I call you. You may be needed."

He turned down the smoking lamp, and drew back his chair from the table. In a voice so guttural and so harsh that it seemed to speak another tongue, he said, "And now, my dear Margarita, if that's your name, it's your turn to talk. But tell the truth."

Estelle watched him with eyes full of horror. Before her, she knew, was a member of the Gestapo.

"Don't stand there dumb," he said impatiently. "All I want to know are the names of those you are working for. You might as well tell me, for then I'll let you go."

"I have done nothing wrong," she stammered, but it seemed as if the pounding of the blood vessels in her throat sounded out in her voice. How much does he know? she thought frantically.

"Don't try to keep up your act as a peasant girl. It was never very good, anyway. I don't want to hurt you but I will if I have to. All the information you have won't do you any good; after the week is out and the Bulgarians have moved in—at the end of that time I promise to let you go.

"Just tell me this—Who sent you here, and why?"

"No one sent me!" she cried. "I came of my own free will. This was my home before, I told you I'd been ill, and . . ."

"It never was your home. That was a silly lie." His voice grew harsh and impatient. "Tell the truth!"

"I have . . ."

Like a sharp stinging whip the flat of his hand fell against her cheek. "I'll give you ten seconds more!" he shouted.

The menace in his tone was like a hand at her throat. Through the glass bedroom door she saw the sentry's helmet and bent shoulders as he stood there waiting for the summons. Yak Fomich must have been drugged, or worse, perhaps he was poisoned. She looked again at the man; his eyes were cold as ice.

Her hand leapt out to a knife. The Gestapo man was quicker. He caught her wrist and gave it a savage wrench. Her cry of pain was drowned as he shouted over his shoulder, "Hans, come here, and bring with you the rope!" He twisted her hand again and once more she screamed aloud. "You don't want to talk, but now . . ."

"Now!" said another voice.

Estelle saw the sentry's helmet, saw his Italian tunic, wet and stained from collar to chest, but saw no rope in his hand. Instead, the short Chetnik knife, poised at her enemy's throat.

"Now!" said Yak Fomich again and drove the dagger home. "Quick, Missy, drink some brandy!" He threw his body forward to hide the sight from Estelle, then turned and asked her coolly, "What is all this about?"

The spirit burned her throat and her wrist was a blaze of pain, but her voice was clear as she answered, "It seems we made a mistake. This man is not Italian but Gestapo. What happened to the sentry?"

"That fool!" said Yak Fomich. "You saw how he carried me out, holding my blouse at the back, as a cat would carry a kitten, which made it easy for me to draw the knife from my stocking.

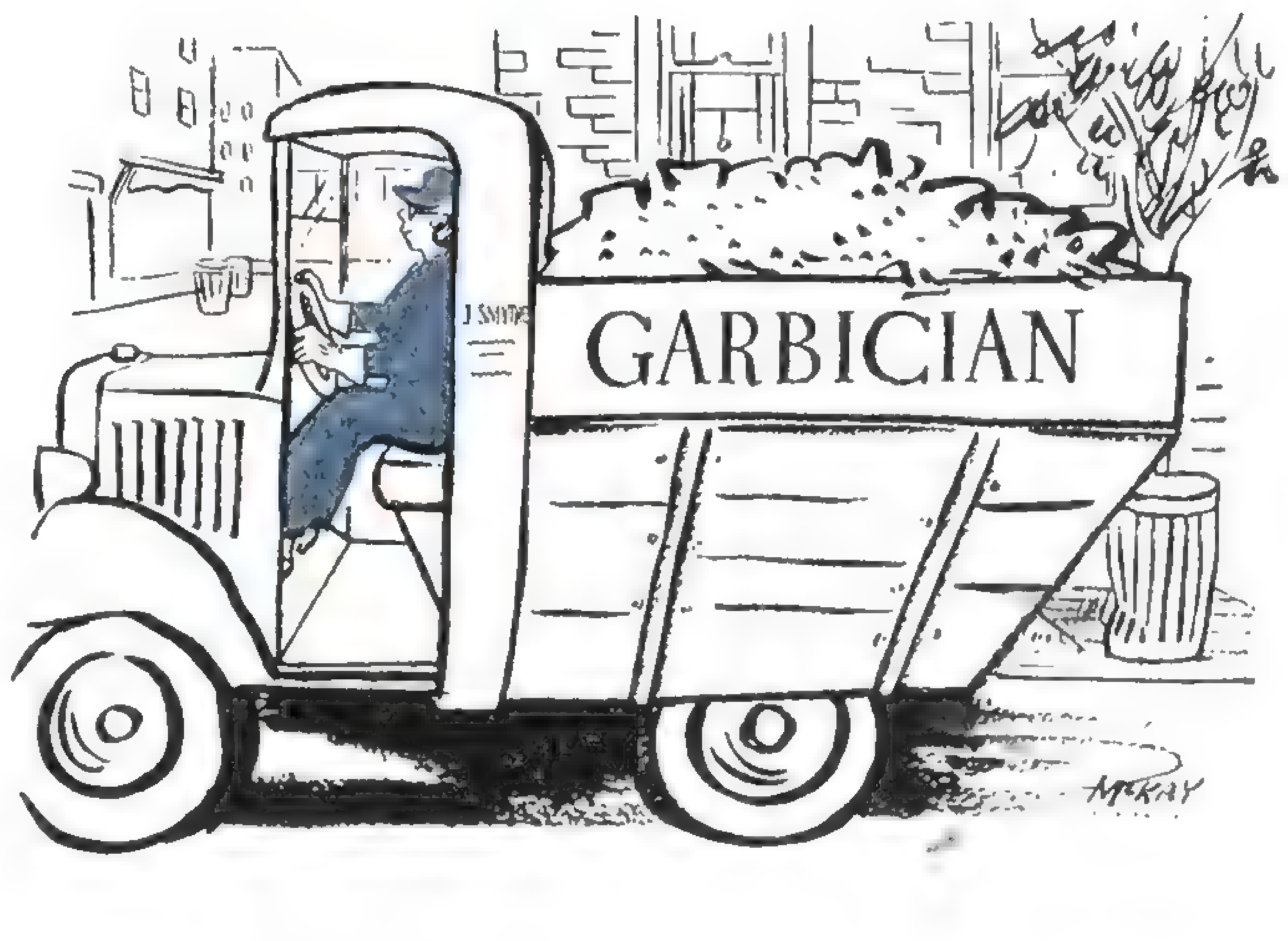
"They are Gestapo, you say?" the old man continued reflectively. "Why, they are as easy to kill as Italians!"

* * *

If you had been in Sanski Most that day, you would have seen a Gestapo officer with a scar across his cheek leading a young girl prisoner through the streets and out of town.

Or if you read news reports carefully, you would have known that the day after the Italian regiment moved out, guerilla bands swept down from two sides in a fierce and bloody attack.

Thus the town of Sanski Most was taken. ⌗



Robinson Crusoe: Army Style

Continued from page 56

merely to throw it off in excessive sweating and therefore waste it. Smoking increases thirst. The flyer who is downed in the desert should minimize his exertions and stay under cover.

Where an animal can find food, a man can. In most regions of the world natural food is plentiful—if you know where to look. It is important, however, to be able to distinguish between edible and poisonous plants. Three general rules are given. Eat nothing that has a bitter taste. Avoid all plants with a milky sap. Anything a monkey eats you eat—and you can eat the monkey, too.

The Army's survival guidebook takes no knowledge of botany for granted. Every common edible jungle plant is not only described but pictured in detail. Directions for preparation are given. Food plants of the desert regions, although less common, are also described.

He was a brave or a very hungry man who ate the first oyster. Did you know that insects, too, can be eaten in an emergency to sustain life? *In extremis* one throws away the qualms and conscientious scruples of a fastidious stomach. Insects are high in protein. They form a nourishing food source. Here's what the guidebook offers in the way of recipes. Cut them out and insert in the back cover of your wartime ration book to be used when the last stamps are gone. If the creepy-crawlies are good enough for our boys they're good enough for you:

In most clearings and grasslands, Termites emerge from the ground and can be picked up by the handful after a heavy rain. After removing the wings they can be eaten raw or can be fried in fat. Considered delicacies by jungle natives and many explorers, they not only provide considerable nourishment, but raw or cooked have a taste like roasted chestnuts. Grasshoppers and crickets can also be eaten.

Beetle grubs are also a favorite native food. They can be found easily by hunting out dead stumps and fallen trees and listening for the scratchings of grubs inside the wood. Once grubs are located, split the log with your jungle knife and remove them. Dried in a pan suspended over a fire, they can be eaten as they are, as part of a stew made up of one of the starch root plants, or they can be fried with a little salt and fat.

Fish are easy to catch in most tropical streams. If the hook and line method is too slow, a hungry man can make a fish spear from bamboo (two illustrations) or a fish weir from parachute fabric (one illustration). It is also possible to construct ingenious traps and snares which catch monkeys and other "small deer" of the jungle. To cook food it can be wrapped in moist leaves and covered with hot coals from the fire or roasted on a spit.

Health in the jungle is spelled with eight letters: A-T-A-B-R-I-N-E! It must be taken night and morning as a protection against the symptoms of malaria. Atabrine is Uncle Sam's miracle synthetic which replaces quinine. Three grains go as far as ten of the natural product. But mosquito nets should also be used.

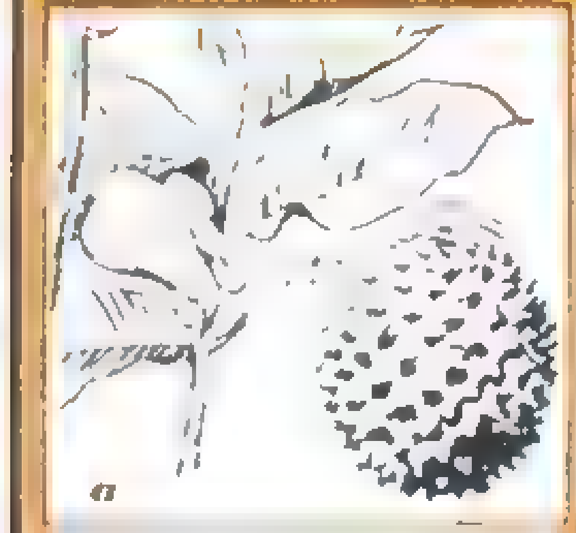
Aside from the mosquito the dangers from jungle animals are largely exaggerated according to the guide. Ninety-nine out of a hundred jungle animals will be just as frightened of you as you are of them.

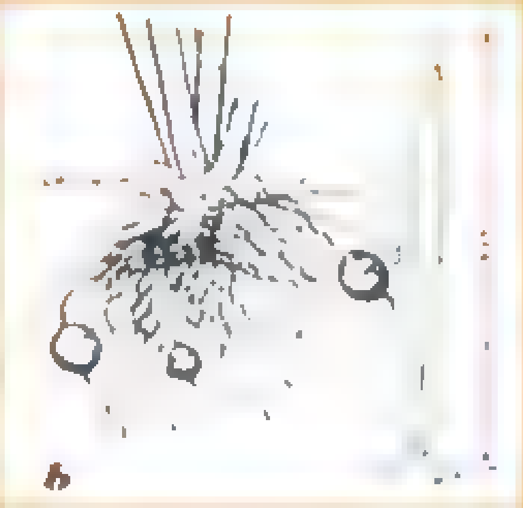
Did you ever make a cat's cradle when you were a kid? If not, get some youngster to help you brush up before you plan to parachute out of the sky over New Guinea or Assam. String tricks are a universal pastime with natives. Even if you can't speak their language such tricks will serve as a common bond. Pretty soon your woolly-headed little friends will be saying in gutteral grunts and gestures: "Hey, let us show you. We do it different, mister." This makes you a fraternity brother to the whole tribe. But *stay away from the women.* The italics are the War Department's, not ours. ⧺

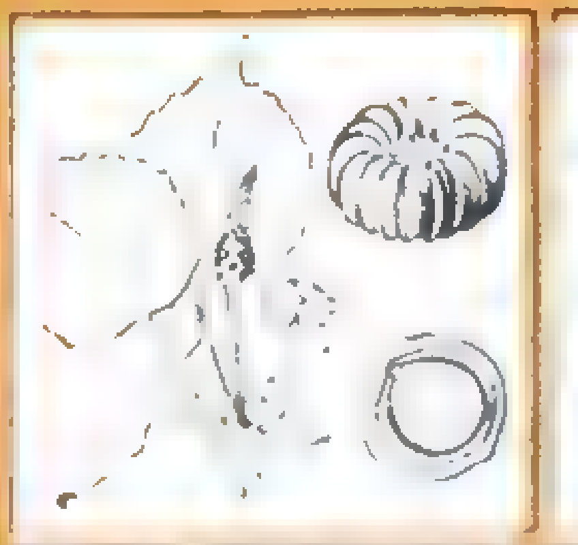
NAME YOUR POISON

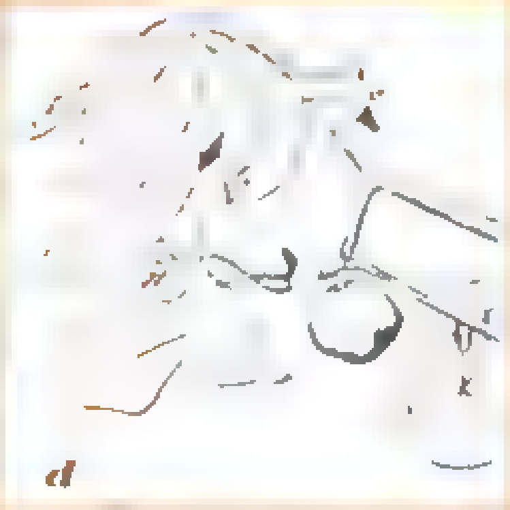
(A Pictorial Quiz Feature)

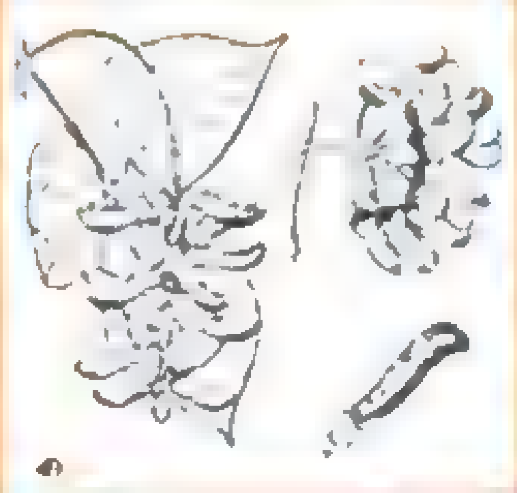
Eight common jungle plants are illustrated below. Four of them are good to eat and four are poisonous. If you were lost in the jungle and hungry, which would you eat? Take your pick and then turn to page 170 to find out whether you've just had a full meal or your last one.

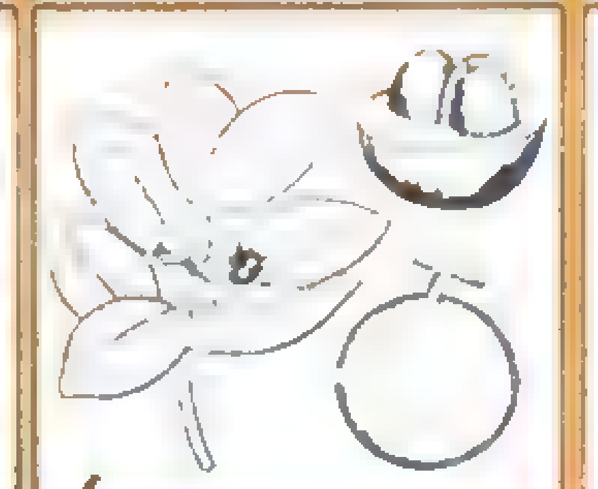

a

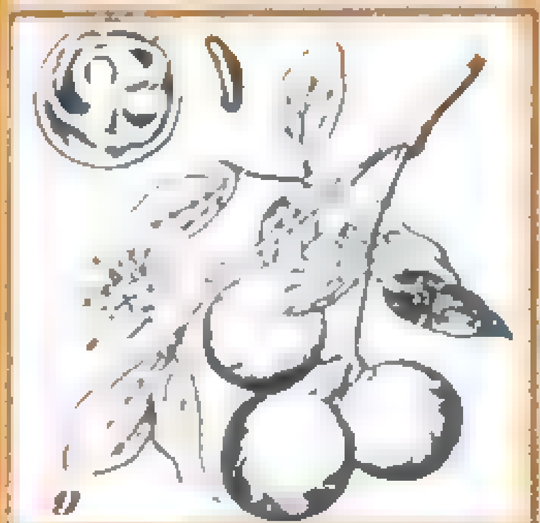

b

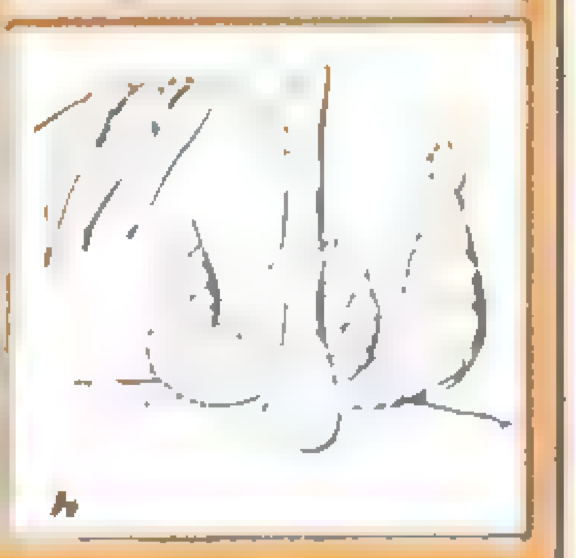

c


d

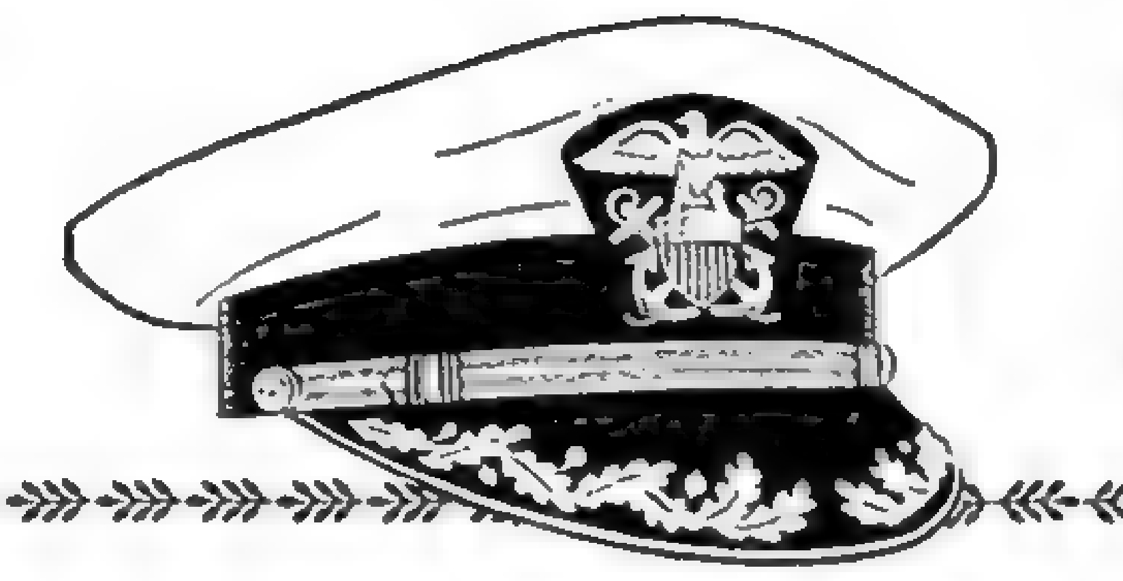

e

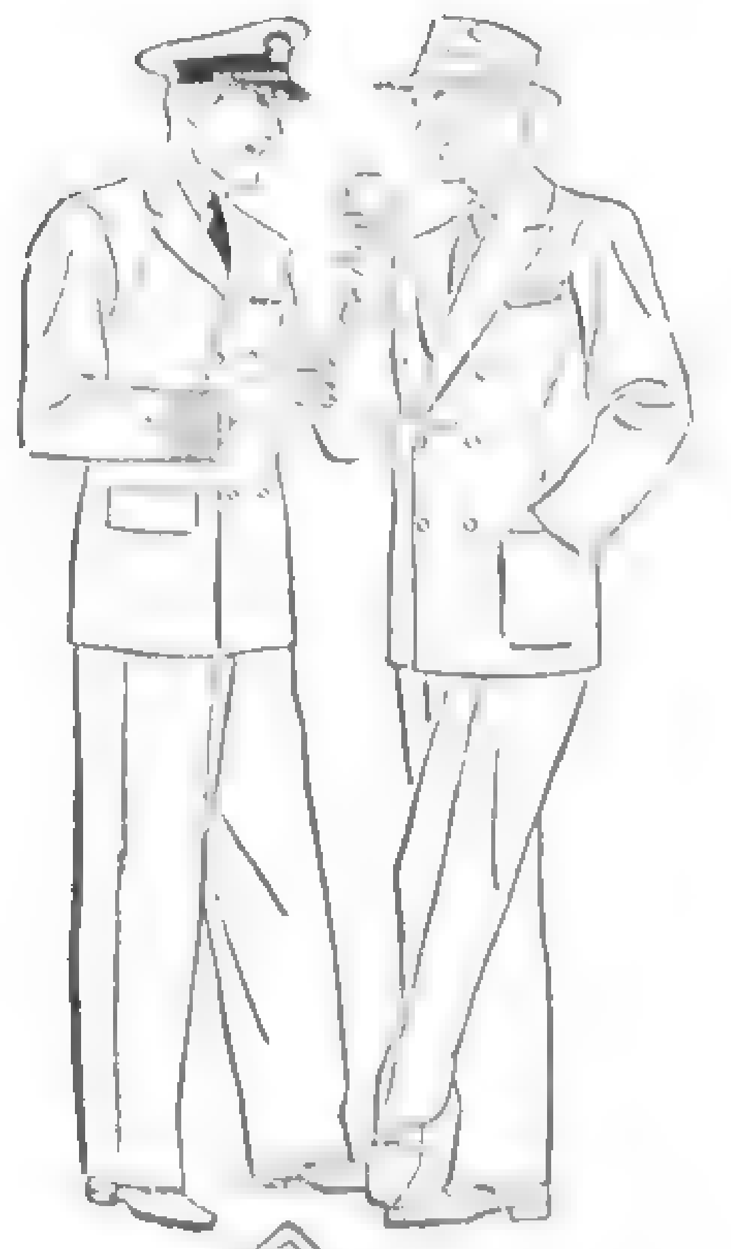

f

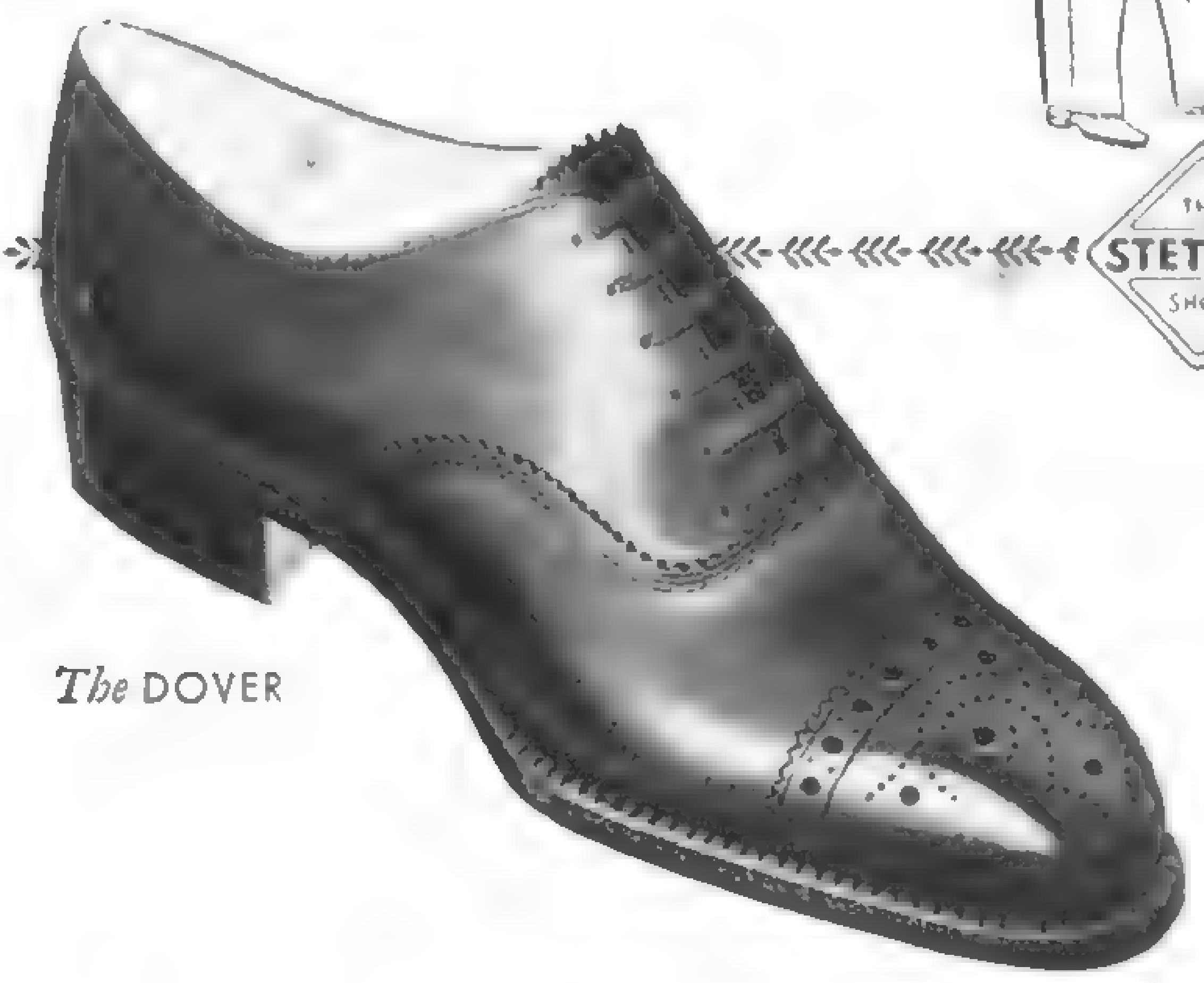

g


h

ILLUSTRATIONS COURTESY AAF FLIGHT CONTROL COMMAND







HE IS A CAPTAIN
OR A COMMANDER

This single row of gold oak leaves—commonly called "scrambled eggs"—is worn by captains and commanders in the U. S. Navy.

Know these marks of distinction

Stetson shoes have been favorites with U. S. Army and Navy officers throughout three wars. They know the high grade of materials and the fine shoemaking that the Stetson trade mark identifies.

We hope that you, also, will look for the Stetson diamond when you buy shoes. A limited number are available. And their quality is still of one kind only . . . the finest. THE STETSON SHOE CO., INC. South Weymouth, Massachusetts.

The DOVER

THE STETSON SHOE

STETSON SHOES

"More by the Pair, Less by the Year"

DON'T FRET . . . If your copies of Esquire are late. They are shipped from Chicago in what would normally be ample time to reach you by the 15th of each month. Wartime transportation delays may make your copy a day or two late. If so, we know you'll understand and wait patiently.

R FURNITURE

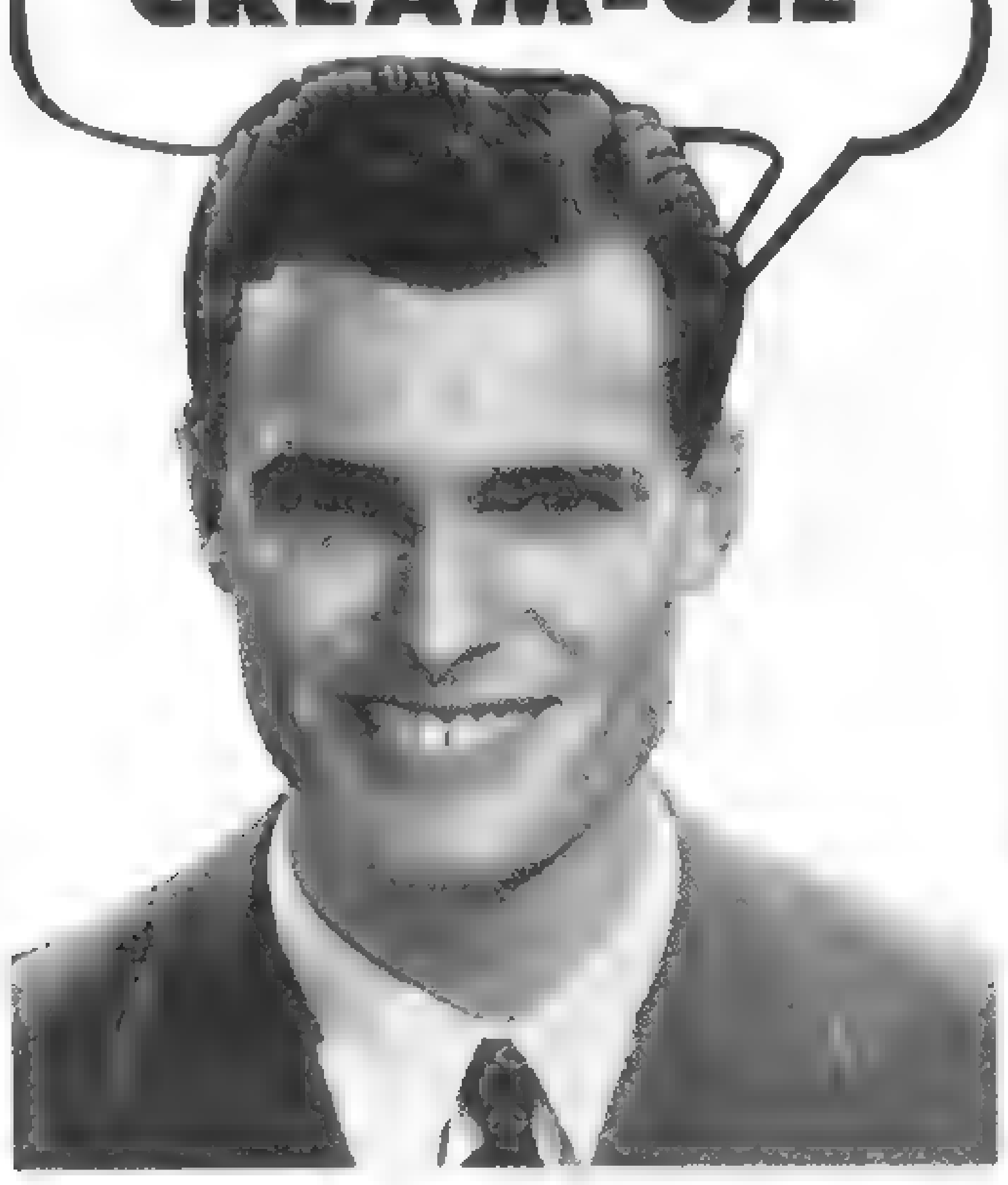
OUR SUITES
ARE WELL CONSTRUCTED
AND DISTINCTIVE IN DESIGN ~

You are welcome to visit our showrooms in the following listed cities
NORTHERN FURNITURE CO.
MAKERS OF BEDROOM AND DINING ROOM FURNITURE
Boston Cleveland Chicago Cincinnati Detroit Kansas City Milwaukee
Minneapolis New York Philadelphia Pittsburgh Sheboygan St. Louis
FOR LOCAL ADDRESS CONSULT TELEPHONE BOOK AND PLEASE NOTE THAT
PURCHASES MAY ONLY BE MADE THROUGH AUTHORIZED DEALERS

CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE "FINGERNAIL TEST?"

1. Scratch your head and see! If you find signs of dryness or loose, ugly dandruff, you need new Wildroot Cream-Oil-Formula. Grooms, relieves dryness, removes loose dandruff! Two sizes, 60¢ and $1.00.

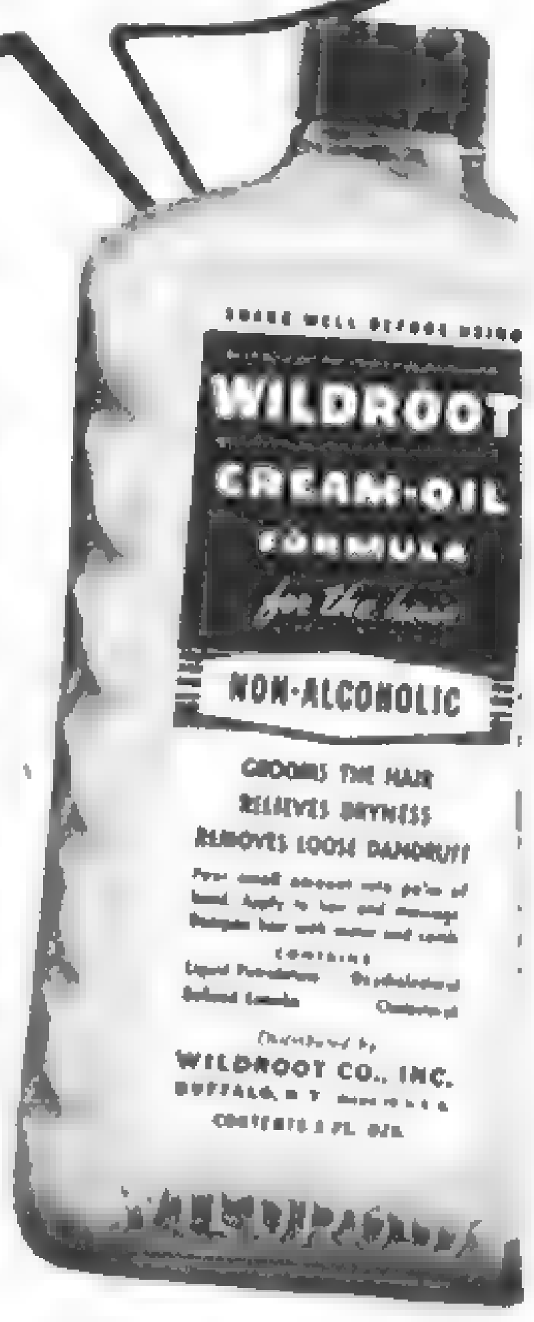
YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS WITH NEW WILDROOT CREAM-OIL



2. Keeps your hair well combed all day long, and without a trace of that greasy look! And grooming without grease means no more stained hatbands, no greasy pillow slips! Your hair looks good and feels good!

NON-ALCOHOLIC CONTAINS REFINED LANOLIN!

3. Refined LANOLIN has long been prescribed because of its soothing qualities, and because it closely resembles the oil of the human skin. Wildroot Cream-Oil is also homogenized for uniformity. No wonder 76 of every 100 users in a nation-wide test prefer it to the preparations they had been using. Get a bottle today at your druggists.



NEW! WILDROOT CREAM-OIL

NON-ALCOHOLIC FORMULA

INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

SEPTEMBER 1943

Abels, Robert 12
Adler Shoes for Men 12
Aldens (Chicago Mail Order Co.) 164
Allen Edmonds 169
Alligator Co., The 123
American Distilling Co., Inc., The
  (Bourbon Supreme, Burton's,
  Old Mr. Boston) 21
Angostura-Wuppermann Corp.
  (Bitters) 24
Arlington Mills (Wm. Whitman
  Co., Inc.) 141
Arrid 95
Arrow Ties 89
Balanced Golf Bag 20
Bancroft (Worcester Cap Co.) ... 25
Barclay & Co., Ltd., Jas. (Corby's) 131
Beech-Nut Gum 103
Bielzoff Products Co., D. J.
  (Red Horse) 20
Blatz Brewing Co. 161
Bloch Freres 163
Book-of-the-Month Club 7
Bostonians (Footsaver Shoe) 93
Bristol-Myers Co. (Mum) 152
Brown-Forman Distillery Co., Inc:
  King 145
  Old Forester 114
Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc.
  (Johnnie Walker) 124
Chicago Daily News, The 125
Chicago Mail Order Co. (Aldens) 164
Chicago Rubber Clothing Co.
  (Rainfair) 129
Chrysler Corp. 27
Colt-Cromwell Co. 151
Consolidated Lobster Co., Inc. ... 26
Cooper Safety Razor Corp. 154
Coopers, Inc. (Jockey) 115
Corby's (Jas. Barclay & Co., Ltd.) 131
Coronet Brandy (Schenley
  Dist. Corp.) .... III Cover
Cortina Academy 20
Cosmopolitan Mfg. Co. 163
Crawford Watch Co. 22
Crompton-Richmond Co., Inc. ... 160
Curtis Shoe Co., Inc. 139
Dale Clothes, Clifton 12
Delapenha & Co., Inc., R. U.
  (Myers's Rum) 26
Disney Hatmakers 106
Dobbs Hats 98
Don Q Rum (Schieffelin & Co.) .. 155
Eagle Clothes 154
Expanso (Knothe Bros. Co., Inc.) 156
Fieldclub (Galey & Lord, Inc.) ... 159
Flagg Bros. 20
Florsheim Shoe Co., The 4
Footsaver Shoes (Bostonians) 93
Ford Motor Co. 16, 17
Fox, Lou 14
Frankfort Distilleries, Inc:
  Four Roses 11
  Paul Jones 105
Frenchee Chemical Co. 8
Galey & Lord, Inc. (Fieldclub) ... 159
Gilbey's Gin (National Distillers
  Prods. Corp.) 30
Glenmore Distilleries Co., Inc.
  (Kentucky Tavern) 143
Glover's 164
Goebel Bantam Beer 162
Gordon's Dry Gin Co., Ltd. 157
Graves & Sons Co., C. H. 26
Haig & Haig (Somerset Imp., Ltd.) 92
Hamilton Watch Co. 15
Harper, I. W. (Stagg-Finch
  Distillers) 101
Harris Tweed Assn., Ltd. 156
Harris Mfg. Co., B. W. (Zero
  King) 150
Havana Club Rum (R. C.
  Williams & Co., Inc.) 140
Henry, Leonard & Thomas, Inc.
  (Royalton Pipes) 20
Heublein & Bro., G. F. (A-1
  Sauce) 26
Hollis Co. (Klipette) ... 8
Home Game Co. 12
House of Gourielli 20
Hull Mfg. Co. 22
Inkograph Co., Inc. 160
International Shoe Co. (Winthrop) 147
Jockey (Coopers, Inc.) 115
Jones, Paul (Frankfort Dist., Inc.) 105
Keepsake Diamonds (A. H. Pond
  Co., Inc.) 161
Keith Co., Geo. E. (Walk-Over) . 104
Kelly's, Jimmy 24
Kentucky Tavern (Glenmore
  Distilleries Co., Inc.) 143
King (Brown-Forman Dist. Corp.) 145
Klikit (Rau Fastener Co.) 152
Knickerbocker Pub. Co. 12
Knothe Bros. Co., Inc. (Expanso) 156
Lamb Knit Goods Co., The 157
La Playa (The Marlboro Shirt
  Co., Inc.) 130
Lawrence Co., The George 20
Leon & Eddie's 24
Leroux & Co., Inc. 170
Lexol 20
Linguaphone Institute 14
Literary Guild of America 13
Mail-Bag Film Service 14
Marlboro Cigarettes (Philip
  Morris & Co., Ltd., Inc.) .. 94
Marlboro Shirt Co., Inc., The
  (La Playa) 130
Marxman Pipe Co. 8
Mason Shoe Mfg. Co. 163
Middleton, Inc., John (Aromix
  Tobacco) 14
Monarch Mfg. Co. 136
Morris, Norman M. (Omega) 165
Morris & Co., Ltd., Inc., Philip:
  Country Doctor 22
  Marlboro Cigarettes 94
  Philip Morris 116
Mothersill's 22
Moyer Mfg. Co. (Seven Seas
  Slacks) 14
Mum (Bristol-Myers Co.) 152
National Distillers Prods. Corp:
  Gilbey's Gin 30
  Old Angus 153
  Old Crow 109
  Old Grand-Dad 23
  Ron Merito 128
National Magic Co. 8
National Premium Beer 24
New Era Shirt Co. 112
Northern Furniture Co. 167
Nunn-Bush Shoe Co. 126
Old Angus (National Distillers
  Prods. Corp.) 153
Old Crow (National Distillers
  Prods. Corp.) 109
Old Forester (Brown-Forman
  Distillery Co., Inc.) 114
Old Grand-Dad (National
  Distillers Prods. Corp.) 23
Omega (Norman M. Morris) 165
Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer .... IV Cover
Pacific Mills 153
Paris (A. Stein & Co.) 91
Park & Tilford Distillers, Inc:
  Booth's House of Lords 24
  Private Stock 137
  Reserve 118
  Vat 69 96
Parker Pen Co., The (Quink) .. 9
Peper Tobacco Co., Christian
  (London Dock) 24
Pepsodent 3
Personna Blade Co., Inc. 14
Petersons's Tob. Corp. 169
Phillips-Jones Corp. (Van Heusen) 29
Plaza, The 26
Pond Co., Inc., A. H. (Keepsake
  Diamonds) 161
Private Stock (Park & Tilford
  Dist., Inc.) 137
Professional Blades 166
Quink (The Parker Pen Co.) 9
Rabsons 8
Rainfair (Chicago Rubber
  Clothing Co.) 129
Raleigh, Sir Walter 155
Rau Fastener Co. (Klikit) 152
Rogers Imports, Inc. 169
Rolls Razor, Inc. 8
Ron Merito (National Distillers
  Prods. Corp.) 128
Ronrico Corp. 24
Savoy Plaza 24
Schenley Royal Reserve
  (Schenley Dist. Corp.) 99
Schieffelin & Co. (Don Q Rum) . 155
Schlitz Brewing Co., Jos. 133
Sheaffer Pen Co., W. A.
  (Skrip) .... II Cover
Silvermasters Co. 12
Skinner & Sons, Wm. 97
Somerset Importers, Ltd.
  (Haig & Haig) 92
Stein & Co., A. (Paris) 91
Stetson Shoe Co., Inc., The .. . 167
Stone Tarlow Co., Inc. 22
Taylor Corp., E. E. 135
TexTan 108
Van Heusen (Phillips-Jones Corp.) 29
Vat 69 (Park & Tilford
  Import Corp.) 96
Walker, Johnnie (Canada Dry
  Ginger Ale, Inc.) 124
Walker, Inc., M. S.
  (Kensington, Ron Marno) 138
Walk-Over (Geo. E. Keith Co.) .. 104
Weissman Watch Co. (Welsbro) .. 162
Westminster Socks 168
Weyenberg Shoe Mfg. Co. 170
Whitman Co., Inc., Wm.
  (Arlington Mills) 141
Whittemore's Shoe Polish 22
Wildroot Co., Inc. 168
Williams & Co., Inc., R. C.
  (Havana Club Rum) 140
Willys-Overland 110, 111
Wilson Athletic Goods Mfg.
  Co., Inc. 107
Winthrop (Intl. Shoe Co.) 147
Worcester Cap Co. (Bancroft) ... 25
Wrisley's Toiletries 159
Zenith Radio Corp. 19
Zero King (B. W. Harris Mfg. Co.) 150
Zippo Mfg. Co. 165

While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

Westminster
AMERICA'S FINER SOCKS

Back to school or off to war...
College course or Signal Corps
Wearing Socks that fit the part
Snugger ankles ... really smart ...
The girls all vying for selection—
That's Westminster Sock perfection.

Be a model—be a star—
Remember Sir, where'er you are
It pays to keep your ankles neat ...
To be well "socked" is not effete.
So buy Westminsters by the box
And wear America's Finer Socks.

Westminster
AMERICA'S FINER SOCKS

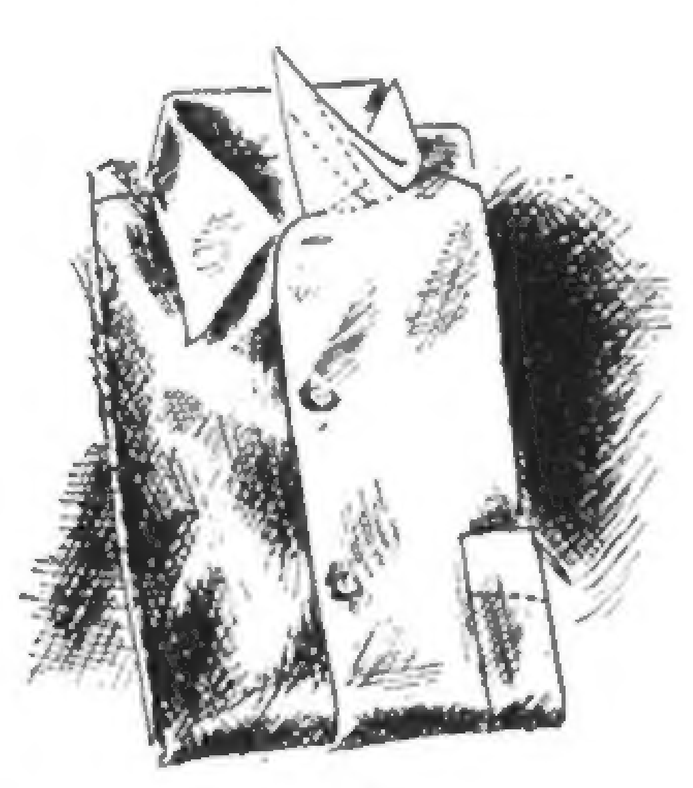
Hell in the South Atlantic

Continued from page 47

below, followed closely by the Jerries with machine guns; and we spent some time in the hold till they got things straightened out to their satisfaction above. While we were down there, we expected to be blown to kingdom come at any minute.

Packy McPike was of the opinion that they wouldn't sink us. "No Jerry would sink all the good beef aboard," he said. And for once, Packy was right.

Later in the day they re-organized our watches and told us we were to take over our regular duties. We were to be allowed only on the starboard side of the ship. Machine guns were set up and manned to keep us in line.



The low-slope collar dips forward sharply and is comfortable. Points held in place with stays.

One of the Oberleutnants gave us a little talk. His English was better than that of our crew.

"You are now a part of the German navy!" he bellowed at us. "You are privileged men and I hope you are aware of your luck! Be proud you are with us!"

He stopped for a moment, considering our disinterested faces.

"England," he said slowly, "was never noted for her fair treatment of the Scotch. What loyalty can you owe her? In case some of you still feel a prudish liking for the place, you will all be under strictest surveillance. You will not escape punishment. Heil Hitler!"

And he left us. All through those days at sea, and later in the concentration camp, they repeated the same devilish story—England had treated us badly, she deserved nothing from us, Germany saw that loyalty to her was rewarded.

* * *

Led by the pocket battleship, we steamed ahead at even speed for several days. Our escort was one of the ships built under the Washington Naval Treaty; she was supposed to be 10,000 tons, but was actually much bigger. The sailors who guarded us so diligently never spoke to us, and we never spoke to them. A chance word might have set off one of the itching fingers on a machine gun.

We did routine engine-room chores during this time, and kept watches. There was always an armed guard in the engine-room, and the machine gun crew on the bridge and hatches never took their eyes off us. The wireless was sealed, except when Lord Haw Haw spoke. Then we all had to listen.

At night the guard came through the fo'c'sle with revolvers, to make sure we obeyed the black-out orders. And we, on the other hand, took every chance to drop messages overboard in bottles, life-jackets, and cans. We never lost hope that an ally would find one of the notes and come to our rescue.

In eight days, we reached the German rendezvous. According to our calculations, we were now about 25 degrees South, between Capetown and Buenos Aires, in the very middle of the South Atlantic. This, then, was where the German raiders had been refueling and loading up!

At the rendezvous were two armed merchant raiders, and one ammunition ship. The raiders flew Greek and Jugoslavian flags, and carried camouflaged guns. The ammunition ship flew the American flag amidships. On her stern was painted DIXIELAND, SAN PEDRO, CALIFORNIA. On her sides were plates which could be unhinged at a second's notice, to clear her heavy armament. I knew what ship she was the minute I saw her. She was the *Northmark*, sister ship of the *Altmark*, once used as a prison ship in Norway.

For nearly two months, the *Marlborough* waited at the rendezvous, tied bow to stern with the *Northmark*. Our job was to supply battleships and raiders with food. The raiders would go off west or east to the coastal areas and return with about 200 prisoners, from ships they'd sunk. Any ship whose cargo they couldn't use, they scuttled. We learned that those aboard were not killed unless the raided ship offered resistance; if it did, it was raked from stem to stern with machine-gun fire. If a ship carried food or other essential material she was brought back to the rendezvous; if not, she was sunk. . . .

After three weeks, we were allowed to walk about, in off hours, on the starboard side—guarded by machine guns. Always we scanned the horizon for a sight of British ships.

The Jerries planted time bombs all over the ship, as thick as daisies in a field in June. There was one under each main injection, port and starboard, in the engine-room; two in each propeller (we were a twin-screw ship); and two up each tunnel (propeller shaft). In case the British found us, we were to abandon ship, and the *Marlborough* would be sunk.

When we'd been there a month, two submarines came up for stores. The Commander told us we'd be allowed to send letters home by the subs. Oddly enough, the letters we wrote actually did get where we wanted them to. My wife later told me that mine had been postmarked Berlin.

Thirty days more passed slow-

Continued on page 170

Responds to the Touch

like the wheel of a fine car

HERE'S "U-TURN" FLEXIBILITY!

Tough as a top sergeant—smart as Fifth Avenue—and so soft, so flexible they don't even need "breaking in." Only Allen Edmonds answer *that* description! For only these fine shoes have exclusive Allen Edmonds styling and ruggedness, and patented, nailess Osteo-path-ik construction. Those are the secrets of Allen Edmonds' extra dash, *natural* support and that satisfying "old slipper" comfort! Ask your dealer for Allen Edmonds shoes today. The "Jodox," shown at right, is of military tan calf, custom heel.

$11.00
West of Rockies $11.50

Osteo-path-ik Nailess Shoes
STYLED BY
Allen Edmonds

See classified phone directory "Osteo-path-ik" for dealer; or order direct including ration coupon. Write for free booklet "The Shoe of Tomorrow" Allen Edmonds, Belgium, Wisconsin.

For the Smoker Who Cares

Peterson's
MIXTURE
REGULAR OR AROMATIC

An unusual mixture of select imported and domestic tobaccos—blended with painstaking care from an old, exclusive formula. One of the most universally liked blends . . . typical of the matchless mellow smoking quality that distinguishes all Peterson's tobacco.

2 oz. Trial pkg.	25c ret.
4 oz. pkg.	65c ret.
8 oz. Cannister	$1.25 ret.
16 oz. Cannister	$2.40 ret.

If your dealer cannot supply you write to

PETERSONS'S TOBACCO CORP.
419 FOURTH AVE. • NEW YORK CITY

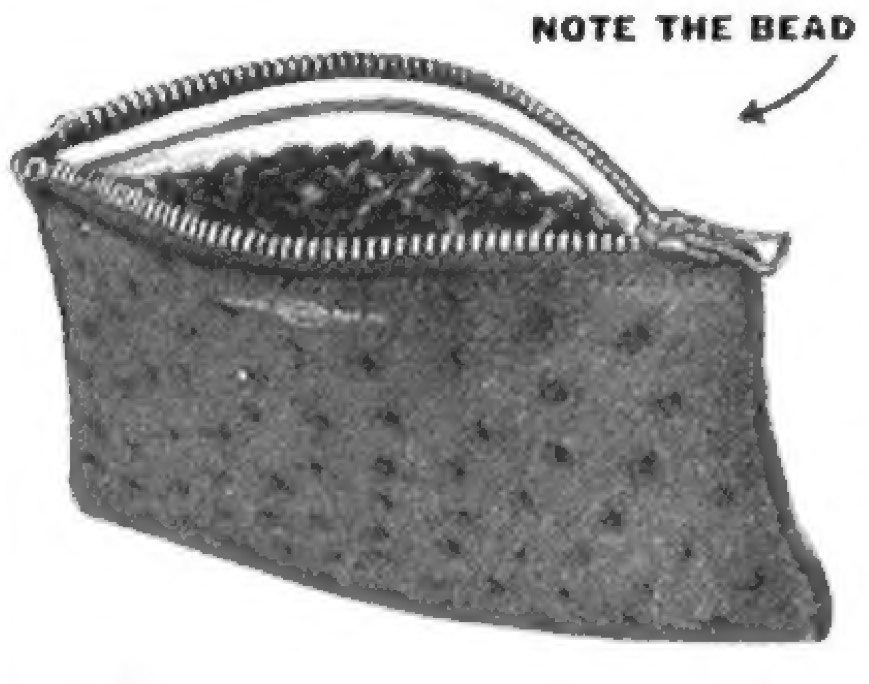
"AIR-TITE"
U.S. Pat. 1,801,193

TOBACCO POUCH

A great percentage of Air-Tite tobacco pouches are going to the men in our armed forces. As a result, the quantity available for civilian use is limited. If you experience difficulty in getting an Air-Tite in the style and leather you wish, remember, it is no fault of your dealer.

Air-Tite, America's Finest Tobacco Pouch

NOTE THE BEAD



Keeps your tobacco fresh, L-O-N-G-E-R

ROGERS IMPORTS, Inc.
U.S. Agents:
Peterson's Pipes Dublin • London
419 Fourth Ave. New York 16, N. Y.

EASY ON THE EYES
And Easy On The Feet

Men have a knack of spotting desirable features — that's why they prefer Weyenberg Shoes. Their fine leathers and expert craftsmanship assure satisfaction and long wear—the two "musts" of ration-buying. See your Weyenberg dealer, or write us for his name.

Weyenberg Shoe Mfg. Co.
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

THE PREP
Model 176
Seamless Military

THE STROLL
Model 6823
Hand Stitched Tip

Weyenberg
SHOES FOR MEN
$\$5^{50}$ TO $\$8^{85}$

Hell in the South Atlantic

Continued from pages 47-169

ly, and our supplies began to dwindle. We were finally towed by the *Northmark* to another rendezvous, this time in the Indian Ocean, where we supplied a raider we'd never seen before, and a 12,000 ton cargo steamer going home with 350 prisoners. In the next thirty days we supplied about ten more prison ships.

At the end of that time, our coal gave out and the refrigeration plant went dead. This, of course, ruined the small remaining stock of food, and it was apparent that the *Marlborough* had served her time.

We were put aboard the *Rockyfiord*, an 8,000 ton oil tanker fully loaded with crude oil, which had been captured in the Persian Gulf. Only a German demolition squad remained on the *Marlborough*. With sinking hearts, we lined up at the rail. We knew the *Marlborough* had to go, and we wished she'd gone down before she became a Nazi ship. But the worst sight in the world to a sailor is the sinking of his ship. And he's got to watch her going down.

The demolition squad rowed back to the *Northmark*. The explosions, when they came, were tremendous; but the *Marlborough* wouldn't sink. Her refrigeration compartments kept her afloat. We cheered for her as we watched from the rail.

Then the *Northmark* shelled her, over and over. It was four hours before she went down, and when she did, our throats were dry and our eyes hard. When the *Marlborough* sank, it seemed to all of us that our last hope of rescue was gone. Now we were simply prisoners of war.

"Well," said Packy to me when we turned away from the rail, "It's better to be a prisoner, with no work to do, than a God-forsaken Nazi, like we have been."

* * *

It took us thirty days to go through the South and North Atlantic, across the Bay of Biscay, and up the Girond River to Bordeaux. On the way in, we were machine gunned by two Messerschmitts until we showed the swastika, but that was the only action we saw.

On the quay at Bordeaux we had our first meeting with the German army. We had thought the navy was bad enough, but the army was inhuman. It was cursing and booting and harsh treatment from beginning to end. The army was always on the double, as Packy put it.

We were loaded into cattlecars with nothing to eat, and sent to the concentration camp of St. Medard en Gaulle, where we spent several weeks. We were obliged to see our fellows beaten till the blood streamed from their faces. The most common offense was singing *There'll Always Be an England.*

In about four months we entrained for Germany. I managed to get into a car which had no sentries posted in it, for I had long planned to make my escape. I knew it would have to be done well; I had seen many men machine-gunned for trying.

We were about 50 kilometers from the German border when I saw my chance.

The train was going uphill and around a curve. As I looked out the window, I could see that at one point in the curve, each car was completely out of sight for a moment.

The train was made with plenty of space between the body and the ground, and the cars were a good four feet apart, connected by buffers. I walked casually to the open end of my car. When we reached the right spot at the curve, I threw myself out, down, and between cars. I was badly knocked when I hit the roadbed, but unhurt save for the gravel that dug into my face. The train passed over me and disappeared around the bend.

I was free. And for the first time in my life, I knew what freedom meant.

It took me four and a half months to walk to Gibraltar. The most dangerous moment came at the Vichy frontier, where Alsatian dogs are on patrol. The trick is to run through knee-deep mud when the dogs pause at the sentry-boxes, then to bury yourself as they walk past. This must, of course, be done at night. About twenty-five others crossed the night I did. Many have crossed this dangerous part of the frontier every month since the occupation.

I got across the Pyrenees in four days, over the old smugglers' trail. In Spain I was thrown into a prison camp again, but by this time it was an old story. I simply walked out, under the barbed wire. The guards were sympathetic and paid no attention to me.

A British ship took me off at Gibraltar, and I was home in a few days. I stayed home for two months and then went back to sea.

The next time I see Jerry, *I'll* be the one behind the machine-gun. #

Answers to the Name Your Poison Quiz

on page 167

A. EDIBLE. Guanabano
B. EDIBLE. Water Chestnut
C. POISONOUS. Sandbox
D. POISONOUS. Manzanillo
E. POISONOUS. Cowitch
F. EDIBLE. Mamey
G. VERY POISONOUS. Strychnos
H. EDIBLE. Bamboo Shoots

Your success in placing these plants is a matter of scoring but it's a life and death affair for U. S. airmen lost in the jungle.

The very Quintessence of the Fruit
LEROUX
THE DISTILLED SPIRITS USED IN THIS PRODUCT ARE ALL BRANDY
LEROUX
Blackberry FLAVORED Brandy
LEROUX

70 proof

ONE OF THE FAMED
LEROUX
Liqueurs
THE WORLD'S FINEST

Awarded Gold Medal, Paris International Exposition, 1937

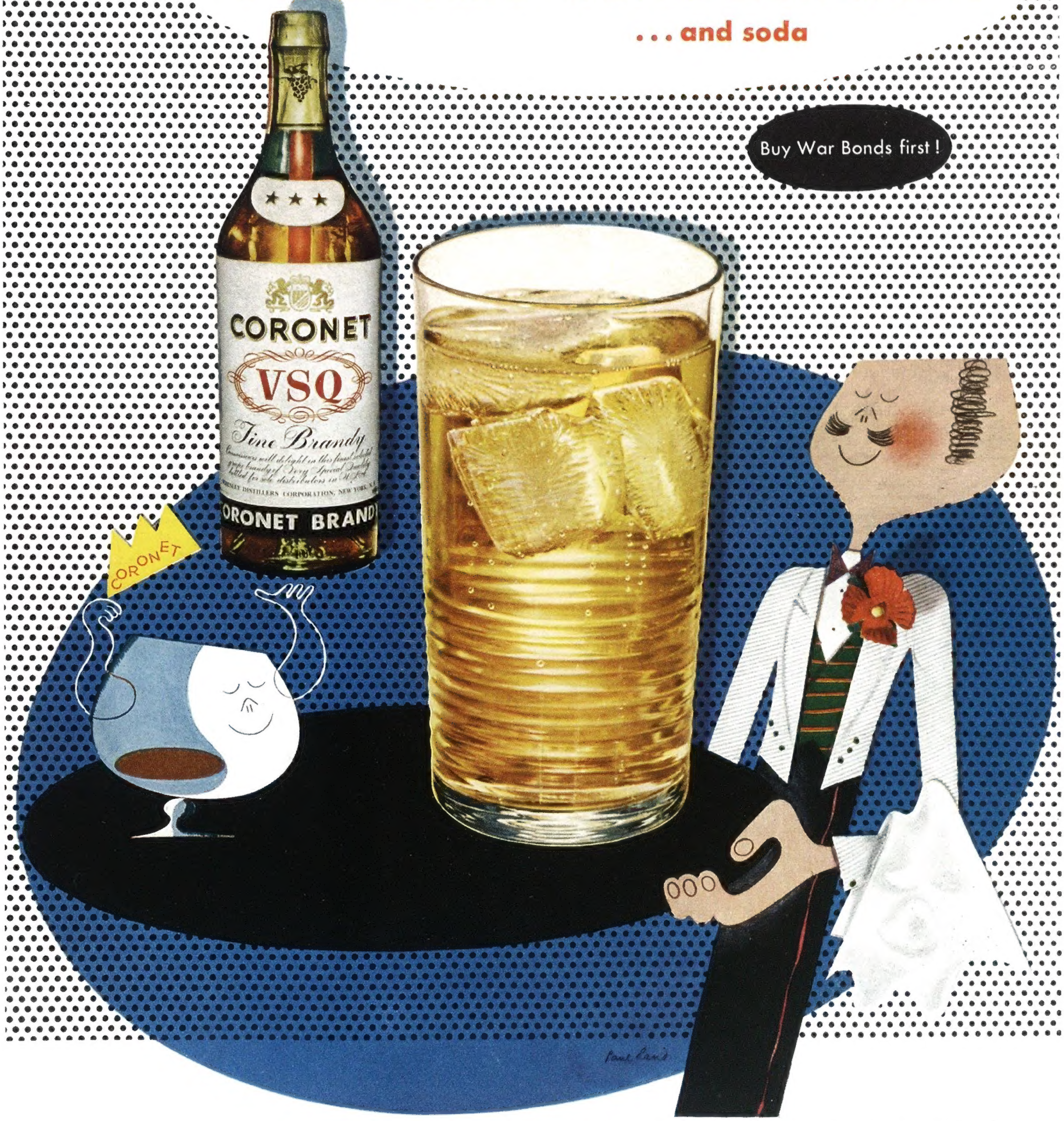
LEROUX & COMPANY, INC.
New York City • Philadelphia, Pa.

Available at better bars and package stores

this summer cool off with . . .

CORONET V.S.Q. BRANDY

. . . and soda


Buy War Bonds first!
CORONET
VSQ
Fine Brandy
CORONET BRANDY
CORONET
Paul Rand

*Ah! **Coronet Brandy** and **Soda** on a summer's day! **Cooling . . . refreshing . . .** as you sip . . . and after. **Coronet Brandy** gives you everything you enjoy in a delicious tall drink . . . plus the rich aroma of a distinguished brandy. Try it . . . now!*

Tune in! Schenley's "Cresta Blanca Wine Carnival" every Wednesday evening, Columbia Broadcasting System.

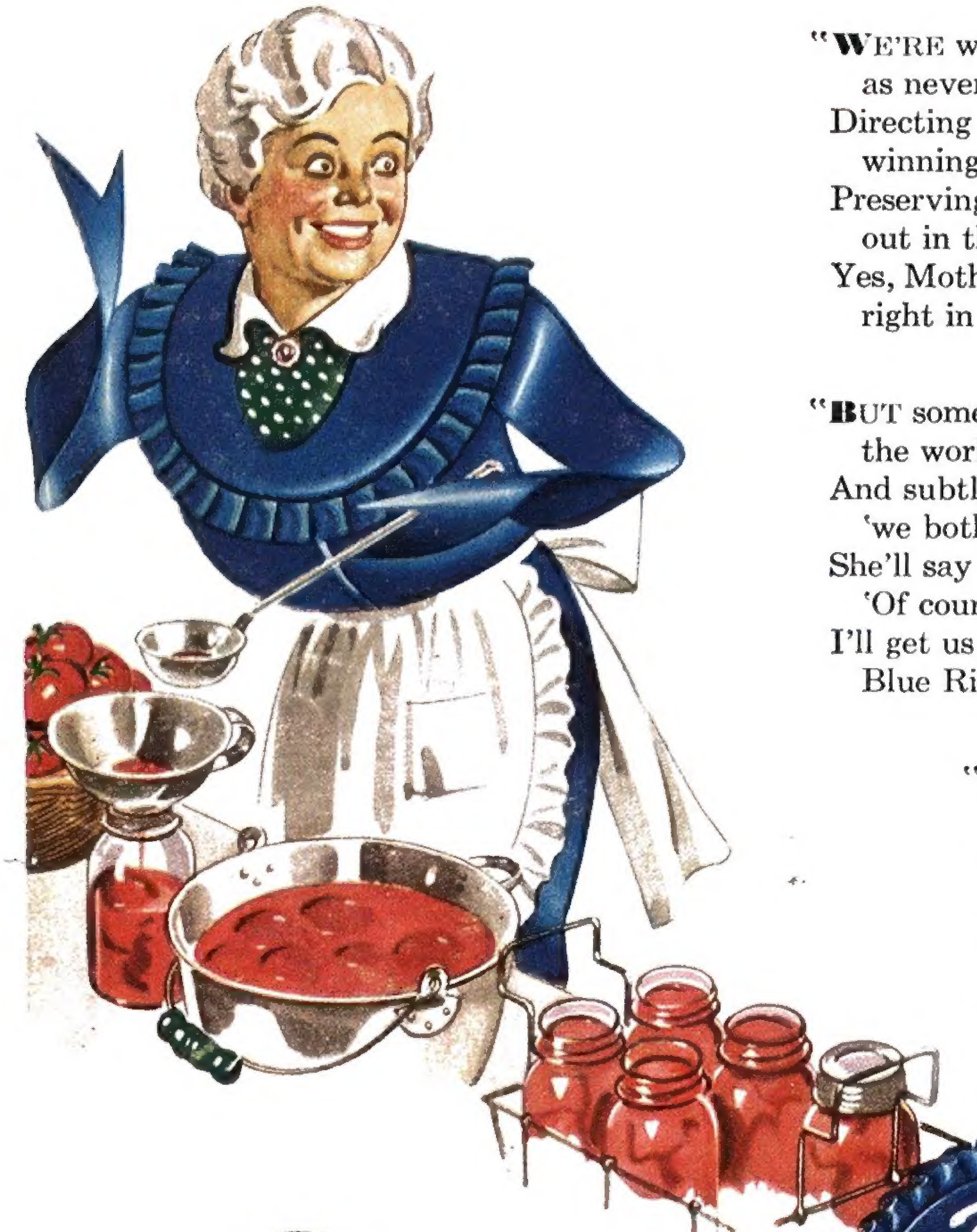
California grape brandy 84 proof. Schenley Distillers Corp., N.Y.

PRINTED BY
THE REGENSTEINER CORPORATION
AT CHICAGO, U. S. A.

This is the Dad

of BLUE RIBBON TOWN

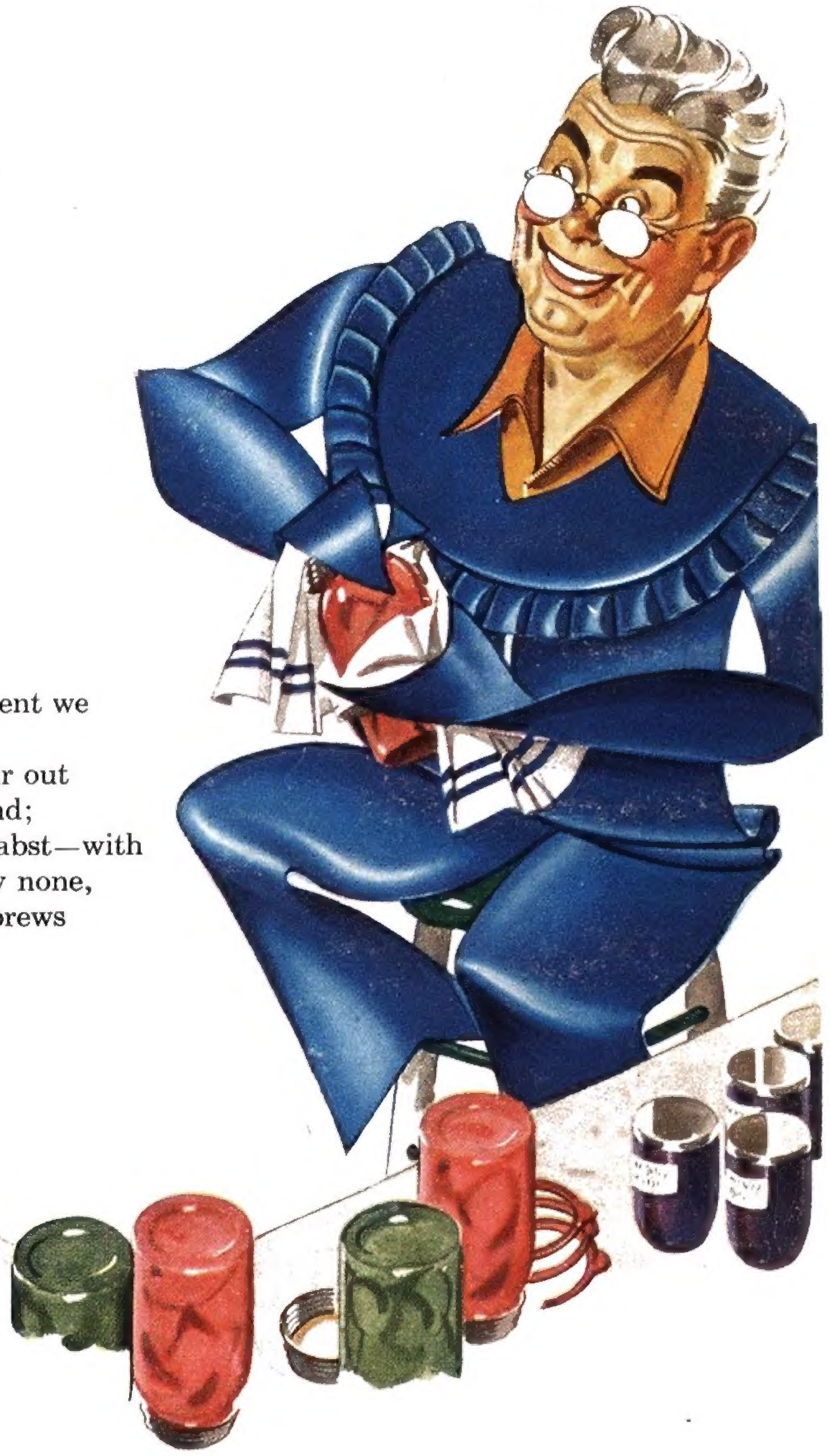
. . . who says—"Fill 'em up, Mom—I'll fasten 'em down"



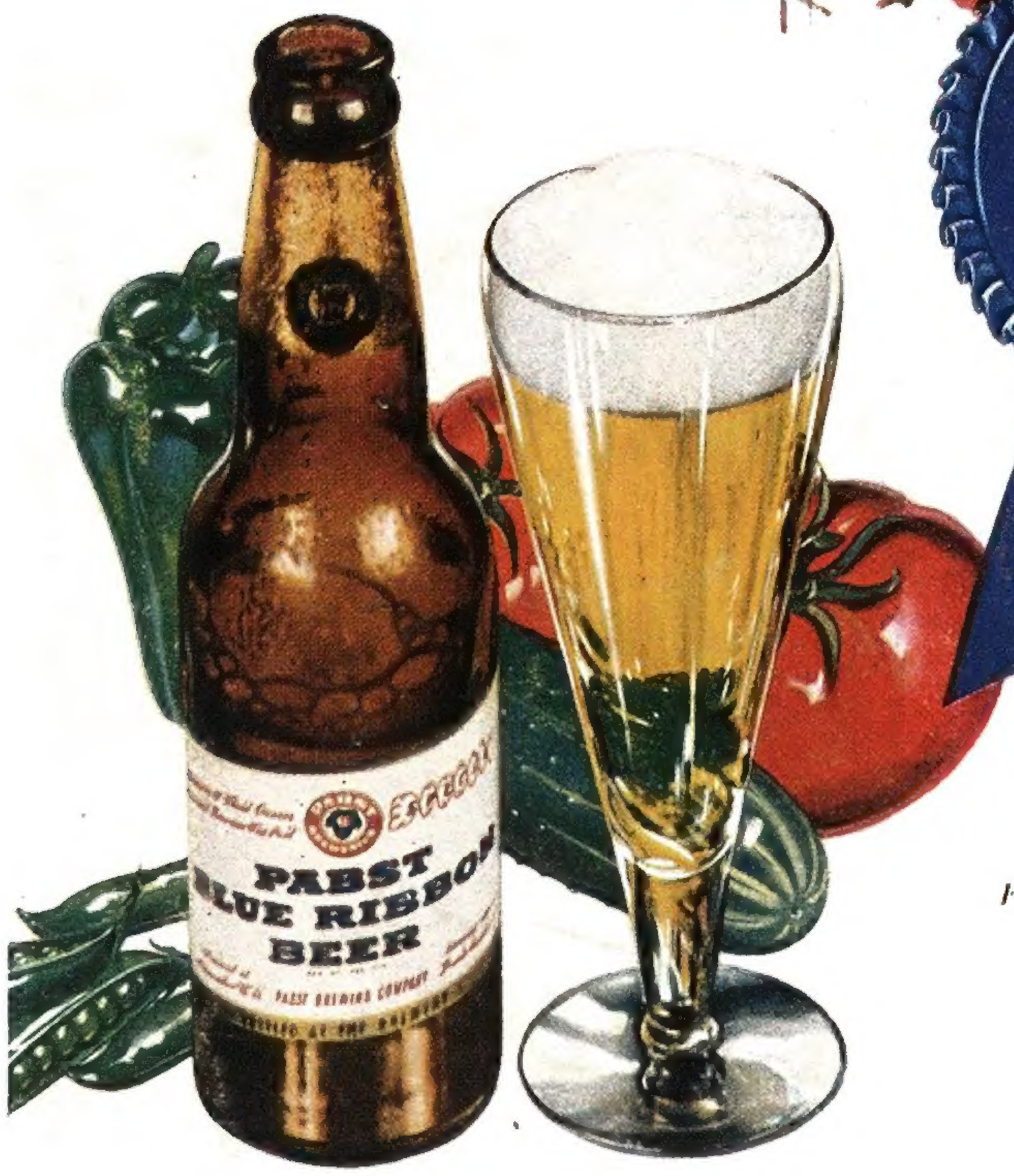
"WE'RE working together
as never before,
Directing our efforts toward
winning the war,
Preserving and canning things
out in the kitchen,
Yes, Mother and I have been
right in there pitchin'.

"BUT sometimes I pause when
the work gets too taxing
And subtly suggest that,
'we both need relaxing,'
She'll say to me, sweetly:
'Of course we do, dear,
I'll get us a sandwich and
Blue Ribbon Beer.'

"AND so for the moment we
gladly suspend,
Our efforts—and pour out
that *full-flavor* blend;
The beer they call Pabst—with
a taste matched by none,
The beer that is 33 brews
—all in *one!*"



Pabst
Blue
Ribbon



Now more than ever
A Symbol of
Friendly Companionship

BY THE WAY, if you are not able to get Pabst Blue Ribbon every time you want it—here's the reason: More people than ever are asking for Pabst Blue Ribbon these days—and under wartime conditions, there just isn't enough to go around. We are making every effort to see that your dealer gets a regular supply. If he is out of Pabst Blue Ribbon today, we suggest you ask again tomorrow.

© 1943, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wisc.

33 FINE BREWS BLENDED
into One Great Beer

"BLUE RIBBON TOWN" IS ON THE AIR! Starring GROUCHO MARX . . .
Famous Stars . . . Coast-to-Coast CBS Network . . . Every SATURDAY NIGHT